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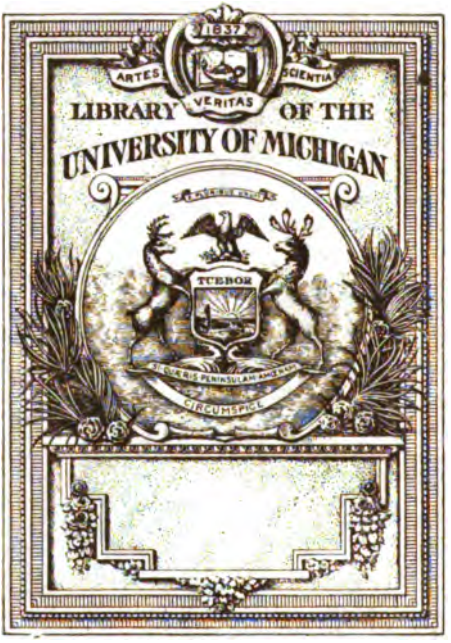

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THE MID-WEST QUARTERLY

VOLUME II.

OCTOBER, 1914—JULY, 1915

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The Mid-West Quarterly

Owned and Controlled by the University of Nebraska

P. H. FRYE, *Editor*

HARTLEY B. ALEXANDER
PHILO M. BUCK
Associate Editors

SAMUEL AVERY,
Chancellor of the University
CHAS. SUMNER ALLEN,
President of the Board of Regents
Advisory Committee

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THE
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PLATO'S POLITICAL IDEAS

If we seek a rallying point, to begin with, for Plato's political conceptions, we shall find, I think, that they all centre about a single idea—the idea of justice. No other problem has given rise to more discussion, I suppose, than just this problem of the relation of justice to society and the individuals composing it; and in no age, perhaps, has it given rise to more discussion than it did in the age of Plato. The difficulty has to do partly with the nature of justice itself and partly with the discovery of a practical working definition. Abstractly it is easy enough to explain that justice consists in giving every one exactly what he deserves. But who in any conceivable state of society is able to determine exactly what any one deserves—least of all himself; and how is it possible to make sure that he gets it, neither more nor less? It is bad enough to administer the approximate, the rough and ready justice of the courts of law without undertaking to settle such questions as these with the fallible judgment at our disposal. And in default of the competence and method necessary to such an adjustment society has been obliged to muddle along as best it might, allowing the individual, within certain limits, to take what he can get, under the dubious pretence of legality, without considering too closely whether he deserves it or not, in accordance with the good old plan,

> "That he should take who has the power
> And he should keep who can."

Under these circumstances there has gradually grown up a kind of discrepancy between men's professions and their practices,

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between the sort of thing that they talk in public and the sort of thing that they confess only to themselves or acknowledge only by their actions. On the one hand they pretend to be animated, both as individuals and as citizens, by a single and unique preoccupation with justice, upon which they assert their community and government are founded. On the other hand they seek their own advantage by any means in their power, regardless of their neighbours or of any particular ideal of right and wrong. Eulogising virtue and honesty with their lips, they recognise in their hearts that nine times out of ten such scruples are merely side-issues, that the main aim is success, and that success is not to the good, the virtuous, and the honest, but to the strong, the audacious, and the adroit. It is the latter sort of man who gets on in the world; he is honoured, flattered, respected without concern for his merits. He enjoys the esteem of the public, he unites their votes, he holds their offices, he rewards his friends and punishes his enemies. And what is more, he carries his point, he controls the administration of what he and every one else calls justice, he influences legislation and law in his own sense. In short, justice becomes merely his conveniency, the conveniency of the powerful. And in the meanwhile we go on, in our fatuity, calling the conveniency of the unjust justice and speaking as though justice were the foundation of our polity, when in reality its foundation is force or fraud in one form or another. Why not come out with it, then, flat-footed? Is anybody the dupe of our hypocrisy? Why not say that it is the smooth appearance, the plausible pretence of justice that we have in mind when we educate our children in the shams of honesty and virtue? Why not acknowledge that it is a mask for their actions with which we are providing them? That we are teaching them a vocabulary with which to impose upon the simple and credulous who accept phrases, like specie, at their face value? Why not confess among ourselves that our little speeches about justice are for business and politics, a mere diplomacy of language; but that for the practical affairs of life our incentives are success and self-advancement? In other words, why not define justice as the advantage of the reigning interests whatever they may happen to be at the time?

Modern as all these notions seem, though cloaked as a general thing with a decent reticence, they are all, as a matter of fact, to be found in Plato. They are to be found in the mouth of Thrasymachus in the *Republic;* they are to be found in the mouths of the

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Sophists, of Callicles and Protagoras and Gorgias, the rationalists and utilitarians of the time, with whom they were as favourite doctrines as with Nietzsche. Indeed, it is as though the young men of Plato had been reading Nietzsche over night. They are full of the futility of virtue and honesty and justice, of the expediency of wickedness and the high hand, of the natural rights of the strong and the dexterous over the weak and the simple, of the excellence of success and the legitimacy of any means by which it may be attained.

It is against these thinkers that Plato undertakes to vindicate the desirability of a genuine and absolute justice, and it is in opposition to their notions of government that he attempts to rear an ideal republic upon the corner stone which they have rejected as unfit for the purpose. And what concerns him most, to begin with, is less justice as a foundation of government than justice as a foundation of character. At the outset it is the individual to whom his gaze is directed and not the community. In one sense his *Republic* is less interesting as a plan of society than as a kind of symbol of the human spirit. It is the inner city, the city of the soul, the spiritual city, upon which he has his mind's eye; and he constructs his ideal polity for the sake of comparison. The justice which it is so difficult to study in the small letters of the individual, he hopes to read to better advantage in the capital letters of the city. For after all the just man and the just city are counterparts one of the other, and what is justice in the individual is justice also in the community or contrariwise.

With this idea in mind, then, his first care is to re-establish the cause of justice and virtue as the basis of human character. And to do so he proceeds to argue that man is happy just because he is virtuous. To declare that virtue insures success and that honesty is the best policy is absurd and mischievous. The upright man may be successful or not—it makes no difference; in any case he can dispense with success, his satisfaction is in his own merit. Strip him of the goods of existence; refuse him the respect due to his qualities; worse than that, let him have the reputation of an ill doer; and last of all, let his righteousness escape the recognition of the gods themselves—even then, as compared with the wicked flourishing in prosperity, surrounded with admiring followers and flatterers, and blest in spite of reality with the name and character of virtue; even then, says Plato, will the just man

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be happy and the unjust wretched. Yes, it is better to suffer injustice than to commit it. And if the wicked understood his own best interest, he ought to desire nothing so much as to be brought to justice, to expiate his misdeeds, and by so doing regain his innocency.

But this justice which forms the basis of character and which, properly understood, insures the only genuine happiness, what is it? Who is the just man? It must be confessed that Plato's definition strikes the modern as rather peculiar, mainly, I think, because it lays no particular stress upon the rewards accruing. At the same time it seems to me that it has one advantage over other definitions in being the only one which furnishes in any sense a working formula for the regulation and adjustment of human affairs. And it does so by indicating the conditions under which alone justice can work itself out. It indicates as nearly as can be done, I fancy, the manner in which some sort of relative justice can be attained. It has its difficulties too, but as a definition it has this advantage.

Justice, then, in the individual consists in a kind of balance or equilibrium among the faculties by virtue of which each is enabled to do its proper work and to contribute in its proper degree to the welfare of the entire being. In other words, justice is defined by its obligations rather than by its privileges, one reason evidently why the definition is bound to be distasteful to us nowadays. In Plato's mind there existed a sort of hierarchy among the faculties. At the top stood the mind, the νοῦς, what the Germans call *Vernunft;* at the bottom lay the appetites and passions; and midway between was situated the courage or mettle, the kind of thing we think of when we speak of a man of spirit. In the just man the mind or reason should rule. And by mind or reason Plato understood not merely the discoursive or syllogistic reason or ratiocination but something akin as well to divination, intuition, or insight. Of the perception of higher truth he always speaks as an ὄψις or θέα, a seeing or vision. To this principle the passions and appetities are to be kept in subordination by means of the animation or courage, which in a correct balance of the faculties allies itself with the mind or νοῦς. Such is the just man; he is the man who has harmonised and ordered his spirit in this wise.

In this respect, it will be noticed, Plato stands at the antipodes from the Bergsonians, who seem in some obscure manner to

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divorce the intuition as an organ of truth from the reason and to associate it with the instincts, so making of it a servant or confederate of the third estate. In this interpretation the mind is left in isolation with no direct and instant perception of reality, while the sole reality immediately appreciable becomes that of the desires and impulses—a sense of eternal mobility and flux, in which the foundations of character are submerged and finally swept away, and truth itself loses all stability and degenerates into an exclusive regard for the many as the sole reliable data of consciousness.

Now it is in just the contrary sense, for the sake of making his idea of the hegemony of reason clearer, that Plato undertakes to construct an ideal polity, where it will be easier to recognise the qualities of justice in accordance with his conception of the parallelism between individual and state. To take this structure of Plato's quite literally, as has been done so often, would be to make a grave mistake and to prove oneself more of a Platonist than Plato himself. As a matter of fact Plato is not wholly serious about his republic. He is led to introduce the subject in the first place as an illustration of his general theory of justice. Such, he says, would be the perfect state, where justice may be studied to the best advantage. Once embarked, however, he becomes interested in the undertaking for its own sake and dwells complacently upon its details; occasionally he is quite carried away by it. But on the whole, the plan itself remains a *jeu d'esprit*, a play of the imagination, which he never expects or hopes to see realised in anything like the shape in which he proposes it, as is evident from a comparison with his *Laws*. It is, then, a species of allegory or parable—or better, perhaps, a metaphor; it is seriously meant, not as a practical project, but as an illustration of Plato's general ideas of government, and it is full of penetrating *aperçus* with regard to human nature and society.

Ideally, then, such a city as he proposes as a paradigm of the just man, is composed of three definite and distinct classes or orders analogous to the three faculties of the individual. At the bottom there are the workers of all kinds—tillers of the soil, labourers, handicraftsmen, merchants—all who contribute to the support of the community. Just above are the warriors, the protectors and guardians of the commonwealth, answering to the courageous or spirited principle in man. From the latter are

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chosen the rulers, who in the perfect city are philosophers prepared for their work by a long and arduous discipline and selected by successive eliminations from the mass of the warriors. As philosophers they are naturally unwilling to undertake the task of government and are moved to do so only by a sense of their responsibilities as the sole members of the city competent for the business. They descend into politics as a man who had been used to the light of day would descend into a den or cavern. But then, no man who wishes to rule is fit, in Plato's opinion, to do so. In a state so constituted justice will consist, as before, in a balance or equilibrium of forces under the direction of these philosopher-rulers, who make up the νοῦς or mind of the community. They will be assisted in their labours by the class of warriors or guardians, who, like the courageous part of the individual, are intrusted with the preservation of order as well from sedition within as from hostility without. Of the workmen Plato has little to say; they fail to interest him particularly as long as they do their work in subservience to their superiors and provide for the subsistence of themselves and others. At the same time it would be a mistake to suppose that he contemplates their condition as one of serfdom or slavery, though to such a condition he has no great objection in the abstract. In this instance, however, his city exists as a whole for the benefit of its inhabitants—or rather, it would express his meaning better to say that the inhabitants exist for the benefit of the city. It is not for the sake of the well-being of such and such a person, he declares, that the state exists, but for the well-being of the whole. In this way the working class has its share of the advantages resulting from the organisation—a share proportionate to its abilities and importance. As in the case of the purely physical principle in the individual, however, its predominance over the other orders would mean confusion and disaster. It has neither the wisdom of the lawgiver nor the mettle of the warrior. It is, therefore, as though Plato took it for granted or assumed it rather than despised it. As its functions are perfectly familiar already, he sees no need to dwell upon them.

Of the warriors, on the contrary, he has much to say that is curious and interesting. In this connection it must be remembered that the rulers are originally members of this class, being selected from it in accordance with certain standards so that up to a given point the conditions of both are alike. It is evident that these two classes taken together form an aristocracy; there

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is no doubt about it, they are the superiors of the third estate in every respect. Distinction of classes is a postulate of the system; it is a part of the conception of justice, for without distinction justice becomes unthinkable and the acme of injustice resides in the socialistic conception of an equal participation by unequal participants. And this distinction he purposes further to strengthen by means of a gross convention such as necessarily underlies every government, whether it happens to be that of the divine right of kings or that of the divinity of the people's voice and the sacredness of the will of the majority. Pure convention in either case and equally preposterous on examination. But so it is and so it is indispensable. And in like manner Plato proposes the necessary convention at the root of his polity. We will teach the people, he advises, that while they are all of the earth and brothers, yet they are made of different materials—some of gold and some of silver and some of bronze; and the nobler the metal, the nobler the creature. This is pretty gross, to be sure—pretty nearly as gross as the infallibility of majorities; not quite, perhaps, but still gross enough in all conscience—and yet admirably adapted to the purpose—to safeguard the distinction and hierarchy of the several classes and orders. At the same time its crudity was tempered in practice by the circumstance that Plato provided for a rectification of the errors of birth. If a gold or silver child should be born in the brazen class, he was promptly to be promoted as soon as he manifested his quality; on the other hand, if a bronze child should be born of gold or silver parents, he was liable to degradation in like manner.

Though an aristocracy, then, in the most distinctive sense, the two upper classes were an aristocracy of merit. As a result they were not simply an aristocracy of privilege but an aristocracy of responsibility. They were carefully educated and trained; their life was a severe and strenuous drill in the form of a rigid communism. They had no right to property of any kind save their clothes and their arms. They were without homes; the houses in which they lived, when they lived in houses rather than in camp, were not their own. They received their support from the community. They ate in messes. They held their wives and their children in common. Their marriages were temporary; and the offspring of their transient unions were taken possession of by the state and cared for in public nurseries. No man was supposed to be able to recognise his own child or

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identify it. Woman, as having the same faculties as man only weaker, was to bear her part in the same affairs and occupations. Like him she was to exercise in the palæstra; like him she was to bear arms and fight the battles of her country; like him she was to eat in her mess and live homeless and free of permanent ties save her duty to the state and society.

By such ways and by such means did Plato dream of founding and preserving an efficient and uncorrupted aristocracy. Shocking as some of these notions are to the modern consciousness, there is still something to be said for them in theory if not in practice. It was in some such manner that the monastic orders were managed; and no more powerful and effective organisations ever existed. But then they were pledged to chastity as well as to poverty; and there are but two ways to be chaste—either to have no wife or to have only one, of which the former is doubtless the better if it were not for the difficulty of perpetuating the caste. At the same time it must be acknowledged that Plato has recognised one important truth: that an aristocracy, to be worthy of the name, must be free from individual self-seeking and from the distracting influence of feminine frivolity. Let the order be as wealthy as you please—the wealthier, the better as an order; but see that its members remain unmoved by hopes of personal enrichment, if they are to devote themselves heart and soul to the furtherance of the object for which their body as a whole exists. And see too that they are removed from the insinuations of the sex with its vanities and caprices and irrelevances, if they are to amount to anything as public officials. Even as it is, there is nothing more egotistic than the father of a family, who is obliged to prefer the welfare of his wife and children before that of his neighbours; there is nothing more disheartening in the pursuit of a disinterested aim than the reproaches of a family which imagines its own interests to be neglected and is piqued at the prosperity of acquaintances and associates. Even at the present day there is nothing more exigent than the claims of a family. How much greater must have been its distractions at the time of Plato, when wives were ignorant as well as idle and luxurious! Consider the confusion introduced into Socrates's final interview with his friends by the irruption of Xantippe. All this Plato saw; he had probably some knowledge of Xantippe himself and the kind of house she kept for her husband. And against this sort of thing he tried to provide by breaking up the home in the

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interests of disinterestedness and by abrogating the importunities of wife and children at the same time that he removed the children from the timid and selfish instruction of their parents. And for his day, too, he would have accomplished not a little in giving woman something to do, in supplying her with a mission, or to employ the modern cant, in making her an instrument of social service. But after all, he reckoned without his host; he failed to count with human nature, and he proposes as a remedy for human weakness what is bound to seem to the average man something little short of a monstrosity.

But after all, in this vision of things as they might be one must not take Plato too seriously. Nobody was ever more conscious of the difficulties and paradoxes of his plan than he himself. Even in his own eyes it is hardly more than a castle in the air, to which he attaches only a relative importance save in as far as it helps him to realise his idea and principle of justice. Evidently in such a city as this, where everything is properly disposed and where every man is in the right place, justice will consist in every one's minding his own business. The well-being of the community will depend upon every individual's and every class's doing its own work and fulfilling its own function in its proper station in life. In other words, justice in the large as in the small is simply order. This is the reason why it seems to me that Plato's definition has a certain experimental—I hesitate to say practical—value which is wanting to most definitions of justice. It specifies the actual conditions under which justice is possible; there are no nice appraisements and delicate assessments of awards and emoluments to be made. Provided every member of the community does the work for which he is fitted in the scale of his relative ability, he will automatically receive his deserts. And here is, of course, the crux of the system—the accurate direction of the citizens' proclivities; and though it is probably easier to determine what a man is fit for than what he is worth, still the former task is hard enough. And it is complicated by the not infrequent occurrence of the exceptional case, who would have fared worse under Plato's authority than he does in the present scheme of things. Such persons are not seldom of great value to society, although that value may not be capable of exact computation. Of these exceptions the hardships are often extreme; they are suited for none of the usual employments, their services to the public are seldom recognised by their contemporaries, they

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seem hardly to belong to the world into which they have been brought—their livelihood is as problematic as their utility. Such a character was Blake or Coleridge, to mention only poets. And yet the development of moral types of the sort is as important for civilisation as the production of Rothschilds or Bismarcks. In human society, as it is actually constituted by a free play of more or less spontaneous forces working elastically to approximate results, such characters are able, as a rule, to find some kind of place and existence, even though with difficulty. But in Plato's republic with its strict suppression of individualism they would have had no footing; contributing in no wise to the support or the protection of the government of the city, falling properly into none of his classes, they could expect no other fate than repudiation and banishment. Such, as a matter of fact, is the sentence to which he condemns the poets; much as he loves them personally, his polity has no room for Homer or Hesiod or Sophocles. They are but fabulists and makers of falsehood. At most they can be tolerated only as they will consent to teach useful and salutary truths; that is, as far as they cease to be variations and conform to the normal type of society.

But however this may be, whatever the difficulties and inconsistencies even of an ideal constitution, one thing is clear—Plato's conception of justice as an order or balance of forces in an individual and a community. Such has been his objective from the first, much as he may have loitered by the way attracted by the scenery along the roadside. Once he has reached this conclusion, however, he proceeds, with his conception as a criterion, to the more practical part of his work—the criticism of actual forms and types of government and the search for the best and most advantageous one possible.

Since justice consists in a delicate equilibrium of powers, in the formation of a perfect harmony out of a number of divers elements, it is evident that the task of insuring it is an exceedingly difficult and problematic one, requiring the highest kind of ability on the part of the ruler or justiciar. In fact, government is an art or a science demanding both natural aptitude and acquired skill. As such it is entirely out of the power of the crowd, which is bungling and foolish—the government of the many is a contradiction in terms; it is not a government at all but an anarchy. It boasts that it is a government of the people, by the people, for the people; and so it may be. But none the less is it a government

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of the masses, of quantity, not of quality. As such it means the suppression of the minority by the majority. And since merit is always in the minority, it is the government of the better by the worse. Further, as it knows itself to be inferior and to have usurped a position which does not belong to it, it rapidly develops a distrust and a hatred for any sort of distinction whatever. Under these circumstances there are only two careers open to men of ability, who in happier conditions might become philosophers or lovers of wisdom. On the one hand they grow into demagogues; for being debarred by their talents from ruling, they can only learn to truckle to the multitude and to echo its whims and caprices, falsely pretending that these opinions constitute a system or philosophy of government—or, as we should say, a platform. In Plato's words such persons might be compared to "a man who should study the tempers and desires of a big beast . . . he would learn how to approach and handle it and at what times and from what causes it is dangerous or the reverse, and what is the meaning of its various cries, and by what sounds it is soothed or infuriated; and . . . when by constantly waiting upon it, he has become perfect in all this lore, he calls what he has learned by the name of wisdom and makes a method or art of it . . . calling this honourable and that dishonourable, good and evil, just and unjust, all in accordance with the tastes and moods of the big beast." Or, on the other hand, the man of ability who has no other opening for his activities and who is revolted by the role of demagogue, may engage in the single pursuit which the mob are capable of respecting; namely, the making of money. Hence the growth of a plutocracy along with every democracy. At the same time, as the accumulation of great wealth in the hands of a few tends to recruit the ranks of the needy, the rise of a plutocracy serves to reinforce the democracy which breeds it. In this way the proper balance of powers is broken up and destroyed; intelligence and courage cease to rule and the passions and appetites assume the ascendency; intuition is degraded from the reason to the desires. In a word, justice is not the controlling principle of such a community, but license, or, as the people delight to call it, liberty.

"Is not this, indeed, a delightful state of affairs!" exclaims Plato with sardonic enthusiasm, "where a man may say and do just what he likes" and "where the individual is able to order his own life for himself just as he pleases," "where there is no

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necessity for you to govern . . . or to be governed, unless you like" and "where, because some law forbids you to hold office, there is no necessity . . . that you should not hold office"—"a charming form of government indeed, full of variety and disorder, and dispensing a sort of equality to equals and unequals alike." And finally, "when a democracy which is thirsting for freedom . . . has drunk too deeply of the wine of liberty, then, unless her rulers are very amenable . . . she calls them to account and punishes them"—is Plato prognosticating the recall? What she wants are "subjects who are like rulers and rulers who are like subjects; these are men after her own heart, whom she praises and honours both in private and public," until "the anarchy finds by degrees a way into private houses and ends by getting among the animals and infecting them." "The father grows accustomed to descending to the level of his sons and to fearing them, and the son is on a level with his father—for neither of his parents has he any respect or reverence." "The teacher fears and wheedles his pupils, and the pupils despise their masters and tutors; young and old are all alike—the young man is on an equality with the old and is ready to compete with him in word and deed; and the old men condescend to the young and are full of jocularity and pleasantry, they are loath to be thought morose and authoritative and therefore they adopt the manners of the youth." "Even the she-dogs are as good as their mistresses; and the horses and the asses have a way of marching along with all the rights and dignities of citizens; they will jostle a body if he does not get out of their way—and all things are full to bursting with liberty." "Above all, see how touchy the citizens themselves become; they chafe impatiently at the least hint of authority, and at last, as you know, they cease to care even for the laws; they will have no one over them."

Such is Plato's diagnosis of democracy; and though relieved by touches of humour, it is serious enough. Whatever we may think of it, it is necessary to remember one thing. Plato is not now theorising; he is speaking from experience, he had seen democracy distinctly and close at hand. He had never run for office, I believe; but he had relatives who had stood within its danger and he had followed the trial and condemnation of his friend and master, Socrates. But his objections to democracy went even deeper. It was not only opposed to his principles by its disorderliness or essential injustice, its pretension to distribute

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a kind of equality among equals and unequals alike, its tacit denial of the fundamental facts of nature in the creation of better and worse, its confusion of higher and lower; but what was worse, it was antipathetic to his own character and disposition, which were finely aristocratic and distinguished. To such a person democracy has a way, it must be acknowledged, of making itself peculiarly detestable. Where the blame lies, I do not pretend to say—on both sides, I fancy. On the one side democracy itself has a hatred of distinction, which it makes no effort to conceal. As a matter of fact distinction is inimical to its existence. For that reason it likes to see pretenders to its favours on all fours at its feet. But at the same time it can not be denied that the man of distinction frequently displays a superciliousness with respect to the masses which is as galling as it is in one sense undeserved. Every man is respectable as a human being whatever he may be as a constituent of the mob. It is worth noticing that Shakespeare, who speaks so slightingly of the populace as such, modulates his voice when he addresses its individual members and treats even his fools with a kind of human sympathy. But, at all events, that Plato detested his democracy as well as disapproved of it, seems pretty certain. He detested its vulgarity, its cant, its rough and ready judgment, its self-complacency; and he held himself aloof from it by prejudice, perhaps, as much as by principle. Nor were the conditions of demoralisation under which he beheld it such as to elicit a favourable criticism even from a more unprejudiced observer. Nevertheless, with all allowance made for the circumstances, there is still something in what he says to make the thoughtful pause before pushing to an extreme a form of government which is so particularly liable to extremity and whose virtue consists so largely in moderation. Other governments are likely to fall by deficiency of their own principle, democracy alone by its excess.

At the opposite pole from the democratic type of government is the monarchical. With Plato's sympathies and ideas it is not surprising that he should more incline to the latter than the former terminal, although he can not approve of it unreservedly. Nevertheless, in the actual state of things, of all systems that seem to be possible he appears to believe that the best chance of securing something like justice is by the instrumentality of a benevolent despot—a single arbitrary ruler of good parts and disposition, neither weak nor violent, uniting in his own person

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the three attributes of the perfect governor—wisdom, courage, and steadiness. Such a character would appear to be best equipped for weaving a harmonious design from the diverse elements of society; above all he would seem to have the best opportunity of carrying out a consistent policy. In this characterisation may possibly be detected a regret for Dionysus of Syracuse, of whom he had hoped so much and in whom he had been so bitterly disappointed. At all events, as he acknowledges, the happy conjunction of circumstances necessary to unite these qualities in a single individual and to bring this individual into power is so rare as to be wellnigh miraculous. And in default of such a ruler he declares for a kind of limited or constitutional monarchy, whose master is restrained and controlled by law. As for the other forms of government by the few as opposed to the many—namely, oligarchy and tyranny—he has for them no toleration of any kind whatever.

In following Plato's discussion, as I have tried to do, with an eye to what seems most pertinent to our particular occasions, I have implicitly taken account of the most important tenets of his political creed as far as they have any modern interest or significance. It remains to indicate what is positive rather than negative in his conception. In the first place, that his theory of government is aristocratic, is perfectly clear. The two systems that he reprobates the most severely are democracy and plutocracy. The symbolic or metaphoric republic that he constructs for the purpose of illustrating the city of the soul, is ruled over by an aristocracy and an aristocracy pretty much unhampered by laws except of its own making. The will of the aristocracy is the law. And not only is it a government by an aristocracy which is the ideal but a government for the aristocracy. The purpose and *raison d'être* of a state is to be sought not in mediocrity but in excellence. It is not by its average that a nation is justified but by its genius. And to the production and preservation of genius should its efforts be directed. Not that the remainder of society is non-essential and negligible, but it takes its value from above; and the cultivation of an industrial community merely for its own sake would have struck him as absurdly as the attempt to develop a stomach independent of the body.

As far as these conclusions are a matter of terms, an affair of logic pure and simple, it is difficult to see that Plato is very far wrong in them. That the best are alone the natural rulers of a

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state and that the ruling should be done in the interests of the best is so obvious on statement that it has taken any amount of sophistication and any number of centuries to make it appear otherwise. Even then the contrary opinion has succeeded in gaining a footing only by means of an indoctrinated convention as gross as Plato's parable of the gold, the silver, and the bronze men—a convention so at odds with the facts that its falsity is patent to the most superficial. That convention consists in the denial of the aristocratic principle—in the denial, that is, of any such natural distinction as better and worse. Or positively, it consists in the assertion of the romantic doctrine of equality—a doctrine that we are obliged to deny in deed a dozen or more times a day. In fact, so contrary is it to our actual convictions that even the candidate for office is revolted when he is compelled to act consistently in accord with it and to abase himself to the level of those whom for the occasion he delicately designates as his equals. Nor is such a distinction between better and worse a practical impossibility. For the rough and ready purposes of government it is easy enough to make a partition of the kind. Education, property, nativity, even sex constitute tests sufficient for practical politics. And yet, as usual in human affairs, there is in reality one obstacle in the way of applying the theory. The world is full of people who have come into it more or less accidentally and unintentionally. As they are here by no fault of their own and in fact would gladly be almost anywhere else if they could, and as in the gaiety of their hearts they will in all probability proceed to bring others like them into a place to which they find themselves so admirably adapted; the theoretical legislator like Plato finds himself at any given time with a collection of odds and ends on his hands, which it is extremely difficult to dispose of. To be sure, there may be no great harm in this folk. To adapt Plato's own figure, they are like the amiable but incapable owner of a vessel, who is a little hard of hearing and short of sight, and is indifferently acquainted with navigation, and who is coaxed and bullied by various members of the crew who hope to get the job of pilot. At the same time it is just this sort of gentry that complicates the legislator's problem. Ideally Plato begins by making a clean sweep of them. He dumps the rubbish somewhere outside of his boundaries and retains only such material as suits his own designs. But the solution seems hardly practicable at present. And under the

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circumstances it is this matter which destroys the regularity and symmetry of many a very pretty social theory. It is itself one of the forces or factors which go to shape the final result as it exists in fact and nature. It is a part of the destiny of nations. In short, if you have a population of a certain type, what else can you make of it than the kind of thing it lends itself to? At the same time, to rescue as much of Plato's aristocracy as is feasible, it is worth while trying to make the best of your materials.

In the second place, innovator as Plato seems at first sight, it is clear, on second thoughts, that he is all for conservatism, as for aristocracy. Perhaps the two ideas are in reality correlatives. At all events, once his ideal republic established, he would preserve it, if possible, in much the same shape forever. Indeed, rigidity is of its very essence. As its partitions are inflexible and inelastic, allowing only for a few sorts of vocation; so in itself it forms a more or less motionless and inalterable structure, incapable of any great modification or adaptation. For the cultivation of that wide variety of individual character which we esteem one of the merits of civilisation, it had no care. In its essence it was thoroughly socialistic—a kind of higher organism in which the citizen had pretty well lost his personality. Like modern socialism it guaranteed his existence at the cost of his liberty. Further, as the best state conceivable, there naturally remained nothing more to do for it except to conserve it in accordance with the principles laid down for its institution. On the whole, this seems to me one of the instances in which Plato is carried away by his project; and, as so often happens in such cases, it is necessary to go a little deeper to get the steady bearing of his thought. Obviously enough the motive that moves him in this particular instance is a care for the permanency of political institutions. And in this respect he agrees with Burke. He recognises as true what is too patent to be insisted upon—that the life of a nation is a slow development, that its present rests upon its past, and that any change should be made slowly and carefully in the direction of its growth. He sees that a state which breaks with its tradition is adrift and that innovation is especially dangerous in a matter of government, whose adjustments are so delicate and complicated as frequently to escape the scrutiny of a single lawgiver or even of an entire generation.

> "All other errors but disturb a state,
> But innovation is the blow of fate."

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Not that he denies the value of a legislator who is thoroughly advised; such a person with the adaptability to meet any emergency with intelligence, is better than any set of mechanical laws or provisions that can be devised in advance. But with the difficulty of obtaining such a director at any given time before his eyes—a difficulty that amounts to a virtual impossibility—he recommends a prudential respect for antiquity and tradition.

In the third place and finally, Plato's ideas are as moral as they are aristocratic and conservative. The model of the just city is the just man. And as the just man exists for virtue, as he finds his happiness and good in virtue alone, so the just community exists for the same end and prospers accordingly. That Plato overworks the similitude between the two cases, must be granted. The main purpose, the higher justification of the *Republic* resides in demonstrating that the happiness of the just is the sole real and permanent good. The institution of the state is in one sense a side issue, undertaken for that purpose. Hence Plato is continually forcing the analogy. But in any case his constant insistence upon the necessity of virtue as a part of the very being of government, may at least lead us to ask whether the modern divorce between morality and public policy is altogether justified, whether it is not in some sense parallel with the attempt to separate morality from literature and art. That our civil government might be a little healthier for an infiltration of morality, I suppose, no one will dispute. And that international affairs should be conducted with some eye to moral considerations, would not be entirely out of the way either. And yet this is not just the point. By considering government from this point of view, Plato, like Burke at a much later day, was saved from making of politics a mere technology removed from other concerns and artificially isolated as a wholly independent and self-sufficient study like physics or dynamics. On the contrary, he was able by this means to keep it in constant touch with human nature. In consequence he succeeded in reducing some of the eternal principles of the subject to their very root in the moral consciousness. And as a result, while many of his shifts and expedients seem little better than ridiculous, his general discussion has always commanded the attention and respect of statesmen of all nationalities and all ages.

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JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

There were three painters named Jean François Millet, but he who was born October 4, 1814, and lived at Barbizon, is the only one we know. It is even more suggestive that of all the world's great painters, our reverential love goes out to "our Millet" with an especial fervour. We feel as if he were one of us, and that from him, personally, we may learn much; more, perhaps, from his living and his painting. His biography and especially his letters may have a distinctive and vital value for us, other artists seeming detached, or impersonal, often characterless, at least without the intimacy and helpfulness of one in whose heart reigned the religion of fused truth and beauty for which most of us do little more than yearn.

"Art," he writes, "declined when the artist no longer leaned directly and simply upon impressions taken from Nature. Clever execution then took the place of Nature and decadence began. . . . In the end it always comes back to this—a man must be touched himself before he can touch others; and however clever, work done as a speculation cannot effect this, because it has not the breath of life." "Every one," he said to Sensier, "should have a central thought, *une pensée mère*, which he expresses with all the strength of his soul and tries to stamp on the hearts of others. The mission of men of genius is to reveal that portion of Nature's riches which they have discovered, to those who would never have suspected their existence. 'God resisteth the proud but giveth grace to the humble.' Nature gives herself without reason to all who come to inquire of her. . . . If we love works of art, it is because they come from her. All the rest is pedantry and emptiness."

Le beau c'est le vrai, was the truth at the heart of his æsthetics, never for a moment neglected throughout his living and working. "Art is a language, and all language is intended for the expression of ideas. Say it, and say it over again. A peasant I was born, and a peasant I will die! I am determined to say what I feel, and to paint things as I see them." When tormented by criticism, Millet is only more resolute: "I stand firm. They may call me a painter of ugliness, a detractor of my race, but let no

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one think he can force me to beautify peasant-types. I would rather say nothing than express myself feebly. Give me sign-boards to paint, yards of canvas, if you will, to cover by the piece like a house painter, and let me work, if need be, as a mason, but at least let me think out my subjects in my own fashion."

To a man so minded it seems most right that he should love his *sabots* and hate fashionable boots and shoes, for only such a man could be the painter of the souls of his fellow peasants and teach others that their lifelong silent heroism is better than all the pride of a world whose religion is self-indulgence. Millet was never for one instant deceived as to the worth and honour of the lowliest labour and its weariness, when compared with the results of ambition and self-seeking. For the religion of work is the work of religion, and the boy François had early found the faith of all true labourers, when awed by the glory of a sunset he told his father of his rapture; reverently taking off his cap, Jean Louis said, *It is God!* And a little later the truth again comes out with deepening vividness when François told the Abbé Lebrisseux of his love of the sky and the sea, and of the wonder and mystery of the world about him. "Ah, my poor child," said the Abbé, "you have a heart that will give you trouble. You do not know how much you will have to suffer." Once, too, a passing professor from Versailles said that the soul of this Norman peasant-child was poetry itself. How perfectly were religion and art blended in the grandmother, in the father, and in the young man himself, is illustrated by the command of the grandmother to the now fatherless boy: "My François, we must bow to the will of God. Your father, my Jean Louis, said you were to be a painter. Obey him and go back to Cherbourg." The will of God, and of a peasant father that the boy should be a painter—has it not already the sound of the bells of an antique world sunk beneath the waves of art for art's sake?

Many glimpses are given of the consciousness of the living God, the felt union of the human and the divine,—in such remarks, *It is God*, and "We must perceive the infinite." If the metaphysician or psychologist deny such a power, the poet and painter may still do the deed. And that this, as always, brings suffering, again comes sharply to realisation in Millet's rejection of any formula that would render him stoical or indifferent: "Art is not a pleasure-jaunt, rather a combat, the ruthless wheels which crush; the artist's strongest expression springs

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from his suffering." In her way, even his little daughter Jeanne felt this truth, when laying her finger on her lips she whispered, "Hush! Father is working!" And he does not fail to deny expressly, that "art consists in a sort of show of professional cleverness." "You understand that the artist must have a great and high aim," he urges; and only Millet could have so zealously striven and so successfully, to realise his aim in portraiture: "I want to show her soul!"

The student of Millet's life and art is soon forced to the recognition, possibly to the defence, of his lifelong emphasis of the sombre and the tragic, the drudgery and the weariness of his fellow peasant-workers. He was, of course, himself fully as conscious of it. Suddenly one day, despite his poverty and the artistic fashions of the day, he ceased the choice of such subjects as "nude women and mythological subjects,"—"not that I hold that sort of thing to be forbidden, but that I do not wish to feel myself compelled to paint them," he says in his letter to Sensier. Then:

> "To tell the truth, peasant-subjects suit my nature best, for I must confess, at the risk of your taking me for a Socialist, that the human side is what touches me most in Art, and that if I could only do what I like, or at least attempt to do it, I would paint nothing that was not the result of an impression directly received from Nature, whether in landscape or in figures. The joyous side never shows itself to me; I know not if it exists, but I have never seen it. The gayest thing I know is the calm, the silence, which are so delicious, both in the forest and in the cultivated fields, whether the soil is good for culture or not. You will confess that it always gives you a very dreamy sensation, and that the dream is a sad one, although very delicious. . . . You are sitting under a tree, enjoying all the comfort and quiet which it is possible to find in this life, when suddenly you see a poor creature loaded with a heavy faggot coming up the narrow path opposite. The unexpected and always striking way in which this figure appears before your eyes reminds you instantly of the sad fate of humanity—weariness. . . . In cultivated land sometimes—as in places where the ground is barren—you see figures digging and hoeing. From time to time one raises himself and straightens his back, as they call it, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand—*Thou shalt eat bread in the sweat of thy brow.*
>
> "Is this the gay and playful kind of work that some people would have us believe? Nevertheless, for me it is true humanity and great poetry."

And neither his friend, nor reputation, nor honours, nor the terrible need of selling his pictures, could make him choose sunnier and happier days or themes. Nor even gayer colours

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in painting his *True Humanity* and its *weariness*—"the sense of tears in mortal things."

Hence, naturally, the accepted criticism, the hurting recognition of his profound want, as a man, of play, and of light, and of lightsomeness. Too deeply had the iron entered his heart. There is no laughter, no feeling of the abundant energy that soars above the miseries and tragedies of labour by the mere sense of soft resistant power that forgets slavery and smiles at fate. If once, even, he could have seen the radiant face of his brother of Assisi! With the pathos of his suffering fellow-peasants filling and overfilling his soul, it was inevitable that he should forget the sunset; and although a painter of superlative power, that he should so much have ignored the glory and the revelatory wonder of colour and light. The heaviness and density of his colours, the preponderance of dark, even muddy tones, the solidities and rigidities of his living forms and of his textures, were perhaps usually seen among his people; but were they without exception? Were the seriousness and austerity invariable? Would it not have been better, both for artist and for model, one feels like asking, if these sad-hearted toilers had been taught, forced to know, that the combined beauty and truth, which was the abiding axiom of his artistic faith, should have been wooed to some glad beatitude by the God who indeed made the colours of the sunset, the landscape's palpitant stir at dawn and brooding hush at even, whose love and light were there at the heart of the mother and her babe, and whose fortitude was that of good men who smiled and sang their defiances at burdens and poverties. One may gather that the alternative—either colour, light, and freedom, or sombreness, heaviness, and toil—was not so compulsive as Millet's stern sense dictated. In pastel and pencilled sketch the normal appreciation is more frequently noticed than in the great works to which his genius was devoted. His choice was doubtless also stressed by a natural deficiency, psychic at least, of colour-sense, and an inaccuracy of optical function for which there is abundant proof.

This is also suggested by the noteworthy fact that the composition of his pictures was not usually made directly from his models, or single observations of nature, but from his later and cumulated recollections of them. It was not a composite photograph, however, indefinite and valueless, of vague and blurred outlines, but a collocation of all the true and revealing

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characteristics of many observations which are required to make up the perfect whole and which are never present in a single time or place. The accuracy of Millet's memory in retaining exact details of form is marvellous. This for him, and perhaps for him alone of artists, did not weaken truthfulness to nature, but really increased it, because it is certain that nature does not pose; so his habit allowed him to supplement the inadequacy of any single occasion or one-time gathering of peculiarities, by the details of similar circumstances added to the memorised incident and form of the first-suggested sketch. Of many such instances take the grasp and poise of the hand in *The Gleaners*. Many single glances of the painter might not have found that when some already gathered heads of grain or straws are held by certain of the clutched fingers, the attempt to add others in the same hand necessitates a peculiar strain of the fingers, hand, and arm—an effect that once, at least, had been caught by the painter's inerrant eye. In later years he said that he worked little from Nature, "for she does not pose." He was, in fact, watching her unconscious poses all his life, and fusing them finally to a perfect whole in each of his great synthetic works.

From Millet's single-hearted devotion of his life and art to the lives and artlessness of his brother toilers, and more, because of his amazing power of making the simplest attitude show the most subtle and spiritual of psychic realities, it was only natural that his purpose should be misapprehended and that criticism and calumny should wound him deeply. The Parisian critics maligned him as a socialist, even as an anarchist, and their furious nonsense was repeated with each new picture. Such a state of mind was beyond the understanding of Millet, who wrote:—"What can I find that is true and serious and might help to correct my faults in the invectives of these gentlemen? I look and find nothing but noise!—not a single piece of advice, not one hint which may be of use to me. Is this the sole office of the critic, to abuse a man and disappear? . . . This expression —'the cry of the ground'—was heard long ago. My critics are men of taste and instruction, I suppose, but I cannot put myself in their skin, and since I have never, in all my life, known anything but the fields, I try and say, as best I can, what I saw and felt when I worked there."

Long after the death of Millet the real socialistic or anarchis-

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tic art made its appearance, and the true adherents of this faith should welcome it more naturally and more enduringly than they did that of Millet. It was, to be sure, as unlike the art of Millet as hate and violence are unlike love and restraint. It is a mystery which none has exactly or adequately explained that not even the best technique can make us accept an art-work as worth money, and can make us place upon our walls a picture, which is devoted to the praise of hatred, cowardice, or other attribute which makes for evil and death. We endure Rodin's *Burgesses of Calais*, but we do not want to see the group again. A generation after Millet, a skilled literary artist has contended that art is necessarily aristocratic. Would he, one may ask, prefer to have as his own the latest unaristocratic *Lot of Women*, or *Uprising of the Farmers*, or the equally unaristocratic *Angelus*, or *Man with the Hoe*, or *Gleaners?* Nor is it "didacticism," or "tendency" that disposes of the question. When Millet was painting these pictures he was in a desperate state, bodily, mentally, and financially. After many months of bargaining, *The Angelus* was sold for five hundred dollars. Some fourteen years after his death it brought one hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

Besides the hurt of constant and lifelong ill-health and of poverty, Millet's art and heart were outraged by the repeated charge of "socialism." Despite his protestations and explanations, this blind criticism and misrepresentation reappeared to wound him and to mislead the world as to the real significance and appreciation of his art. That it should again rise in another and distant country, twenty-five years after Millet's death, is disconcerting. It was, perhaps many do not know, precipitated by the famous poem of Edwin Markham, entitled, *The Man with the Hoe*, which draws its supposed inspiration from Millet's painting, *L'Homme à la Houe*. Among the many readers of this poem not a few had deep misgivings that it does not represent a true and just interpretation of Millet's picture, or of his art generally. Especially in the mind of one great employer of men, Mr. C. P. Huntington, the conviction grew to clear and vigorous protest of which he immediately proceeded to give a practical demonstration by offering, through *The Sun*, three prizes for the best original poems written from the point of view emphasised in the following letter of January 28, 1900, authorising the competition:

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"While I would detract in no degree from the beauty, grace, and strength of his versification, it seems to me that Mr. Markham has twined some very leafy and flowery vines around a vacuum. Either *The Man with the Hoe* is a type of the great mass of those who use farming implements for a living or else he is an exception. If the latter, then the strength of the sentiment uttered lies in the concealment of its weakness, and if the former, then the poem does wrong to a most respectable and able-bodied multitude of citizens, every one of whom ought to resent Mr. Markham's attempt to throw 'the emptiness of ages in his face' and certainly deserves better of the poet than to be called a 'monstrous thing' and 'brother to the ox.'

"From time immemorial the tiller of the soil has been invested with his full share of the honour of this world, and where any individual example of the class—or, in fact, of any honest and respectable class—has given reason for Mr. Markham's inquiry: 'Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?' it can, I think, be safely said that the man's own breath blew it out. There is no occasion for a farmer to have his soul quenched or to become a 'dumb terror.' He can hold his head as high as any man's, and he generally does; and what calling is more honourable—at least in this country—to which, by the way, I understand Mr. Markham's observation and study have been confined.

"What about the man without the hoe—he who cannot get work, or, having the opportunity to labour, won't do it? There are thousands of young men in this country who have been educated up to the point where the honest and healthful occupation of their fathers in the field has become distasteful to them, and, in many cases, they have grown to be ashamed of it and of their parents. In European countries particularly there are multitudes of young men—the younger sons of titled people, for instance—who have been taught that common labour or work in the trades is beneath them, and they sink their individuality, their manhood, and their future in the ranks of the army and in petty Government positions. They must have money, but they must earn it only in a 'genteel' way. These are the men without the hoe—the real brothers to the ox. Who shall tell their story? Who shall best sing the bitter song of the incapables who walk the earth, driven hither and thither like beasts by the implacable sentiment of a false social education, suffering the tortures of the damned and bringing distress upon those dependent upon them because they have lost the true independence of soul that comes to him who dares to labour with his hands, who wields the hoe and is the master of his destiny."

It may be added that Mr. Markham had made more definite his own view as regards the import of his poem by emphatically declaring that it was not a protest against labour, but his "soul's word against the degradation of labour, the oppression of man by man."

Mr. T. B. Aldrich and Mr. E. C. Stedman were chosen judges to award the prizes. This task was arduous and difficult because of the thousand or more poems sent in and of their almost uniform lack of excellence. They agreed at last that but one by

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John Vance Cheney, entitled also *The Man with the Hoe: A Reply to Edwin Markham*, was worthy of the first prize.

> Him, there, rough-cast, with rigid arm and limb,
> The Mother moulded him.
>
> Need was, need is, and need will ever be
> For him and such as he;
>
> Cast for the gap, with gnarled arm and limb,
> The Mother moulded him,
>
> Long wrought, and moulded him with mother's care,
> Before she set him there. . . .
>
> See! she that bore him, and metes out the lot,
> He serves her. Vex him not
>
> To scorn the rock whence he was hewn, the pit
> And what was digged from it;
>
> Lest he no more in native virtue stand,
> The earth-sword in his hand,
>
> But follow sorry phantoms to and fro,
> And let a kingdom go.

And yet in spite of the discussion to which his work has given rise it is almost supererogatory to add that in painting his brother peasants the very last thing by which Millet was moved, was any economic, social, or governmental injustice; didacticism was as far from him as from any artist. His was simply and solely a labour of love, of the uttermost sympathy, and because no doctrinal or sermonising impulse thrilled the hand and the brush that painted the picture, there was a divining compassion as perfect as the divine art, and both revealing the labourer's spiritual tragedy in the twilight of the tired day and ending toil.

GEORGE M. GOULD.

Atlantic City, N. J.

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LIONEL JOHNSON

A score of years have passed since that courageous band of young Englishmen who styled themselves the Rhymers' Club tried to transplant the air of the Latin Quarter into London, by meeting at the Cheshire Cheese to discuss welsh rarebits, ale, and each other's verses. Time has played havoc with their ranks, and to some extent with their works. Some of them have died; several have abandoned song for scholarship; Mr. Le Gallienne has migrated to America; Mr. Yeats devotes himself to managing the Irish renascence. Of the two most characteristic voices of the period, one, that of Ernest Dowson, was silenced years ago; Arthur Symons alone still carries the old banner. French decadence apparently did not flourish on English soil, and Dowson's "one strayed, last petal of one last year's rose" has yielded to Mr. John Masefield's pugilism and to the smoke of Mr. W. W. Gibson's factories.

The Rhymers' Club did perhaps stand for an exotic and not altogether healthy ideal, and I suppose we must not lament that the movement died a sudden death. But in all the patter of the æsthetes there is one voice to which we should still hearken, for it speaks with authority. I mean the voice of Lionel Johnson. It has been more than ten years now since he died, and if we may judge from the publication of his essays in the volume called *Post Liminium* and from the announcement of a biography and of his collected poems, he is beginning to inherit his kingdom. It is high time; we have need of such as he.

There is now, it seems, a more or less widespread dissatisfaction with the prevailing type of criticism, which to many people appears somewhat spineless and inchoate. I mean the sort of impressionistic criticism which tells much of the critic but little or nothing of the subject treated. Once we have granted that standards are impossible, it becomes easy for any one to criticise, since he need only talk of himself, of his own reactions. As a result not only are we surfeited with the introspection of little men, but even those who are not impressionists themselves lose the courage of their convictions and, fearful of deriving their principles from the classics, adopt contemporaneous standards

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which are of small value. It has been said recently that until criticism does win back definite standards and dares to measure current writing by the acknowledged masterpieces, it must expect scant attention, because such is its desert.

For this invertebrate condition Lionel Johnson's critical method, it seems to me, would supply an excellent antidote. If he did not hold fast to absolute fixed laws, as did the eighteenth century, at least his criticism was established on a solid foundation that insured it a positive character. This foundation was composed of knowledge and insight. By birth he was gifted with discrimination and understanding, and he zealously armed himself with the "ancient might of true humanities." Both by nature and by training he possessed to the full that "instinctive just estimate of things as they pass" which is so wholesome and so rare in an age that would like to be self-sufficient, to be measured by rules of its own choosing or by none at all. He qualified himself to speak always with authority through an intimate comprehension of the masterpieces of at least five languages. Mere "modernity" was nothing to him; he says: "*My* sole days among the dead are passed among stillborn or moribund moderns, not the white days and shining nights free for the ancients in fame." Not that he was at all an indiscriminate *laudator temporis acti;* but he was so thoroughly at home with true excellence that nothing false or shoddy could impose upon him. His verdicts are always fearlessly independent: witness his scathing condemnation of Marie Bashkirtseff, whose *Journal* was then at the height of its vogue: "Silly petulance, ill-bred ostentation, unfathomable conceit, offensive vulgarity, and no trace of affection or of thought: these are the gifts and qualities which we are called upon to study and to admire." On the other hand, Johnson did not grudge generous praise to those of his contemporaries who deserved it, as his volume on *The Art of Thomas Hardy* and his papers on Stevenson, Newman, and Pater amply testify.

Indeed, he has often been claimed for the disciples of Walter Pater. Such he was, beyond doubt, to some extent in the matter of style. Nevertheless, in his critical aims he seems to me to have a closer affinity with Matthew Arnold than with Pater. Arnold at present is under something of a cloud, because he tried to get definite results in his criticism, and that, we are told, is impossible. One is inclined to suspect, however, that it is rather

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the difficulty than the impossibility that deters contemporaries. Some one has said that nowadays a critic's equipment consists of *The Rubaiyat* and *Alice in Wonderland*. But Johnson at least had a more exacting conception of his calling. We who, with our blunted taste and untrained eye, profit by his clear understanding, must not forget the rigorous discipline to which he had gladly submitted himself. For literature to him was no idle matter of an empty day. Indeed, he felt that he had chosen the highest and most arduous of vocations. He practically dedicated his life to his work; in spite of his many warm friendships, he lived much like a recluse. His confessions are in the stanzas entitled "Magic":

> "They wrong with ignorance a royal choice
> Who cavil at my loneliness and labour:
> For them, the luring wonder of a voice,
> The viol's cry for them, the harp and tabour:
> For me divine austerity,
> And voices of philosophy.
>
> "Ah! light imaginations, that discern
> No passion in the citadel of passion:
> Their fancies lie on flowers; but my thoughts turn
> To thoughts and things of an eternal fashion:
> The majesty and dignity
> Of everlasting verity. . . .
>
> "Men pity me; poor men, who pity me!
> Poor charitable scornful souls of pity!
> I choose laborious loneliness: and ye
> Lead Love in triumph through the dancing city:
> While death and darkness girdle me,
> I grope for immortality."

Although he belongs to that despised period, the immediate past, he was free from its worst failing. In spite of the fact that he has the technique, the mastery of his craft, that characterised the post-Swinburnians, he was free from their curse of facility. Beauty to him was too holy, too easily profaned, for him to bring her any but his choicest offerings. One doubts whether Mr. Masefield and Mr. Gibson, or indeed any of their school—Messrs. Lascelles Abercrombie, Rupert Brooke, W. H. Davies, James Stephens, and the rest have precisely this feeling for their art. Without belittling at all their evident sincerity, we cannot help feeling that they have cast overboard too much ballast.

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Needless to say, since Johnson was one of those who are damned in a lump as minor poets, he had not that range and rich variety which characterise the major voices of poetry. This limitation was the price he had to pay for his aloofness, for his complete neglect of the less lofty phases of existence. He has to suffer for dwelling almost exclusively in "the high places that are beauty's home." That intense, flaming purity which is perhaps his finest note was not compatible with a broad human sweep. This note it is which differentiates him most strongly from the decadent school and from our present-day "futurists," as they have been termed, who find poetry in everything human, in the degradation of the poor, in the ugliness of the slums and factories, in all social evil. But he would be querulous indeed who could find fault with Johnson because he could say, in his most famous line, "Lonely, unto the Lone I go." His very isolation is a necessary part of his significance.

Three themes, at least, never failed to rouse him. One of these was his religion. Here again he stands out in curious contrast from his contemporaries; Beardsley and Wilde underwent perfunctory conversions to Rome on their deathbeds, but Johnson's faith was no sensuous worship, born of incense and lighted tapers and the ringing of bells. His poetry almost everywhere is touched with the glory of it. Perhaps it shines nowhere more clearly than in "Te Martyrum Candidatus":

"Ah, see the fair chivalry come, the companions of Christ!
White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, the Knights of God!
They, for their Lord and their Lover who sacrificed
All, save the sweetness of treading, where He first trod!

"These through the darkness of death, the dominion of night,
Swept, and they woke in white places at morning tide:
They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy at the sight,
They saw with their eyes the Eyes of the Crucified.

"Now, whithersoever He goeth, with Him they go:
White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, oh fair to see!
They ride, where the Rivers of Paradise flash and flow,
White Horsemen, with Christ their Captain: for ever He!"

This is as intense as Vaughn, or Crashaw, or Francis Thompson himself, very different from the mysticism of Mr. Yeats's "defeated dreams."

Lionel Johnson's two other favourite themes were the cause

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of Ireland and the glory of the classics. His championship of Ireland is the stranger, inasmuch as his own claim to Irish blood was tenuous in the extreme. But in those days Celticism was in the air, though not yet triumphant, and Ireland was well represented in the Rhymers' Club. At any rate, in her behalf he can speak out loud and bold:

> "A dream, a dream, an ancient dream!
> Yet, ere peace come to Inisfail,
> Some weapons on some field must gleam,
> Some burning glory fire the Gael."

But of still more intrinsic value to his work was his enthusiasm for the classics of antiquity. It was his Hellenic taste and training which enabled him to maintain so uniformly high a standard. His indebtedness he acknowledges in "Oxford," in "Plato in London," and in "The Classics":

> "Fain to know golden things, fain to grow wise,
> Fain to achieve the secret of fair souls:
> His thought, scarce other lore need solemnise,
> Whom Virgil calms, whom Sophocles controls."

In a word, he belongs to the tradition of Gray and Landor and Matthew Arnold, to those men who by the fineness of their output emphasise for us the value of discipline.

T. K. WHIPPLE.

Princeton, N. J.

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THEORIES OF COSMIC EVOLUTION

I

The framing of theories is an occupation in which men like to indulge. To imagine how things may have come about is probably the nearest approach to a creative act to which we finite beings will ever attain; and the field of astronomy has been an especially tempting one in which to try our creative powers. We like to do things on a large scale; and it is quite as easy to construct, in imagination, a planet or a solar system as something less pretentious. From the first men have been explaining how the cosmos came to be; naturally these imaginings have reflected strongly the philosophy of the times and places and peoples that gave them birth. We have had theories spiritual, theories fanciful, and theories frivolous. Men have told us how the civil engineers on neighbouring planets run their lines and dig their Culebra cuts; and long before this age of engineering they have explained how the starry sky was peopled with divinities and heroes.

Of all these many hypotheses which have been proposed to account for the universe of suns and planets as we see it to-day it would be hardly profitable, I am sure, to give even a resumé. Some of them have been slain at last by one or two stubborn facts which were lurking unnoticed by the wayside; others, once popular, are now ignored and forgotten because the world has quietly drifted away from them into new and safer channels. And yet some of these abandoned hypotheses were by no means useless; for even a flight of fancy has often led the way to fruitful research. Far from being stumbling-blocks in the path of progress, they have often been stepping-stones from which other men have climbed to greater heights.

In the development of the theory of the universe and the explanation of the celestial mechanism, there are five great names which stand out clearly from among their fellows: Ptolemy, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and Newton. Some of these represent a group of men or a school of thought rather than an individual. Thus Ptolemy is only a spokesman; the Ptolemaic

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theory is not wholly or mainly his own, but sets forth the conceptions of that brilliant group of men who took the first real step towards a correct understanding of the celestial machine in the centuries just preceding the Christian era, when Roman arms and Greek culture had overspread the Mediterranean world, and Alexandria was a centre of learning,—men such as Eudoxus, Aristarchus, Eratosthenes, and especially Hipparchus.

It is the fashion to speak of the Ptolemaic theory of astronomy as an erroneous and abandoned theory. It is all that; but it is the fundamental step which made a better theory possible. Up to the time of Eudoxus men had been content to say of six thousand of the stars that they are fixed, and of five others that they wander; it remained for these keen observers and sagacious thinkers to inquire how they wander, and why. They found that there was method in their wanderings; that Jupiter or Saturn, for instance, moves mainly eastward among the constellations, but about once a year it slackens its pace, and then retrogrades for a time before again beginning to forge ahead. They saw that these apparent vagaries are really methodical and can be represented by a double circular motion, by imagining a point in the sky to travel steadily around the sky eastward while the planet is swung regularly around this point in a secondary circle or epicycle, and is thus carried alternately ahead of its mean place, and then behind it. We know now that the regular forward or eastward motion is real and is due to the planet's own orbital motion, while the looping backward is apparent and is due to the fact that the earth overtakes it and passes it. But all the observed facts and all the measurements which they were able to make with their crude instruments are equally well accounted for by supposing either that the planet is moving around a point which is itself in motion, as they believed, or else (as we now know) that the planet is moving simply in its own orbit while we observe it from a moving earth. The important thing at the time was to analyse the apparently aimless wanderings of the planets and to show that they could be represented by a circle moving upon another circle. And it was a brilliant analysis. How generally is it known to-day, do you suppose, that the planets alternately advance and retrograde in the sky? How soon would a plausible explanation of the fact be suggested, if all knowledge of astronomy were lost? When the erratic behaviour of the wandering stars had been analysed and explained as a motion of one circle upon

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another it remained for Copernicus only to make the comparatively simple and obvious suggestion that both the earth and the planets were probably revolving about a common centre and that all their orbits were centred at the sun.

The second great name is that of Copernicus, with whom again we must associate others, such as Galileo; but I doubt whether they deserve our praise quite as much as the men who, centuries earlier, made the Copernican theory possible. Let us not make the mistake of regarding the Ptolemaic theory merely as an old and incorrect and abandoned theory, and the Copernican as the true theory. The Copernican conception is far from being a correct one; it is still a theory of epicycles—a motion about the sun, it is true, but in circles compounded with circles, as if carried by rigid arms. Copernicus never conceived of the planets as tethered to the sun by an elastic force which could allow the planet to swing out to aphelion, and could then coerce it back to perihelion. He and his contemporaries piled epicycle upon epicycle in the attempt to represent a little more closely the facts of observation, until King Alfonso, when presented with the elaborate scheme which his astronomers had worked out, announced somewhat irreverently, "If I had been present at creation, I could have given some good advice."

Astronomy had indeed reached a point where theory had outrun observation. What was needed was not better reasoning but more precise data such as should compel better theory. Opportunely there arose a great practical astronomer, Tycho Brahe. His instruments were crude devices, huge wooden circles, crudely graduated, adjusted by means of plumb-lines and sighted as we point a gun. On an island in the Baltic, in an observatory built for him by the King of Denmark, he spent twenty-one fruitful years observing and measuring. He tested his instruments with scrupulous care and he used them with skill and patience. He did not accept the Copernican theory, partly because he thought the Bible taught otherwise, and partly for a very good scientific reason. If the earth revolves about the sun, he reasoned, the stars should show a yearly parallax; but in measuring their positions from time to time he could find not the slightest displacement. We know now that his instruments were hopelessly, ridiculously inadequate to detect the parallax of the stars. But he knew that unless the stars were at least a thousand times more distant than the sun, his measures

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should have revealed a parallax. And that such preposterous intervals as this prevailed in the universe, who could believe?

Tycho never made much use of his own observations, but left them, a rich legacy, to others. The man who discovered the mint of gold in Tycho's measurements was his pupil Kepler. His fondness for correlating facts and reaching conclusions was as great as Tycho's zeal in gathering them. To Kepler belongs the distinction of being the first to discover and formulate any true laws of planetary motion. Kepler's three laws, which assert that planets move not in circles but in ellipses, and which define very simply and exactly the manner of their motion, are the Magna Carta of astronomy.

At the outset, naturally enough, Kepler could not but take it for granted that planetary motions are in epicycles; he could not believe that a heavenly body would do so unseemly a thing as to move in any other path than a circle,—the "perfect curve" of the ancients. From a study of the more accurate measures that Tycho had made, and particularly from an extensive series of his observations on the planet Mars, he supposed that his problem consisted in determining what combination of circles represented the actual motion of the planet through space. But he presently reached the conclusion that either Tycho's observations were sometimes as much as 8′ in error, and this he could not believe to be the case, or else that no possible combination of epicycles could represent them; and having thus broken faith with all the philosophy of the past and confessed himself an astronomical heretic, he quickly found that an ellipse would beautifully satisfy the facts of observation if the sun were located, not at the centre of the ellipse, but at one of its foci, leaving the other empty. Now it may not seem that the difference between a circle and an ellipse is a very material or important one; but as long as a planet was thought of as moving in a circle or in some combination of circles, it was difficult to escape the conception that it was pivoted in some rigid way, almost as if it were operated by a material connection. Such a notion could not suggest that elastic bond of gravitation which can make a planet move, now faster, now slower, and which can now bring it nearer and now carry it farther. The search for such a force and the finding in it of the perfect key to the cipher code of planetary motion, could not well begin until Kepler's laws had shown the way. Kepler knew no reason why planets should move in ellipses, or why the

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sun should be at one focus, or why the radius vector should describe equal areas in equal times, or why the square of the periods should vary as the cube of the distances; he simply found that the planets do so move. And it remained for Newton to show, seventy years later, by a simple geometrical demonstration, that if bodies attract each other inversely as the square of the distance, then Kepler's laws would necessarily be true.

And so we reach the summit of the long hill; in this simple law which Newton formulated it would seem as though we had the complete explanation of the motion of all ponderable masses in space. Though the elliptical motion of a planet is not exactly the actual motion, it would be so if the sun alone were the controlling body, and fortunately, for the progress of knowledge, the sun is so enormously more massive than any other body in the solar system that it is almost true. And yet as a matter of fact the earth never twice describes quite the same path through space; for it is constantly, if slightly, perturbed by the feeble attraction of the other planets, whose distances and directions from us are never exactly repeated. The moon's place in the sky is calculated in the nautical almanac for every hour of each day in the year, more than eight thousand positions in all; in the calculation of each of these positions, more than one hundred small perturbations have to be computed. If the sun were not so massive and therefore so dominant, the problem would generally be beyond the reach of our mathematical processes. An astronomer dwelling on a planet which belongs to the system of the double star Castor or the triple star Polaris, has probably not the slightest intimation where his planet will go next year, or next century, unless his mathematics greatly transcends that which has as yet been developed on the earth. But in our system the perturbations are calculable because they can be treated as only slight departures from the simple laws of Kepler. Of course, these perturbations are not defects in the system or imperfections in the law of gravitation; the very fact that they can be computed is the crowning glory of Newton's great generalization, though Professor Young tells us of a good old theologian who maintained that the perturbations of the planets are a consequence of the fall of Adam. Certainly the law of gravitation—the simplest and most sweeping of all material laws, though its application taxes the skill of the world's greatest mathematicians—may lay claim to being the greatest scientific generalisation ever made.

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To this law as we know it here in our solar system conform the orbital motion of the distant binary stars as far as we can discover and the motion of every particle of matter in the universe. We should not think of the earth as a whole attracting the moon as a whole, but of each grain of sand in the earth as having its own peculiar and appropriate pull on every particle of the moon, and conversely—as the molecules of the tides are free to take the positions which their varying distances from the moon require. It was probably with some such thought as this in mind that Lagrange declared Newton to be "the greatest genius that ever existed and the most fortunate, for we cannot find more than once a system of the world to establish." But Newton said of himself: "I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to be only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

II

But let us turn from the past to the present, from the history of science to science in the making. Ours is the era of great telescopes, great not merely in size but in perfection of image as well. Lord Ross with his six-foot mirror never saw the nebulæ with anything like the delicate detail of structure that Ritchie has obtained with the 60-inch mirror on Mt. Wilson, or Keeler with the 24-inch Crossley reflector at the Lick observatory, or Roberts with the 20-inch at Edinburgh. The photographic art, too, has greatly come to their aid; so that now the 60-inch reflector on Mt. Wilson, with its great light-gathering power and wellnigh perfect curvature, and its long exposures in the clear atmosphere a mile above the haze and dust of the plains of Southern California, is pursuing these nebulous phantoms far into the depths of galactic space.

What then have we learned about the nebulæ? In the first place, they prove to be exceedingly numerous; as indeed we might expect if the slow process of stellar evolution is forever in progress. From counts recently made on the Sigma Lumière plates exposed at Mt. Wilson, it is estimated that the total number of nebulæ which can be caught by the 60-inch with an exposure of one hour, on such a plate, is about 162,000. In the second place,

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the vast majority of these nebulæ are of the peculiar type known as spiral. And where the structure can be at all made out, they are two-armed spirals; that is, they consist of a brighter central nucleus, from which emerge, at exactly opposite sides, two fainter arms or coils, which wind around the nucleus in a common direction, either clockwise, or counter-clockwise, sometimes closely coiled, sometimes more loosely divergent; encircling the nucleus once or twice. The two arms are usually almost perfectly symmetrical, and wind their way out to about equal distances from the nucleus. These coils are studded more or less abundantly with small bright nodules, or nuclei. This prevalent structure of a bright central nucleus, surrounded by smaller and fainter nuclei, immersed in a filmy haze suggests to the eye at once a solar system in embryo. Again, these nebulæ as a rule are not gaseous bodies; at least they give a continuous spectrum. There may be and doubtless is more or less of gaseous matter associated with the nebulæ; but their predominant light is that which would be emitted by solid or liquid matter, like a luminous dust-cloud or a shower of sparks. Only a few are gaseous, and these vary from irregular in shape and brightness to small and round and compact, a very small number showing an annular or ringlike structure. Finally, a census of the nebulæ shows a rather curious fact with regard to their distribution in space. They are most abundant in just those directions in the sky where stars are least numerous. The arrangement of the stars in space, as we have long known, is in a comparatively thin, flat stratum, perhaps indefinite in extent, perhaps limited within a disc-shaped or coin-shaped area. The Galaxy or Milky Way is simply that zone in which we are looking out radially towards the edges of the disc, or in the plane of the cluster. It is for this reason that the universe looks so different from what it is. It looks like a hollow vault; it is a vast cluster and we are somewhere in the heart of it. All its members appear equally distant because the eye cannot judge of their distances. The moon and a star seem side by side; and yet the nearest star is a little more than a hundred million times more remote than the moon. The evidence by which we determine the shape of the cluster is as follows. The brighter stars—that is, those that are, on the average, nearest to us—are not obviously more numerous in one direction than in others. With a small telescope five or ten times as many may be distinguished along a given vista towards the Milky Way as are

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found perpendicular to it. As the light-gathering power of the telescope is increased, we get scarcely any more stars at the poles of the Galaxy than with smaller instruments, while the number greatly increases in the direction of the Galaxy. Again, in the perpendicular direction there are found not very many stars fainter than the eighth or tenth magnitude, while in the galactic plane the census of the Herschells with their great mirrors found the relative number increased to thirty-fold and the predominant magnitudes dropping to the fourteenth; that is, stars in the galactic direction are in general fainter, presumably because they are mostly more remote; and they are more numerous because we are looking out through a longer vista of them. It appears, then, that the stellar host is marshalled mainly, although very irregularly, in a rather flattened cluster or stratum; and that the nebulæ are distributed mainly along the flanks of the main army.

Dismissing the nebulæ for a moment, we must notice a remarkable fact about the stars themselves which the spectroscope is every year making more certain. As a rule they are not isolated bodies but are grouped in close pairs. This information we get through the spectroscope rather than the telescope, for there are only a few hundred binary systems in which the two components can be distinguished with any telescope. But when the spectrum of a star is photographed, it very commonly reveals two spectra superposed, indicating a double source of light. The lines of one of these spectra are displaced towards the violet, those of the other towards the red, indicating what the telescope could not see, namely, that one member of the pair is approaching and the other receding. A few nights later, or sometimes a few hours later, a second observation will show that the motion is apparently reversed, indicating that the pair is revolving around its common centre of gravity. When a sufficient number of spectrograms have been obtained, the complete orbit of such a double star can be determined. And, since the spectroscope measures thus the actual velocity in miles a second, regardless of the distance of the system from us, the size of the orbit comes out directly in miles and not merely in seconds of arc. The orbits are generally very small; often the two components are almost in contact with each other. In many cases one of the spectra is too faint to measure, and still more frequently it is entirely invisible; that is, only one set of lines can be seen. And yet by the regular and periodical shifting of these lines the orbit of the bright com-

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ponent is determined, and this implies the invisible companion revolving with it. The number of such known binary systems is rapidly increasing, and it is now fairly safe to say that double stars are the rule rather than the exception. Of course, as yet but a small number of such cases have been actually worked out, for this research has been conducted for only about two decades. The process, too, is a slow one; for a ray of starlight, when spread out into a spectrum, is so feeble that telescopes of less than twenty or thirty inches aperture can hardly cope with this problem. Even then an exposure of several hours is generally required to get a measurable spectrum; and twenty or thirty or fifty such spectrograms are required to determine an orbit. A dozen years ago Campbell was telling us that about one star in nine which he had investigated, proved to be a spectroscopic binary. Frost now puts the ratio, from his investigation, as one out of two. Evidently a large percentage of cases must escape detection, either because the companion is not massive enough to produce measurable motion in the visible star, or because the orbit lies so nearly perpendicular to our line of sight that the orbital motion does not produce an appearance of approach or recession. It thus appears, not only that nebulæ are predominantly two-armed spirals, but that stars are predominantly binary systems. The universe seems to be built on the sacred number two.

III

With these facts in mind let us turn to a review of the several theories of planetary evolution. The ring-nebula theory of Laplace need not detain us long. Every one is familiar with its main features, and with the elegant manner in which it has seemed for a century to fit in with all the known orbital and rotational motions of the planets and their satellites. Let me point out merely how widely our present conception of a typical nebula has drifted away from the idea which Laplace entertained, and also how stubborn are some of the facts which have recently been discovered to discredit the theory. To begin with, the nebulæ are not mainly gaseous bodies as he supposed, to say nothing of the circumstance that among the hundreds of thousands of known nebulæ those that show the ring-like form required by his hypothesis may almost be counted on one's fingers.

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Furthermore, if all the matter now composing the sun and the planets were expanded into a gaseous nebula as large as the orbit of Neptune, its density would be only one 250-millionth that of the air we breathe. It could not obey the laws of gaseous diffusion as we now know them; it would represent only here and there a lone molecule wandering through space. It is hardly conceivable that such a nebula could ever separate into rings, or that such rings could ever agglomerate into discrete planets. In addition, it requires considerable gravitational stress exerted by a planet in order that it may retain its atmosphere, especially the lighter gases. Thus the massive sun has an atmosphere rich even in free hydrogen; while the earth's atmosphere has practically none and the little moon has lost even its heavier gases, as oxygen and carbon dioxide, if, indeed, it ever had them. And all this is as it should be, considering the relative masses of the sun, moon, and earth. Now if the earth were once a ring and later a sphere of gaseous elements, as yet uncombined, its feeble gravitation could not have retained any free hydrogen out of which the oceans might later be formed. While finally, it has been proved to be not a fact, as was supposed, that the satellites of the planets revolve in a common direction; for Phœbe, the outermost satellite of Saturn, discovered by Pickering in 1899, is revolving around Saturn in a direction opposite to that of her nine sisters. And in 1908, when the eighth and outermost satellite of Jupiter was discovered, its motion was also found to be retrograde.

To replace or supplement the Laplacean hypothesis, which for a century has seemed secure in scientific favour, there are three theories of planetary evolution which seem at present to be, all of them, possible or probable explanations of the origin of the solar system. These are George Darwin's theory of tidal evolution, the planetesimal theory of Chamberlin and Moulton, and T. J. J. See's capture theory.

The planetesimal theory of Chamberlin and Moulton is based upon the fact that the predominant type of nebula is the spiral rather than the annular, and upon the assumption that it is swarmlike rather than gaseous. The central core is assumed to form the sun, while the smaller nuclei become planets and satellites. Each of these gathers to itself by gravitation the matter in its immediate vicinity and so grows by accretion. The orbits which it will finally assume will depend upon its initial motion, and the proximity and velocity of neighbouring masses. The

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central sun will mainly dominate the motions of the system; the larger masses will generally succeed in sweeping in most of the gaseous matter and also the smaller masses in their vicinity. But any such smaller nuclei as are moving with sufficiently great velocities of their own, will escape this fate and remain as satellites of the planets, retaining their integrity but not their independence.

This hypothesis, besides conforming well with what we know about the nebulæ, seems so far to have avoided successfully the pitfalls which beset the older theory. Mathematical analysis, for example, seems to show that planetesimals thus gathered in by a growing planet will tend, although not inevitably, to give it a rotation in the same direction as that in which the particles of the whole system are mainly travelling, and that this tendency will be least decisive in the case of the outer planets; as actually seems to be the case, since Neptune and Uranus and their satellite systems show the most abnormal direction of all. In the same way it appears that the tendency of satellites in a given system will be to revolve in a common direction—but again not inevitably—and that exceptions will most easily occur, as they do occur, in the outer members of the system. On the planetesimal theory, it is to be noticed, the earth was probably never gaseous or even liquid; also the moon, since it grew by accretion, as did the larger planets, might naturally retain in its pitted surface the huge scars which mark its early bombardment by planetismal bodies small and great, for the moon's gravitation was too feeble to retain any atmosphere that might heal by erosion these scars of war; while the earth by its aqueous and atmospheric agencies has been able to conceal its like wounds and to cover its scars with verdure and flowers. It has always seemed to astronomers difficult to explain the lunar pits as veritable craters of volcanic origin, since they are often twenty or thirty miles in diameter, and sometimes sixty or eighty. But this celestial bombardment, which the theory assumes, would be abundantly adequate to produce them in a pristine "wreck of matter and a crash of worlds."

Chamberlin and Moulton have also ventured a farther step in the genealogy of the planets, inquiring into the possible origin of these prevalent two-armed spirals, from which solar systems are thought to have developed. In this case they have not perhaps quite so successfully accounted for the observed facts.

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They believe that a spiral nebula might naturally result from the breaking up of a sun or star, partly from internal forces, but determinately from the chance passage near each other of two stars in space. We know that the stars are all in motion. There are no fixed stars; only the immensity of stellar distances prevents such motions from changing obviously and rapidly the configuration of the constellations. The stars are moving in sensibly straight lines in all directions and with all sorts of velocities. The average stellar velocity is something like twenty miles a second, while in individual cases it reaches three hundred miles a second. In the long æons of astronomic time stars must occasionally pass in close proximity to each other, although calculation shows that such an event would be, humanly speaking, very rare. When any two stars pass near each other, the known operation of tidal forces will produce in each body two equal and opposite bulges, which in the case of a close approach will become extensive protuberances. Now we know that powerful explosive forces are continually operating in our sun, and presumably in other suns. Ejections have been observed and measured which reached a velocity of two to three hundred miles a second. And since this is almost enough to exceed the sun's gravitational power to bring the matter back again, it is not difficult to see how such internal forces, aided and directed by the assumed tidal strain, might produce two similar and opposite streams of ejected matter. This matter, moving out and around the star under the control of gravitation, would produce the two spiral arms, while the extent and closeness of the coils would depend upon the age of the nebula. It should be noticed that the two spiral arms do not represent the paths along which the outgoing matter moves, but rather the position into which this matter is finally carried; they are like the terminal morains which the glacier piles up at its front, the morain lies across the path of motion.

The capture theory which See has advocated is not essentially different from the planetesimal theory as far as the development of planets out of a spiral nebula is concerned. But the formation of the antecedent spiral nebula in the manner proposed, he thinks, is unlikely, and he believes that it too is a case of capture, not due to disruption in a finished sun by the tidal strains inflicted upon it by a neighbour, but rather to the meeting and coalition of two purely nebulous masses which have drifted into each other's way—two dust clouds of cold, dark matter whose impact has

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generated the energy that makes the nebula self-luminous. Two such swarms, moving at random through space, would not usually meet in a direct line; the collision would naturally be more or less tangential and so would generate the slow rotary motion which their coiling seems to suggest, just as two water currents or two air currents, meeting at an angle, produce a vortex. On this theory the two arms which we see are not ejections moving spirally outward, but are two streams of cosmic dust moving spirally inward. The spiral nebula is not a case of divorce where the couple have turned their backs upon each other, but of a happy pair who are rushing into each other's embrace and whirling in ecstatic dance, doubtless to that music of the spheres of which the Pythagoreans dreamed. In support of his suggestion See points out that if nebulæ are formed from the disruption of stars, they ought to be most numerous where stars abound, for here close approach would most frequently occur; but, as we have seen, just the opposite is true. He computes from the approximately known distances of the stars and the velocities with which they are moving that the chances of a sufficiently near approach to produce disrupting tidal strains would be too rare to account for the abundance of nebulæ; in fact, that cases of this sort would be almost negligible. As against See's theory, it must be confessed that we have no very definite knowledge of the abundance of cosmic dust out in the region where the nebulæ abound; but it might easily be very abundant so that meetings and coalitions might be frequent occurrences.

The theory of tidal evolution which was proposed by George Darwin, son of the eminent naturalist, does not undertake to account for solar systems in general but only for pairs of bodies like the binary stars or the moon and the earth. The moon produces constantly in the earth a tidal strain which tends to elongate the earth a few feet in the direction of the moon, making two tidal bulges. These travel around the earth daily, or they seem to do so; that is, they are really anchored to the moon by gravitation, while the rotating earth turns under them. There can be no doubt that they must act, feebly of course, as a brake to check the rotation of the earth; and in the earlier ages when Darwin finds reason to believe that the moon's orbit was much smaller than now and the attraction therefore greater, these tidal brakes would have been more powerful than at present and actually very effective. Such tidal strains operate also in what

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we call the solid earth, which is by no means entirely rigid. Further, our planet should act in the same way on the moon and much more powerfully. There is no escaping the conclusion that the tidal forces acting between any such pair of bodies must tend to check the rotation of each. This tendency has reached its ultimate goal as far as the moon is concerned, since the moon now keeps the same face constantly towards the earth. Numerous other cases like this are known in the solar system; for instance, some of the other satellites certainly, and all of them probably, have the same hemisphere directed always toward the planet. Now this tendency of the tides to retard rotation must have had some effect upon the earth; the earth must be rotating somewhat more slowly now than it did formerly. Darwin computes from the mass and density of the earth and the moon and from their present motions that the earth's rotation period was, at the outset, about five hours in place of twenty-four. Now, as Newton tells us, "to every action there is an equal and contrary reaction": while the moon pulls backward on the tidal bulges which it has raised in the earth, these tidal bulges must pull forward on the moon and so accelerate its velocity in its orbit; but increase in velocity begets a larger orbit and this results in a longer month. Beyond question the tendency of tidal forces is constantly to lengthen the day and also the month, and to increase the size of the moon's orbit; the only question is, whether these forces have been adequate to produce the results claimed. At any rate Darwin concludes that the earth must formerly have rotated faster than it does now, the moon must have been nearer and its period of revolution shorter. If so, these forces would have then been still more powerful and effective; and so he reasons back to a time when the moon was practically in contact with the earth and the pair revolving in a period of about five hours.

But let us leave the process here for a moment and begin at the other end. Poincaré and other physicists have calculated mathematically what might happen to any plastic body rotating at high speed. They find that such a body might become unstable, acquiring a pear-shaped figure, which would then tend to become constricted and finally to separate into two contiguous globes, exactly the point to which Darwin was able to reason back by acute mathematical analysis beginning with the present status of the moon and the earth. In a word, then, this is the assumed process of evolution of the earth-moon system: first, a plastic

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globe rotating in five hours; this develops unstable equilibrium and finally detaches a portion of itself; at this stage we have a day of five hours, a month of five hours, and the moon practically in contact with the earth; tidal retardation now sets in; the day grows longer, the moon's orbit enlarges, and the month increases rapidly at first, then more slowly; until now we have a day of twenty-four hours, a month of twenty-seven days, and a lunar orbit of 240,000 miles' radius. These tendencies are still feebly acting and can be expected to cease only when the earth turns constantly to the moon, as the moon now to the earth, a changeless face; that is, when the day and the month are again equal. It is computed that this will occur when the earth's axial rotation has been retarded to a rate that will give a day of about the duration of two of our present months. But this can be only æons hence. It is not believed that any such disruption of a planet could take place unless the two bodies thus separated were somewhat comparable in size. It is hardly possible that moons as small as those of Jupiter could be detached thus from a planet as large as he; and it is regarded as rather doubtful whether a planet as small as the earth and a satellite as large as our moon could thus part company. But when we consider the vast number of double stars, many of them globes of nearly equal size, the theory of Darwin is regarded by astronomers as an exceedingly plausible explanation of their origin. Dr. See has shown how well it accords with very much that we know about the binary systems, such as their various eccentricities and dimensions and periods. But he thinks it hardly possible that the moon could have originated in this way; more likely it was a wandering waif, captured by the earth from out the original nebula.

IV

But what of the evolution of the sidereal universe as a whole? Have we any glimmer of light as to the origin of the nebulæ themselves and their tendency to congregate along the flanks of the galactic cluster? There seem to be two opposite, or at least complementary, processes going on in the sidereal universe: one is the gravitation of all masses of matter towards a common centre; the other is the dissipation of radiant energy, which tends to disintegrate the minuter particles of matter. For example, there is some force acting upon every comet when near the sun, tending to

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drive out from the head those molecules or atoms or ions of matter, whatever they may be, that form the tail. This force is probably none other than the radiant energy of the sun, which is capable, as the physicists have shown, of exerting a definite push upon the particles of ordinary matter, provided they are very minute. At any rate by some such repulsive force cometary matter is being driven off into space against the force of the sun's gravitation; and these particles are apparently never recovered by the comet.

The sun itself is probably losing matter all the while into space in a variety of ways. The solar corona which extends out in faint wisps, often to several times the diameter of the sun, is an appendage which shines mainly by reflected sunlight, as its spectrum shows. It is therefore probably made up of dust-like matter ejected in some way from the sun. Radio-activity too is doubtless giving off from the sun emanations of radium and its congeners. Again, solar eruptions, as already mentioned, sometimes eject matter from the sun with such explosive violence that its particles are probably never able to return. These eruptive forces are beyond the power of language to picture. Newcomb remarks that "if we call the sun's atmosphere an ocean of fire, we must remember that it is an ocean hotter than the fiercest furnace and deeper than the Atlantic is broad; if we call its movements hurricanes, we must remember that ours blow only about a hundred miles an hour, while those of the sun move as far in a single second. . . . When the mediæval poets sang

'Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla'

they gave rein to their wildest imagination, without reaching any conception of the magnitude or fierceness of the flames around the sun." And every other star is doubtless a like source of radiant energy and a centre for the distribution of cosmic dust.

It seems inevitable that in ways such as these, and probably in many others that we know not of, the whole extent of interstellar space is more or less dust-filled. Kapteyn's recent investigations of the stoppage of light from distant stars seem to show that interstellar space is not wholly transparent, probably because of the distribution throughout it of meteoric or dust-like particles. If so, what becomes of all this matter? If the million

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of stars which form our cluster are all engaged in the operation of dissipating and distributing matter, where shall the straying atom, like Noah's dove, find a resting place for the sole of its foot? Does it, like the evil spirit of holy writ, wander in empty places, seeking rest and finding none? Or does it finally escape from the galactic stratum, where radiant energy abounds, and reach a zone where its own feeble gravitation is again able to assert itself and the process of integration again begin? If so, these streams of nebulous particles, out on the confines of the cluster, would tend slowly but surely to become aggregated into new nebulæ. Any two such dust clouds of considerable extent, chancing to pass, like ships in the night, would begin to feel each the mystic spell of the other's presence, and be drawn slowly but irresistibly into union with it. By the impact they would become animated anew with radiant energy and begin again the age-long process of planetary evolution.

If this be so, it would seem that the binary structure, so prevalent in the universe, is a matter of the easiest possible explanation. The chance that two masses of matter should approach each other is enormously greater than that three such masses should meet in the same place at the same time. In other words, stars are binary and nebulæ are two-armed for the absurdly simple reason that two is the next larger number than one.

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CHARLES PEIRCE AT JOHNS HOPKINS

In the company of scholars and investigators which Daniel Coit Gilman gathered at Baltimore in the seventies and eighties was Charles S. S. Peirce, son of the Harvard mathematician, Benjamin Peirce, and considered by Sylvester (surely a capable judge) "a far greater mathematician than his father." But great though his mathematical powers were, it is not they alone which chiefly distinguished him among the scientists of his generation. Mathematics was simply one of the many fields of thought tilled by his active brain. At Harvard it was in chemistry that he had chiefly distinguished himself, but it might as well have been in physics. While lecturing at the Johns Hopkins, he was also conducting experiments for the U. S. Coast Survey. But it is perhaps for his researches in symbolic logic that he is chiefly known, being, indeed, the inventor of the logic of relatives, since developed by Russel into the logic of relations. He himself considered more important his theory of inductive reasoning; which certainly is more understandable and usable, for the logic of relatives is the acme of technicality and abstraction. As an indication of the power of this logic, let it suffice to say that in terms of it all of the two hundred and sixteen varieties of algebra classified by his father can be expressed, among which ordinary algebra, the algebra of imaginaries, and quaternions are special cases. Further, any algebra whatever can be brought under the domain of this system.

As for his theory of induction it is presented in a series of six articles in the *Popular Science Monthly* for 1878, though there is a briefer, but more technical exposition, in the *Johns Hopkins Studies in Logic;* while Baldwin's *Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology* contains a number of Peirce's contributions bearing upon his theory. His lectures in advanced logic, delivered at Baltimore the second semester of 1880–1881, were wholly devoted to an examination of the logical foundations of the leading scientific theories of the time. They were based on his theory of induction, the gist of which is that induction is a safe process because it is a self-corrective one. Truth in science, as truth everywhere, is that conclusion concern-

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ing any matter toward which tend, in the long run, the opinions of competent investigators. If science lead us astray, more science will set us right. But at any given time may not common sense be right and science wrong? In matters where the judgment of common sense is based on intimate experience this may certainly be the case, even though those who pass the judgment cannot always give an account of the manner in which they have arrived at it. Those judgments that are the result of race-experience most of us would be unable to distinguish from intuitions. We believe in them, but cannot tell how we have come to believe in them. Yet if they relate to matters of constant experience they may be trusted. For constant experience, by trial and error and correction, even though these be half unconscious, leads to true ideas. Even the lower animals have such ideas. The human animal, however, not infrequently holds to ideas that are altogether false. When this is so, it will in most cases be found: (1) that there has been no experience; or (2) that the experience has occurred under conditions that have ceased to exist; or (3) that in some other way the experience was not typical but unique and peculiar. It is conceivable that one might be led to have very strong convictions about the politics of the inhabitants of Mars; but neither the strength of one's convictions, nor the fact that he had got a number of people to agree with him, nor even that he had founded a society perpetuating his ideas from generation to generation would give the least validity to any conclusions reached by his possibly intensely interesting speculations. The probability that one shall be right in a matter concerning which he knows nothing and has no experience—direct, indirect, or remote—is zero. A blindfolded marksman cannot be expected to hit the bull's-eye.

With most of us true ideas and false are mingled in inextricable confusion. Is there a way in which they may be disentangled? Pascal seemed to think that clearness is the touchstone of truth, —as it certainly is a help. One service of Peirce is that by his maxim of pragmatism he has shown us how to clarify our ideas somewhat. This maxim, as stated in the *Popular Science Monthly* for January, 1878, is as follows: "Consider what effects, that might conceivably have practical bearings, we conceive the object of our conception to have. Then our conception of these effects is the whole of our conception of the object." How completely this criterion brushes aside such speculations

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as those concerning Martian politics! How many interminable discussions are cut short by its application! Two men are hotly contending as to whether the first life on earth is due to spontaneous generation or to special creation; they apply to a third to decide between them. "Tell me," he says to them, "just what your spontaneous generation is; that is, how I am to know it, supposing a case to occur before me; and tell me also just how I am to distinguish a special creation. Of course, if the phenomena are all the same, there is really nothing to dispute about." To be sure, the pragmatic maxim, like many another, can be misapplied; in the opinion of its author, it has been misapplied. In fact, he later admitted that his own statement had been inadequate, that, besides immediate practical consequences, one should have in view consequences in the long run, fitting into a general reasonable view of the universe.

A belief is a habit of thought formed, as are all habits, mainly by repetition. To say that the belief is based on experience, is merely to say that the occasions calling for the exercise of the correct habit have been sufficiently numerous to lead to its formation. To draw conclusions under the dominance of a belief is strictly analogous, likewise, to action in accordance with habit. Deduction is the correlative of willing; induction, of habit-learning; reasoning by analogy or hypothesis is the correlative of feeling. If a habit be strong, then, given the compelling circumstances, the resulting action can be predicted. We say of a man that he *always* acts in such or such a way. If his habit be less strong, he may still be *liable* to act in the characteristic way; and we may perhaps say that the chances are three to one that he will. But knowing that there were certain circumstances tending to form a habit, we should find it very difficult, wellnigh impossible, to tell how strong a habit a man placed in those circumstances would form. Still one could safely wager that, taken as they come, men would be unlikely to form habits leading to disastrous results in the given circumstances. In the long run, most of them would certainly learn better; a belief that mankind can walk on water would not be likely to spring up among sailors.

Again, knowing that under certain circumstances a friend acts in a certain way, can we from the action assume the circumstances? Can we calculate the probability that these circumstances, rather than some other circumstances, are the cause of the action? Does the fact that this friend carries a valise tell us

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whether he is going to a train or coming from it? When one feels that he is singing correctly, is he really singing correctly? Is feeling that we know anything, more than knowing that we feel? Were those who let Sully escape at the massacre of St. Bartholomew justified in assuming that he who carried a missal was a Catholic? Can we in any of these cases calculate the numerical probability of the conclusion? This point is worth dwelling upon; for it may enable us to see why Peirce, though trained as a mathematician, was not misled by that school of mathematicians, with Laplace at the head, who pretended to calculate the probability of an induction; as though, forsooth, one could put a lot of universes in a hat and wager seven to three, say, that our sort of universe would be drawn out. Does this look absurd? Well, Laplace calculated that the odds against the then received mass of Jupiter being in error by two per cent. was 999,308 to 1. The perturbations of Juno proved, nevertheless, that it was two per cent. in error. Neither did Peirce assume, as did Mill, any such principle as the "uniformity of nature," but merely that, in observing a series of events we were more likely, in the long run, to observe what did characterise the series than what did not.

Peirce's lectures were illustrated, as has been intimated, by important theories from the principal sciences. At the very beginning it was necessary to emphasise the distinction between mathematics and the other sciences, though these others may, at least in certain of their branches, tend to become mathematical. It is true, as Sylvester pointed out in his controversy with Huxley, that mathematicians use induction; but that does not make of mathematics an inductive science. The final proofs, and no true mathematician rests content until he gets these,—the final proofs are always deductive. This is one characteristic of mathematical reasoning; but another, quite as obvious, is the intricacy of the reasoning. Whatever the subject matter may be,—number, space, time, force, groups, relations of any sort,—if the final proofs are obtained by intricate deductive reasoning, then we are thinking mathematically. In the *Century Dictionary*, to which he was an extensive contributor, Peirce defined mathematics as "the study of ideal constructions (often applicable to real objects) and the discovery thereby of relations between the parts of these constructions before unknown." This conception supplements the earlier idea, as indeed it was supplemented in his lectures, by pointing out that by deduction, as well as by induction, one is led

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to discover truths before unknown. For that matter, it is hardly likely that any considerable part of mathematics could ever have been developed except by the help of deduction; by this process the mathematician has been led into ideal fields that had else remained wholly unexplored; reason has transcended imagination. Cantor would even replace the terms *pure* and *applied* mathematics by the terms *free* and *constrained* mathematics. The physical sciences may become, and have become in some degree, mathematical; but free they cannot become and yet remain physical. The service of mathematics in these sciences is that one is enabled by it to make long-range predictions; when these predictions are found, by observation and experiment, to be in consonance with the facts, then there is reason to believe that a consistent, well-ordered theory is growing up. The discovery of Uranus verified not only the prediction thereof, but also the previous observations and the reasoning based on these observations which led to the prediction; it verified the scientific method of astronomy. Similarly the discovery of Galium was a verification of Mendelieff's law and of the science of chemistry; while the discovery of the Hertzian waves rendered a like service to physics. Thus, there is need for the verification of mathematical deductions. Without this verification, they are dangerous conclusions; and the farther the deductions are carried, the greater the danger. It is precisely the most far-reaching speculations of science, those that get farthest away from observed facts, that must be suspected. It is a characteristic of many theories, for example, the wave-theory of light, that while up to a certain point they triumphantly explain the facts, yet, as one pushes the theory farther and farther, a realm is reached that is mainly a realm of conjecture. Hence the need for crucial experiments.

The matter was neatly illustrated one evening by Peirce before the Johns Hopkins Scientific Society. He reviewed Priestley's investigation concerning atomic weights and specific heats. On comparing the specific heats and the atomic weights of each of the monad elements, Priestley found that he could write a formula expressing each specific heat in terms of the corresponding atomic weight. This is easy; any small set of numbers can thus be paired off with another small set. But when Priestley tried his formula upon the dyad elements, it did not work. He found, however, that by a modification he could get a formula to hold

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for both monads and dyads. This formula did not hold, however, for the triads. So there was another modification, and after that still another. When in this way he got a formula holding, say, for half the elements, would there be any probability of its holding for the others? If not, why not? The method taken to show the fallacy of the assumption of such a probability was to assign the specific heats at random among the elements and then show that Priestley's method would work just as well as ever. Priestley's predictions had uniformly failed; thus no confidence could be placed in his final prediction. Again, of all the conics that pass through four points, only one, in general, passes through an arbitrary fifth point. But when an astronomer calculates an orbit from a few observations, and then finds that the planet is always to be found following that orbit with reasonable approximation, his computation and the underlying theory are alike verified. Why is not this an exact verification? In brief, because observations are not exact, neither those used for the basis of calculation nor those used to test the motion of the planet in the orbit. Nor are we exactly given all the forces acting upon the planet; some of them may be both unknown and unsuspected. Our observations are discordant and have to be reduced and smoothed by methods based on the theory of chance. Law, if law there be in these variations, has not manifested itself, and to us it is as though non-existent. But a study of the conception chance has in the very negation of law revealed a reign of law. Laws of chance, however, are never exactly kept, else would they cease to be laws of chance and freedom would succumb to habit.

May not the laws of the universe be the acquired habits of the universe? May there not still be a possibility of the modification of these habits? May there not be the possibility, forever, of the formation of new habits, new laws? May not law be evolved from a primordial chaos, a universe of chance? In the play of chance still apparent may we not see the continual renewal of the life of the universe, a continual renewal of the capacity for habit-forming and growth? Tracing the evolution backwards we are led to the conception of absolute chance. This is of course a limiting conception; and we need not assume its actual existence, for there are countless ways in which a limit may be forever approached and yet never reached. It is not wise, certainly it is not pragmatic wisdom, to go too far from facts. But does not the universe now behave as if in transition from less of law to

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more? Does it not behave as if there were a never failing source of new life, new energy, which is to be, in turn, brought under the reign of law? There is a certain likeness, in all this, to the "creative evolution" of Bergson, though to me it seems a clearer and more definite conception than Bergson's, and one more in touch with science, more in harmony with experience and observation. For it does not require us to reject the supremacy of intellect and reason; certainly it would not use the triumphs of science as an argument against science, or say that science is successful because of its limitations, because blind to everything except the grossly material. Surely it is sufficient to admit, as does Peirce, that many matters, and vitally important matters, have not as yet been brought under the domain of reason; to admit that many matters never can be reduced to reason; and again to admit that action is demanded and always will be demanded, in matters irrational. This is merely saying that where we have not knowledge, we are compelled to go ahead as well as we can without it. Who shall set bounds to observation, to experiment, to the reasoning, inductive and deductive, based thereon? Surely, there is an infinite possibility for the formation and development of ever new bodies of knowledge—that is, new sciences. The conception of the universe in transition but increases this possibility; even the laws of the universe are evolving and so have themselves laws of evolution. In the words of Peirce, "in spite of the general shipwreck of ideas, the flotilla of knowledge is constantly increasing."

It would require great technicality to present any large number of Peirce's criticisms of scientific theory, but I will indicate a few of these. Mechanics expresses all motion and force in terms of five units, three of space, one of time, one of mass. What are the masses of bodies? Numbers which we attach to them in order that our equations of motion may be satisfied. Can there be action at a distance? That is, can a body act where it is not? What do we mean by the presence of a body except that it has certain effects, exerts a certain force? The table is *there*, because, when we press there, it presses back. Very well; if repulsive forces prove the existence of a body, so do attractive: that is how Uranus was discovered. If, then, a body is where it acts and the law of gravitation is true, each and every body exists throughout the universe, and action at a distance is not action where a body is not, but merely where its attraction

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prevails over its repulsion. The boundary of a body is the place where vanish certain differential coefficients. The reasoning by which chemists were in the first instance led to the atomic theory was very bad. The law of simple proportions was not helped by the conception of atoms. The chemists did not then, or for a long while after, give a reason why atoms should not combine in very complicated proportions, say 3,872 atoms of hydrogen to 11,916 of oxygen. The real proof of the existence of molecules and atoms was furnished by physics in connection with one of its great triumphs, the kinetic theory of gases. The triumph of chemistry was Mendelieff's law. The establishment of this law was remarkable because it is difficult either to establish or disestablish laws of periodicity; waves so melt into waves. For example, it has so far baffled observers, whether there may not be some connection between lunar movements and earthly weather. The progress of chemistry will lie in the explanation of valency, which includes why elements combine in simple proportions. Many of the recondite phenomena of physics, chemistry, and especially biology may be explained by supposing the atoms composed of atomicules. To-day we should substitute "ions" for Peirce's "atomicules"; but his idea was prophetic. One of his most striking lectures had to do with the application of this conception to the phenomena of growth and reproduction. As to whether biologic phenomena can be explained mechanically, he remarked that the processes to which the conservation of energy is applicable are reversible, but life is an irreversible process. He held, further, that without catastrophes from time to time the accumulation of minute chance variations by the survival of the fittest was insufficient for the development of a new species. His reason was that chance variations, in accordance with Bernoulli's law, would always preserve the dominance of the original type. He admitted that, assuming (in accordance with his philosophy) the habit-acquiring property in the universe, the development of a new species by minute variations is possible; but he insisted that the biologists had never called attention to this fact. Remember that this was thirty years ago.

In such theories as the scientists were then developing, Peirce saw the germ of the philosophy of the future, the foundations of an edifice yet to be erected. The attempts of the Germans to erect a philosophic edifice in the air, without such foundations, merely caused him to smile. Had not the German philosophers proven

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each other false? Why give them ear? Kant, instead of asking how are synthetic judgments *a priori* possible, should have asked the simpler and more profitable question, how are synthetic judgments possible. Perhaps he had then been led to a correct theory of induction. As for a *Ding an sich*, it could be only a thing out of relation—that is, out of existence. Mill's *Logic* he characterised as a great philosophic work, embodying the philosophy of ordinary mankind. But Mill did not know what was important in science. To such a degree was this true that most of the instances of scientific induction which he gave, in the first edition of his book, afterwards turned out to be bad inductions. Mill should have concluded from this fact that there was something wrong with his theory. Moreover, though on first reading seemingly clear, Mill is really not so; study of his work brings out ambiguities and contradictions. During the beginning of one's study of logic, we were told—that is, during the first ten years—one should devote oneself entirely to learning the exact meaning of words. Mill had neglected this.

Perhaps I have, in some measure, reproduced the atmosphere of Peirce's Hopkins lectures. To complete the conception of the man, it would be necessary to exhibit him in his talks before the Logic Club, necessary to speak of his papers in the old *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* and in the *Monist*, besides more technical papers elsewhere. But this would require profound and long-continued study. I may say merely that the deeper one enters into the spirit of Peirce's teachings the more logically and philosophically satisfying, the more complete and harmonious and inclusive they seem to be.

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THE QUALITIES OF BROWNING

I

The opening lines of *Pippa Passes* pulse with the tremendous vitality which the reader of Browning has early learned to expect of his poetry:

> "Day!
> Faster and more fast,
> O'er night's brim day boils at last:
> Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
> Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
> For not a froth-flake touched the rim
> Of yonder gap in the solid gray
> Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
> But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
> Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
> Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
> Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world."

Of this remarkable vital force the last poem from his pen, the *Epilogue to Asolando*, shows no diminution. Activity is the motto of his volume; few indeed are the lyrics of peace such as star the pages of his predecessor, Wordsworth. The only modern English poet with anything like an equal fund of vitality is Byron; but Byron has little of the intellectual eminence of Browning, who may not incorrectly be said to combine Byronic energy with Miltonic intellect.

There is another and kindred sense in which the foregoing quotation is typical: the effect of Browning's poetry as a whole is the effect of a sunrise, flooding the sky with joy. Optimism is probably the first quality which the average reader associates with the name of the author of *Pippa Passes*. And not without warrant, for illustrative quotations and entire poems might easily be multiplied. The only difficulty is to stop. One of the simplest and most familiar, although by no means the most penetrating, is the little song which closes with the somewhat hackneyed lines,

> "God's in his heaven—
> All's right with the world!"

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This is perhaps the most elementary illustration of the fact that the poet's optimism is not chiefly of the intellect, is not purely philosophical, but is an attempt, generally successful, to impose his own splendid emotional confidence upon his reader. In the words of his contemporary and rival, Tennyson, it has little to do with "the freezing reason's colder part":

> "Like a man in wrath the heart
> Stood up and answered 'I have felt.'"

It is well to emphasise these points at the very outset, for the reason that they destroy one of the most pernicious misconceptions which have got abroad concerning Browning's poetry: the belief that it is too intellectual. Nor are his optimism and his energy the sole proof of the absurdity of the charge as applied to the whole body of his work: his frequent glorification of impulse so natural to the energetic optimist is diametrically opposed to undue glorification of the intellect. The use which he made of the impulses of two characters in *The Statue and the Bust* provoked for a time a storm of protest against his treatment of the moral life. In this, as in several others among his best productions, the prominent or marking characteristic is impulse rather than thought. *Childe Roland* is entire mystification except when regarded as an elaborate illustration of the maxim, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." Just as Carlyle showed Emerson the slums of London in the hope of lessening his American friend's optimism, so the author of *Roland* shows us the slums of nature—but not with Carlyle's purpose. It is surely not unfair or unkind to say that neither Emerson nor Browning correlated his serene confidence in the scheme of the universe with the stern logic of seeming facts. As Professor Walter Raleigh has observed, Browning could exclude the object-world whenever he chose; and, what is more vital, he could often hypnotise his reader into doing so too. Perhaps the most genuine optimists are men like Stevenson and Lamb, who are optimists in spite of dispiriting circumstances: as someone has said, the word *optimist* has come to be very loosely employed when it is applied to every prosperous person who says "Good-morning" in a cheerful manner. But Browning, though he suffered no such adversity as the two writers just mentioned, at any rate retained his optimistic confidence even after the death of his wife, which was a sufficiently severe test. Occasionally he may

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press this quality too far for some readers, as in *The Last Ride Together*, or in *Rabbi Ben Ezra*—which one critic declares to be a comparatively young man's poem on old age, not written in the situation and therefore not wholly convincing. Doubtless poetic enthusiasm did sometimes undertake to prove too much; but the total effect of Browning's optimistic poems is irresistibly tonic, and alone justifies his claim to recognition as a major poet.

II

Such recognition is aided by an analogy still insufficiently perceived by the public: his characteristics are strikingly Elizabethan, even more so than those of Keats, who has justly been called an Elizabethan born too late. It was, indeed, as a follower of Keats, and of Shelley, that Browning began his career as a poet, although he soon passed beyond any easily traceable influence. His love for bright colours, shown, among many examples, by his song, "Dance, Yellows and Whites and Reds," his love of excitement, of sensation—which Byron held to be the chief end of existence—these are unmistakable Elizabethan qualities. They are much less discernible in Tennyson. In the seventeenth century the passion for the sensational degenerated into the degrading; but Browning's healthy nature kept clear of such peril. The curious fact that he knew the details of every celebrated murder case for half a century does not (as it may seem to do at first blush) indicate that he craved sensationalism; it merely proves that he was passionately devoted to the search for the underlying motives of the criminals. This stamps his genius as primarily dramatic. It is, in fact, his closest link with Shakespeare. The insight into motive displayed by the author of *Men and Women* and *The Ring and the Book* was rarely at fault. Furthermore, he possessed a surprising power in depicting the evanescent shades of motive in women, a power which so many novelists conspicuously lack. And if he drew something of Elizabeth Barrett's personality in Pompilia, he assuredly did not in James Lee's wife or in Constance.

Another indication of his Elizabethan strain is his delight in the elementary facts and conditions of life—"the wild joys of living" of *Saul*. He assimilated the good elements of the frankly barbaric side of the Elizabethans without adding a taste for such intellectual amusements as bear-baiting and the tormenting of

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insane persons. That he understood, however, the ideals of a man with these and lower tastes is revealed in his portrait of Guido, "drinking hot bull's blood fit for men like me." Is there any passage in modern poetry, even in Byron, which exhibits the sheer force, the frantic avowal of lust for existence which is flashed upon us in the following speech of Guido's after his condemnation of death?

> "Life!
> How I could spill this overplus of mine
> Among those hoar-haired, shrunk-shanked odds and ends
> Of body and soul old age is chewing dry!
> Those windlestraws that stare while purblind death
> Mows here, mows there, makes hay of juicy me,
> And misses just the bunch of withered weed
> Would brighten hell and streak its smoke with flame!
> How the life I could shed yet never shrink,
> Would drench their stalks with sap like grass in May!
> Is it not terrible, I entreat you, Sirs?—
> With manifold and plenitudinous life,
> Prompt at death's menace to give blow for threat,
> Answer his 'Be thou not.' 'Thus I am!'—
> Terrible so to be alive yet die?"

This is indeed Shakespearian, both in conception and in phraseology; and there are speeches of almost equal power in the scene between Sebald and Ottima in *Pippa Passes*, a scene which has always appealed to the present writer as the most genuinely Elizabethan which Browning or any other modern poet ever wrote. Within its pages is compressed the quintessence of sensation, in the dramatic sense of that word. The love of sudden effects is reminiscent of Webster and Marlowe. The same inexhaustible exultation throbs through many lyrics written late in Browning's life, including the memorable one which glorifies a "starved bank of moss."

This lyric also illustrates a notable fondness for climax which is discernible at the close of most of his best poems. The "dear, dead women" of *A Toccata of Galuppi's* lend charm to one of his most appealing passages, although some readers will probably prefer the spiritual intensity, aided so subtly by depiction of nature, at the conclusion of *Saul;* and others will cherish the lingering cadences of the monologues of Caponsacchi, Pompilia, and the Pope. Sensational, even startling, some of these conclusions may seem; but never, I think, in an unjustifiable strain.

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This fondness for climax, for crises which contain the "eminent moments" of life, points unerringly to Browning's strength and to his defect, as a dramatic writer. His success in the conventional drama was but moderate. He was too eager to reach the centre of interest at once, too impatient to trace the inception and gradual growth of influences upon character; and he therefore failed to make his mark in any play of three or of five acts. It was over ten years before he himself discovered this fact and forsook ordinary drama. He was always adept, however, at tremendous concentration of attention on a few characters at some supreme moment of test. On the other hand, he never managed a complex group satisfactorily. The limitations of his peculiar dramatic genius are, therefore, clearly marked; but the genuineness of that genius is no less marked. His mastery of the dramatic monologue—virtually his own invention—gave him a form admirably suited to satisfying his absorption in motive. The influence of the silent listener or listeners enables him to push his speaker to the farthest limit of explanation and confession without artificiality. Hence the monologue is the clearest and in one sense the most nearly complete of dramatic forms. In it all the complexities of an unusual personality, such as this poet was continually depicting, may be unravelled. There is, indeed, no action, but the succession of motives supplies the lack. In the Sebald-Ottima scene—though it is not, to be sure, a monologue—the lack is met by an extraordinary rapid shift of moods which is quite as exciting as action itself. In a drama no such character as Caponsacchi's, with motives constantly open to grave misconception, could be presented with perfect clearness; but in his monologue before the court he makes himself admirably clear. From this standpoint of clearness, though not from any other, Shakespeare's *Hamlet* would have been improved by a transfer to the monologue form. Hamlet is too difficult, too problematic a character for the pure drama. No other play of Shakespeare's is so obscure. In the field of motive, then, Browning has made an advance upon Shakespeare. And it is fair to emphasise this fact, since in breadth of dramatic genius the Victorian, despite his remarkable gallery of characters, cannot comfortably endure a comparison. For the continuities of life he had, as Professor Herford has said, altogether too little appreciation; but no dramatist save Shakespeare has shown equal power and truth in depicting crises and consummations.

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Portrayal of intense emotion without actual sensationalism was extremely congenial to Browning. It often appears quite as plainly in his dramatic lyrics, idyls, and romances as in the monologues and dramatic scenes or fragments, such as the divisions of *Pippa Passes* and *In a Balcony*. The ferocious hatred of the monk in the Spanish cloister, the cold malevolence of the beautiful lady in the laboratory, the rapture of the musician in *Abt Vogler*, the agonised pride of Hoséyn in *Mulêykeh*,—all these and dozens of other examples testify to their author's skill in revealing poignant emotion. Yet, like Shakespeare, he is never really melodramatic. In *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* he comes perilously near to it; for motives are frequently inadequate; but in a lesser degree Shakespeare betrays the same fault in his early play, *Titus Andronicus*. As for the familiar charge that Browning often imports too much of his own personality into the speeches of his characters—into Pompilia's and Pippa's, for example—the reply may be made that this is never so apparent as to injure the total effect of the portrait. It is not unworthy of notice, also, that Browning offers more opportunity for criticism on this score than does Tennyson or Wordsworth, for the reason that he seldom speaks in his own person; nearly all of his poems are dramatic. Save in a group which could be counted upon the fingers of one's hand—*By the Fireside*, *One Word More*, and the *Epilogue to Asolando* are perhaps the most significant—he was totally averse to what he called "sonnet-singing" about himself. He was even reluctant to believe, as many critics now do, that Shakespeare revealed anything of his own soul in his sonnets. "If so, the less Shakespeare he."

III

Whether Browning's effectiveness as a dramatic poet, and indeed as a poet in general, is seriously lessened by his alleged obscurity is a question which cannot be ignored. The first remark to be made is that his poetry shows degrees of difficulty rather than that it is obscure as a unit; and the second, that his meaning is generally worth getting at, whatever the difficulties encountered. One should begin a study of Browning with the short and simple lyrics, of which there are a good many more than is commonly supposed. If a reader insists upon breaking his back at the outset over the burden of *Another Way of Love*

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instead of enjoying *How They Brought the Good News*, that is his own fault; there are plenty of good volumes of selections from Browning to-day which will guide the tyro aright. The fact is that Browning clubs and societies are responsible for much cackle over alleged mysteries. There are, it is true, some poems of Brownings's which can be approached only in such a spirit; but they are fortunately few, and the poetic value of most of them is slender. It is not even necessary to read the whole of what is often considered his masterpiece, *The Ring and the Book*. Not more than half of its divisions are destined even for poetic longevity. In fact this bulky poem is perfectly representative of its author in that it shows, among other noteworthy points, his undeniable unevenness of quality, his wavering between the intellectual subtlety of a Hyacinthus and the sublime poetry of a Caponsacchi. This unevenness is least conspicuous in the period of *Men and Women* (1855), when he was under the salutary influence of his wife, an influence at once inspiring and clarifying. One cannot fancy Elizabeth Barrett approving the obscure and over-intellectualised portions of *The Ring and the Book*, which was written after her death.

There are, indeed, certain mannerisms which run through all of his poems and lend difficulty to passages rather than to complete productions; but one speedily becomes familiar with most of them. A proneness to abrupt, broken-off constructions, indicated by a too frequent use of that dangerous mark of punctuation, the dash, is evident. It injures the splendid *Epilogue to Asolando*. As Browning bursts into the indignant question, "Pity me?", one is certainly inclined to commiserate—not for the cause proposed, but for his defiance of orthodox construction and necessary continuity. Exasperating also to commonplace readers is his undue brevity, although to others it is often stimulating. One who is enamoured of the amiable perspicuity and placidity of Longfellow finds it hard to see any good in a rigid compression which extends not only to the omission of articles but of more important words, and even, upon occasion, of whole phrases. The beginner in Browning who could read offhand with comprehension the apostrophe to Elizabeth Barrett Browning at the close of the first division of *The Ring and the Book* ("O Lyric Love") would be a phenomenon indeed. But after all, this passage, though put into cold print, was hardly addressed to the prying public but to the spirit of his dead wife alone.

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Browning does, however, constantly take too much for granted; he can never be said to insult the intelligence of his reader. How far this is due, as Mr. Chesterton suggests, to the poet's modesty in believing that his readers knew as much as he did, it is impossible to say. Mental alertness, however, plus sympathy, is all that is needed to understand four-fifths of the difficulties in Browning. And if we follow his own moral principle, so often reiterated in varying phraseology throughout his volume, we should

> "Welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough."

Certainly the course of some of his poems is uncommonly like the traditional one of true love. Yet if one sympathises with the author's purposes and points of view, both in art and in the criticism of life, one meets few real difficulties. It is the reader who approaches Browning with a Tennysonian, or with some other equally unfortunate bias, who remains unrewarded. And why should he not? An unsympathetic reader has no claims upon any author. He who passes unseeingly by such a phrase as "You know the red turns grey," in *The Lost Mistress*, had better turn back to his Longfellow or his Tennyson.

The phrase quoted shows at once Browning's acute observation of nature and his Shakespearian knack of using nature in the service of a moving portrayal of human character. Such passages indicate, it is true, a love for out-of-the-way analogies and methods, an impatience with ordinary materials which staggers the hopelessly conventional person. And it must be admitted that this is a fruitful source of difficulty to many a reader. As has been said of Burke, Browning often winds himself into his subject like a serpent. When in a line of that obscure poem, *Sordello*, he describes a rose, it is the complexity, the inner secrets of the flower that he emphasises:

> "And still more *labyrinthine* buds the rose."

There is shown perhaps too much addiction to analysis, to a determination to reach the heart of heart, whatever the object. But Browning is by no means the only English writer who is a notable exponent of this method; he differs from others like George Eliot, Meredith, and Mr. James, in that he combines more passion with analysis than they. In Professor Winchester's

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words, it is his remarkable combination of "an intense, eager temper with a casuistic, speculative temper" which is the chief mark of his obscurity. And this is inseparable from his distinction as a poet. In other words, if he had been clearer he would sometimes, though perhaps not generally, have been less stimulating, less poetic. This does not entirely justify his obscurity, but it indicates the point from which to view it.

IV

In such a poet the clear outlines of Greek art are not to be expected. Despite his admiration for things Hellenic, and his labour of love in translating some Greek plays, Browning was Gothic to the bone. The gargoyles of the *Spanish Cloister*, *Childe Roland*, *Caliban*, and *Old Pictures in Florence* are not sporadic or accidental. Browning loved the grotesque, and is admittedly the greatest English master of it. He positively gloats over the excruciatingly ugly landscape in *Childe Roland*. Here, though almost never elsewhere in his poetry, is line after line of description for its own sake; for surely not more than two-thirds of it is necessary to the cumulative effect which prepares for the startling climax. Moreover, the grotesqueness of Caliban as he appears in Shakespeare's *Tempest* is heightened, as well as differentiated, in Browning's *Caliban upon Setebos*. Then there is the playful-grotesque of the *Old Pictures in Florence*, a poem which seems pedantic to some readers but which is seen to be drenched equally with truth and with local atmosphere, by those who have visited the Italian city and have come to know it as it is. The ingenious rhymes in certain stanzas are more in keeping than in some supposedly serious passages of *A Grammarian's Funeral* and other lyrics. Addiction to the grotesque is prone to betray its worshipper. That unconquerable Hellenist, Matthew Arnold, thought even Shakespeare's grandeur a mixed and turbid one when compared with Homer's, which had, he asserted, "the pure lines of an Ionian horizon, the liquid clearness of an Ionian sky." What his opinion of Browning in this connection may have been one is curious to know.

Browning's treatment of the grotesque, at all events, was highly individual. To use one of his own phrases, he "fished the murex up," and, unlike Keats, seems to have secured a good deal of "porridge," or popularity, thereby. There are abundant

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indications that he believed in emphasising life as a mixture of grotesque elements which somehow produced a harmony—if not in this world, then in the next. *Rabbi Ben Ezra* and *Abt Vogler* will suggest themselves to many, in this connection. And in one of his less well-known poems of his late period *Pisgah-Sights* occurs one of the most significant passages which can be quoted:

"Over the ball of it,
Peering and prying,
How I see all of it,
Life there, outlying!
Roughness and smoothness,
Shine and defilement.
Grace and uncouthness:
One reconcilement."

In most of his poems the reconcilement is complete.

As for the allied quality of humour Browning's provokes a comparison in certain respects with Lowell's. The former's, at all events, is as abundant as the latter's, and is more intellectual. *The Courtin'*, it is true, is fully equal to *Youth and Art* or *Confessions;* but Lowell never again attained that level in mingling humour with love. Browning, on the other hand, showed in several poems that he could sustain and vary such an effect. Moreover, some of his species of grotesque, such as *A Grammarian's Funeral*, seem unique. Holmes's *Last Leaf* has a dash of the same flavour, but is much shorter. The serious strain is so pronounced, in the praise of the old grammarian's devotion to pure learning, that the subtle ridicule of his personality falls at the climax into a secondary position. Humorous, however, Browning always was; and sometimes to the detriment of what promised to be entirely serious poems. By some odd quirk of phrase or curious image he too frequently snapped the thread of his discourse and dispelled the illusion. This is one of the most just criticisms upon his poetic product. In his avowedly humorous poems, however, he "reigns and revels." Nor is his fun-making always combined with *grotesquerie*. *Up at a Villa* is humour at its simplest. Browning's high spirits, that perpetual boyishness in which he resembled Lowell, exhibited itself in preposterous devices of language and metre, and in many another instance of unchartered freedom which, even in his light verses, critics have loudly proclaimed faults. Whether faults or not, they were, in the case of both authors, inevitable expressions of whimsical

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personality. Perhaps this lawlessness, this sublime anarchy, resulted, in the case of the British poet, from his being "defrauded of the sweet food of academic institution," Italy being, as he himself declared, his university; but the shades of the American Cambridge never weighed very heavily upon the spirits of Lowell. Neither of these great intellectual awakeners was in any pedantic sense academic. Yet, lawless as Browning may have been in some respects, he escaped any taint of vulgarity. His mastery of the grotesque never summons this doubtful aid, save dramatically, in characters to whom it is appropriate. Large, hearty, and strenuous as was his nature, it was fine of grain.

This fineness is always to be borne in mind when one is emphasising Browning's love of the rugged and strong, which is exhibited in so large a majority of his poems. So apparent is this preference that it needs but little comment. It denotes a species of poetry which must be judged by appropriate standards. There is something splendidly elemental and primitive, though not strictly barbaric, in Browning's verse which harks back to *Beowulf* and the heroic tales of the Middle Ages. His frequent references to St. George and the dragon, in the monologues of Caponsacchi and Pompilia, are indicative of this trait. And yet *The Ring and the Book*, as a whole, is as little as possible like a fairy tale or a mediæval romance; it is intensely and complexly modern in its tireless analysis and in its glorification of apparently sordid materials.

Ruggedness and optimism were, in Browning's case, closely related. To paraphrase Arnold's famous characterisation of Wordsworth, Browning's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which he feels the joy offered to us in the moral struggle of life; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy and makes us share it. The term, *moral*, is of course used here in its widest significance, as Arnold defined it: "Whatever bears upon the question, 'how to live.'" The true satisfaction of life, Browning insists, lies in avoiding passivity; and the next life will differ from this only in that we shall know better "what weapons to select, what armour to indue." Even in nature, in landscape, it is the rugged outlines that attract him,—hills that are "crouched like two bulls, locked horn in horn in fight," fields in a May morning that "look *rough* with hoary dew,"—a phrase which is pointed

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out by Professor Herford as the most curious and characteristic which could be chosen.

Such a poet's ideal man is a fighter. In a rapturous passage of *The Statue and the Bust* he declares that those who have attained paradise are the "soldier-saints." The inactive duke and lady cannot share this splendour:

> "They see not God, I know,
> Nor all that chivalry of his,
> The *soldier-saints* who, row on row,
>
> "Burn upward each to his point of bliss."

The same compound epithet is applied to Caponsacchi by Pompilia; and it expresses with characteristic brevity Browning's view of life. No modern poet has confirmed so well Milton's words,

> "To be weak is miserable,
> Doing or suffering."

The inspiring array of passages from Browning on this theme, a shining phalanx, tempts one to quote indefinitely. Occasionally there is a vivid contrast, as in *Love among the Ruins*, "where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles"; but even this poem is partly concerned with chariot-races and war. The "still dews of quietness," sung in a beautiful hymn of Whittier's, are rare in Browning. He is a tireless apostle of the "strenuous life." His immense and benignant vitality craved continual exercise. Like Marlowe's, his heroes rush impetuously on toward impossible goals; but his sanity is a refreshing contrast to the frenzy of the young Elizabethan.

V

What differentiates Browning as a poet more than any other one element, however, is his originality, his constant avoidance of convention. He refuses the ruts of poetry, preferring, if need be, the roughest of untrodden ways. He is determined at all costs to be true to his individuality. Sometimes, as in *The Statue and the Bust*, his determination is executed at the cost of temporary misunderstanding; but the effect is generally stimulating to a high

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degree. This unconventionality limited his fame for many years, and perhaps even to-day restricts him largely to readers who are accustomed to do some thinking for themselves. Yet it can scarcely be said that this is unfortunate. And at all events he is never bizarre. Yet even in the simplest of his narrative poems there may lurk some unusual motive, or setting, or metrical effect. In *Muléykeh* a man is faithful to what at first looks like an absurd ideal, a willingness to lose a pet mare to a thief rather than allow her to be beaten in speed. In *Ivàn Ivànovitch*, the hero, taking justice into his own hands, cuts off with one blow the head of the hapless woman who, in order to save herself, has sacrificed her children to the wolves. Browning loved, also, the holes and corners of history. It is well known that he seldom chose familiar historical personages for his poems. An enumeration of these personages, if directed to an audience unacquainted with his works, would quite conceivably be greeted with cries of "Who was Abt Vogler? or Paracelsus? or Rabbi Ben Ezra? or, of all persons, Giuseppe Caponsacchi?" It is true that Andrea del Sarto is a famous figure; but there are not many to keep him company. Browning is forever illumining some cobwebbed recess, like the crevice in the plum-tree described in *Garden Fancies*, and showing some noteworthy object within. If Byron's *Childe Harold* is in part, as it has been called, "a glorified guide-book to Italy," Browning's poetry is a glorified guide to many un-Baedekered regions of the spiritual universe. He had a passion, too, for revealing what he conceived to be the truth about various maligned persons, including Paracelsus, the hero of one of his longest productions. He refused to accept some historical and moral verdicts which had lain comfortably somnolent for centuries. In spite of claims made to the contrary, it may be definitely asserted that in religion he was not orthodox. Sufficient proof of this assertion is to be found in his rejection of the doctrine of the Atonement, a doctrine which he was apparently unable to reconcile with his often reiterated theory of individual responsibility. As Professor Dowden has put it, Browning was in fact a "moral explorer." In that strange poem, *An Epistle of Karshish*, he solved to his own satisfaction what the attitude of Lazarus to life must have been after his return from a temporary journey into the life beyond the veil. He declined to believe that any rejected love is wasted. In *The Last Ride Together* he correlates this aspect of struggle with several others,

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and at the close, with a superb defiance of pure reason, shuts out all but the present moment and bids us enjoy that. His line,

"Then the good minute goes"

is much more characteristic of him than that other,

"A few daylight doses of plain life."

In a Balcony, however, contrasts with great dramatic power the too subtle, too imaginative temperament of Constance with the more conventional personality of her lover, Norbert, and aims to prove that, to vary somewhat Mr. Chesterton's phrase, although the intellect may be permitted to go on bewildering voyages, the soul walks best in a straight road. Indeed, Jesuitism in conduct never gains praise from Browning. But in most fields he carries his devotion to the unusual measurably close to the verge of good art—although one can seldom charge him with overstepping its bounds. Such poetry produces a sharpness of impression which is at any rate legitimate and which to many readers is entirely congenial.

Particularly is this true of his figurative language. His store of novel metaphor seems exhaustless. No modern English poet can compare with him in this respect; and it is one of the most important endowments of an author. *Paracelsus*, an early production, is almost too lavish of such originality, a spendthrift outpouring of new-minted gold. One can hardly fancy any description of Imogen or Ophelia as superior to that of Michal's face, which wears a

"Quiet and peculiar light
Like the dim circlet floating round a pearl."

His brevity is again to be seen in the suggestiveness of such comparisons. This crowded brevity grew upon Shakespeare in his later years. Indeed, in nothing is Browning more nearly Shakespearian than in his command of figures and the adaptation of them to his greatest dramatic situations. The suffering of Pompilia during one of the days of her flight from her despicable husband is etched in an image worthy of *Lear* or *Othello:*

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"As in his arms he [Caponsacchi] caught me, and, you say,
Carried me in, that tragical red eve,
And laid me where I next returned to life
In the other red of morning, two red plates
That crushed together, crushed the time between,
And are since then a solid fire to me."

Perhaps the most notable thing about Browning's figures is that their originality is not lawless; it is always combined harmoniously with the subject of comparison. There is no affectation of originality, no desire to attitudinise. Browning had in his nature none of the theatrical strain of Byron and Poe, which often injures the otherwise powerful impressions of their works.

His originality is perhaps most curiously, if not most significantly, shown in his love poems. They differ remarkably from those of his contemporaries; but they do not differ in being unemotional or subtle; they are not thin-blooded productions or dainty exercises in metre, like so many Elizabethan sonnets. Browning's poems of love reveal an uncommon, indeed almost unique combination of deep passion with reflection on life. Hence the lovers are seldom in the first flush of unthinking youth; generally they are mature, and in some instances close to middle age. James Lee's wife, moreover, has no pretension to beauty; she herself compares her skin, perhaps a little unjustly, to "the bark of a gnarlèd tree." Yet, in the last lyrics of the group, her self-sacrifice shines with a radiance which to Browning was more attractive than

"The lip's red charm,
The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,
And the blood that blues the inside arm,"

which he nevertheless always described so vividly. The sensuous appeal of the last line, which is by no means infrequent in Browning, is of the school of Keats. But in the stanzas which follow there is little of Keats. It is in the exaltation of feeling that the peculiar value of Browning's love poems resides. Even Ottima, in the last moments of her baneful existence, rises to a sublime point of self-sacrifice. This exaltation of feeling does not, however, imply sentimentality, than which nothing is less characteristic of his verses. Furthermore, the intellectual and spiritual charm of Elizabeth Barrett—whose face, said a friend, made the worship of saints seem possible—exerted a remarkable

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influence upon Browning's lyrics of love. Before his acquaintance with her, he had written almost none. Her silent collaboration was even more important than Dorothy Wordsworth's in the work of her poet brother. In some of Tennyson's love poems like *Enoch Arden* and *Maud*, and in Longfellow's *Evangeline*, there is a studied sentimentality from which a cultivated normal taste dissents. Browning's lyrics of affection glow with a true light. From no group of his poems do we get a more satisfying impression.

VI

Such praise as has so far been bestowed on Browning cannot be granted to all of his poems or all aspects of his work. The prosaic period of seven years following *The Ring and the Book* is for the most part a lamentable revelation of intellectual subtlety antagonising poetry. *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau* (1871), *Fifine at the Fair* (1872), *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country* (1873), and *The Inn Album* (1875) are not productions upon which an admirer of Browning likes to dwell. The transition had been foreshadowed by the lawyer's pleas in *The Ring and the Book*. Happily the *Dramatic Idyls* of 1879–80 showed a return to his simplest manner. Indeed there is almost convincing indication that he could have written thus simply and movingly at every stage of his poetic career. It is evident, therefore, that, if this is the case, he believed that he could best fulfil his poetic ideal by other kinds of art. His absorbing interest in the development of personality, in complex analysis of the soul, in ferreting out the blindest motives, led him inevitably into poems that were problematic. It is not recognised with sufficient clearness that Browning's poetry must be judged from the following standpoint: he deliberately chose difficult poems, though he could always write simple ones, and he chose thus because for him the material and the results justified his choice. The man who could write *An Incident of the French Camp* in 1842, *Up at a Villa* in 1855, *Hervé Riel* in 1867, *Clive* in 1880, and *Summum Bonum* at the close of his life could always write with simplicity and clearness; but to him such a game was not worth the candle. The subjects suited to such poems did not interest him so deeply as the subjects of his more difficult poems.

After all, the real difficulty in judging Browning does not lie

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in his originality, in his intellectual subtlety, or even in his form. It lies in his astonishing variety of theme and treatment, which makes it impossible to sum up his achievement adequately in general statements. This is the cause of most of the misconceptions, some of them nearly absurd, concerning his work. What is true of one poem often has no bearing upon another. *Bishop Blougram's Apology* is, if you will, too intellectual; *Up at a Villa* is not intellectual at all. *One Way of Love* is perfectly simple and serious; *Another Way of Love* is partly humorous and to a beginner annoyingly puzzling. Browning was radically Anglo-Saxon in qualities, far more so than Tennyson; yet Tennyson treated English themes chiefly, while Browning was a cosmopolitan of the cosmopolitans—with a noticeable bent, however, toward Italian subjects. Seldom does he sing of England; but when he does, as in *Home Thoughts from Abroad*, the poem thrills with patriotism.

The fact is that Browning was emancipated from any narrowing influence. He kept his windows open, not only toward Jerusalem, but toward all the four winds of the universe. His dramatic work is an attempt to allow every kind of person, saint or criminal, to explain himself adequately, to justify himself if he may. *The Ring and the Book* has been called "the epic of free speech." It is this cosmopolitan attitude both in theme and treatment which gives its peculiarly modern and indispensable value to Browning's work. Whatever may be his final place in English poetry, let it be set down to his honour that he frees the mind of his readers from all petty provincialism, that he effects a wonderful catharsis of the emotions, and that he leaves "joy in wideset commonalty spread."

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LITERATURE AND THE NEW ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM

> Natura inest mentibus nostris insatiabilis quædam cupiditas veri videndi. Cicero—*Tusc. Quæst.*

"Never has he drawn so deeply from the well that is the human heart; never so near those invisible heights which are the soul." The reviewer who wrote this sentence probably meant that the author of the book he so enthusiastically welcomed wrote with a little more than the ordinary insight. Indeed if we are to judge from the encomiums in our less critical reviews the world has never been so blessed with novels and plays which touch the secret springs of the heart. The old fiction had generalised, had conventionalised, much as the old art had done. This, to the new, is all wrong. The type characters, let us say, of Thackeray and even of George Eliot were interesting enough, but often as faulty as the old drawings of a galloping horse, which showed him with feet extended in an arc. As the art of photography has taught us that the horse has always one of his feet on or near the ground, so the new psychology has put us on our guard against accepting too literally such personages as Becky Sharp, Colonel Newcome, or Silas Marner. These pictures of life are entirely too set, far too regular for an adequate portrayal of life itself. The new fiction is to present life itself, "to draw deeply from the well that is the human heart," to mount "near the invisible heights which are the soul." And thus vivisectionist-wise, the writers of to-day stand, with scalpel and forceps delicately poised, before a clinic of admiring readers.

But all this implies a fundamental change in point of view. For of a surety the old writers of novels and dramas did not have a distrust of reality that led them to adopt an ancient maxim and when supping with it to use a long spoon; they did not feel that it was unreality they were picturing. Perhaps the change is as tersely put by Mr. Scott James in his *Modernism and Romance* as by any: "With the advent of science, metaphysics, and psychology, and the practical analogies of these studies, we have come, like Adam after the

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fall, into a new state of knowledge which is altering our susceptibilities and our artistic standpoints." It is this new knowledge, then, that is playing such havoc with our literary tradition. We must back to reality by the route of science, and metaphysics, and their practical analogies. Whether it be a dreary one or no, the critic, too, must follow. Will the quest reveal a glimpse of the promised land or of a shimmering mirage?

I

The old ideal of science, when its method seemed on the point of swallowing all our manifold intellectual activities, was perfectly clear. It first fired the scientific imagination when Kepler enunciated his laws, came to be steadily discussed when Newton formulated his principle of universal gravitation, and finally became a fixed notion when Helmholz gave us his law of conservation of energy and Darwin his formula for evolution. It was an ideal almost elementary in its meaning. The scientist, in reaching out his hands after laws or hypotheses, was doing so under the profound conviction that these hypotheses pictured reality, and that there was a rational order in the universe, ever immutable, whose lineaments the human understanding might some day read and comprehend.

The amazing simplicity of the ideal, its utter rationality, the equally amazing results which science was achieving with its aid in the physical world, made it one to which it was difficult to turn a deaf ear. Science became a word to conjure with, for it was expected to prove the open sesame to countless yet unopened mysteries. But like all terms much bandied about it fell upon evil days. Men spoke in its name to whom its method was never revéaled. Besides, the glorious empire it was going to reveal seemed no nearer after the lapse of nearly half a century of most devout worship, so that even scientists themselves began to be divided in their belief of the final rigidity of the discovered laws. In addition, several of the most firmly entrenched hypotheses seemed threatened by the scientists' inability to force into them many newly discovered facts. Until it has finally come about in our time, that many persons in all fields have begun to turn their backs upon the ideal which but a short time ago promised so abundantly. As a result to-day an equally amazing thing is happening: orthodox scientists like Poincaré have been compelled

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to reply, justifying the ways of science and accurately setting forth her limitations and her strength.

For many who find the ideal of science, as they fondly imagined it, to be an unrealisable one, or a faulty one, or an utterly fallacious one, are turning to unorthodoxy, a metaphysical science, a scientific gnosticism as it were; and while acknowledging that science gives knowledge that may be turned to practical use, they maintain that science fails utterly, if its empirical methods are followed, to give any comprehension of reality, which instead can be got only by an unscientific, mystic *rapport* with the *Ding an sich*. So to them science, to gain truth, must forsake the rational, inductive and deductive, or generalising method, and, cutting its own throat, rush immediately into the presence of living reality.

To these heterodox scientists science presents two phases, a positive and a negative. Within certain well defined limits it has still its amazing possibilities, but beyond these, as a measurer of truth or reality, or as an effort to unify our actual and possible knowledge, it can never be more than a chimera. In the words of Professor Royce:

> "The splendid triumphs of special research in the most various fields, the constant increase in our practical control over nature,—these, our positive and growing possessions, stand in glaring contrast to the failure of the scientific orthodoxy of a former period to fix the outlines of an ultimate creed about the nature of the knowable universe. Why not 'take the cash and let the credit go'? Why pursue the elusive theoretical 'unification' any further, when what we daily get from our sciences is an increasing wealth of detailed information and of practical guidance? Why, then, does science actually need general theories, despite the fact that these theories inevitably alter and pass away?"

Instead of regarding the scientific hypotheses as attempts to come to an understanding of reality, why not frankly, ask unorthodox theorists, regard them as the conventions of our logic-mongering intellect and let them go at that? Then, at least, they can be altered freely and as often as our new accumulations of fact may demand, and yet our conception of reality and truth vary never a whit. Besides, this would be so easy a way out of the great difficulty. Hypothesis must follow hypothesis; the path of science is strewn with outworn hypotheses, and yet we are never the nearer, if we must take hypotheses as our criteria, to a glimpse of the final truth. Why not frankly change hypotheses as we change our clothes, accepting them as mere arbitrary

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wrappings for the naked, living truth within? And this position has a horde of followers from the scientist LeRoy to the philosopher Bergson.

Besides, many of these hypotheses, because of their paradoxical nature, require of their devotees an amazing power of credulity. Indeed the opponents of orthodox science see in science a reign of empirical dogma which rivals that of the most literal of mediæval theological dogmatists. In order to explain the phenomena of light and electro-magnetism, for example, we must assume the reality of ether, a substance, all pervasive, which is so subtle in texture that it in no way offers the slightest resistance to the passage of even such ethereal bodies as cometary appendages, so resistless in its penetrating power that it finds not the slightest difficulty in making its way unimpeded through the most refractory of substances; it is at the same time a million times less substantial than our most perfect vacuum and a million times more uncompromising than the finest tempered steel. Before this the dogma of even the Immaculate Conception sinks into an easy exercise. In consequence the revolt of the mind caught by a love of freedom and by a desire for revolt from dogma has gained a multitude of adherents. The victories of science are all well and good in the practical world of conventional fact, but as to giving us a glimpse of reality, that is another matter. It is by such steps as these that there has arisen in our time a distrust of the intellect as a means of knowing reality. To be sure, this is not a new phenomenon. The old Upanishads of India are full of empirical and philosophical scepticism. Buddhism is founded upon the meagre achievements of man's intellect. The Greek Sceptics, the early Christian Gnostics, the scholastic Nominalists, the critical pietism of Pascal, are all influenced profoundly by the utter discrepancy between man's intellectual presumption and man's knowledge of reality and truth. But here there is this difference: these later anti-intellectualists attack the intellect in the field in which it had before been held to be supreme, the field of physical fact and science. The findings of science, save in the practical field of everyday life, are now meeting with distrust and hostile scepticism.

The intellect deforms, or conventionalises all it touches; and this process is still more evident when it attempts to translate its findings into discourse. For language is also an intellectual,

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conventionalised thing, with its static concepts, generalisations, the words by which living, changing, ever flowing, highly individualised things must be communicated. The moment that language, the poor creature of the intellect, lays its strangling hand upon the living reality, its life is gone, its individuality lost, and we have only the poor husk, the shell, which hints no more of the life it once contained than the dead body of the beauty that once inspired it. All of us at one time or another have felt this fatal insufficiency of pure speech; it is this that has inspired our heart-born appeal to the unsounded depths of the emotion. And it is from the heart alone, then, these anti-intellectualists argue, with its *Ur-sprung* in the heart of reality, that truth and reality may be known. Our deepest emotions, and fleeting, ever changing impressions, these alone can look truth in the face, for they share its nature; but even these when we attempt to communicate them, to translate them into words, turn to a shell of dust and ashes and vanish at a touch.

This seems to be what the science that has the popular ear to-day has to say of life and reality. Facts which swim on the broad bosom of the stream of life we may see, experience, even measure, but to understand them in their relation to other facts, to generalise upon them, reduce them into systems, invent hypotheses to explain their similarity and dissimilarity, and to feel that these generalisations and hypotheses are more than little systems that have their day and cease to be, to feel that these are more than broken lights—all this is a vain pursuit of intellectual will-o'-the-wisps. The intellect is on stable ground only when it deals with concrete facts. When we abandon pure fact we must also abandon intellect.

II

There is no great gap to-day between the metaphysical scientists and the scientific metaphysicians. After all that has been written about Bergson and especially about the *Creative Evolution*, any attempt to summarise his philosophy would be gratuitous. I shall content myself merely with pointing out where he is distinctly anti-intellectual, unorthodox, and sceptical.

It is a little difficult, I confess, to take M. Bergson seriously, and not to feel that he is not with tongue in cheek perpetrating a gigantic hoax on our bewildered age. Is not his attempt to

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prove that the intellect and intellectual processes and generalisations have no compatibility with living truth and reality, in which he is compelled to use the very methods and terminology he denounces, not a little like sitting on the branch he is sawing off? What is the worth of his argument on the insufficiency of the reason if in his argument he is compelled to use the same despised reason? Why discourse so lengthily and so charmingly with proof and argument, when his thesis magniloquently places him beyond reason and unreason in the flux of the infinite *durée*?

Bergson's chief contribution to modern thought is the new definition he has given to reality. In the first place he makes—apparently, for he is not always clear on this point—a capital distinction between life and matter. So we have, to begin with, a dual universe with parts really distinct, and in many ways antagonistic. Life, as he puts it, is a constant, restless energy, moving ever upward and forward, ever creating the new, without bounds, without limit, without aim, for the moment we presuppose either we curtail the one and the only characteristic we may unhesitatingly impute to it—its perfect freedom. Matter is also a movement, as constant and resistless, but in inverse direction. Unlike life it has no spontaneous, self-directing power; it is mere inert agency, uncreative power, ungenerative, un-self-impelled flux. Unlike life, which bloweth where it listeth, this blows without listing. Unlike life, which in its higher forms arrives at consciousness and free self-creation, matter carries no potentiality save its own movement; it may never hope for consciousness or for creative power; it may only combine to form new movements which are but the result of the meeting of two material lines of force. Life is mobility creating new forms of life; matter is mobility, combining, transforming, perpetuating its own mobility. Reality, then, is movement, a pure flux; and in essence Bergson's conception of it is closely allied to that gained some twenty-five hundred years ago by Heraclitus. The only new thing in Bergson is the way in which he relates this theory to the vast accumulation of knowledge and science gained since that time.

These ceaseless movements are the *durée*, true time, time in which clock hands do not move, nor ever cease from moving; time in which there is no past, present, or future, but all past, present, and future; time in which minutes do not crowd upon each other's heels, but in which minutes all disappear, or are spun to an eternity. For true time is not counted time, it is not clock

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time, it is not sequence of isolated and individual moments, it is time in which time shall be no more, when a thousand years shall be a day and a day a thousand years, and when both shall lose their name and sink into pure undifferentiated flux. For this, to Bergson, is the secret of memory, when the past is caught up into and becomes the present, when a life, which is said to be spent in hours and days and years, suddenly flashes across the memory in an instant, and all the *disjecta membra* of its past history unite with the present in one moment of intense reverie or action, and reveal that a man's true life is not measured by chronometer or shadow on the dial, but by eternal and present movement.

But these two movements, of life and matter, which are in essence quite distinct, in reality sadly interfere with each other's progress. Unfortunately for both they could not be or were not confined each to its own universe, but each passing through the other bewilders its energy, deflects its course, stays its passage; and the result is a grand confusion of life and not life, matter and not matter, where each apes the characteristics of the other. Matter takes some of the characteristics of life; and life becomes locked up in matter. It is this mutual confusion that causes both to assume the appearance of form. But this appearance is purely illusory; for though in appearance the form is static, unchanging, in reality the movement persists, form giving place to form, and naught abides but the utter changeableness of form in the flux of life and matter. There are no things; for these forms, which, to eyes clouded by the false concepts of time and space, appear to have a fixed, unchanging, and mutually externalised life, are in reality, when seen by unclouded eyes, far otherwise; they are the already disappearing organisation of life and matter which the restless flux exposes for an instant as it passes from generation to generation, making "the whole series of the living one single wave flowing over matter." One might wonder if, in the last analysis, there were any difference between this Heraclitan ideal of an infinite flux and the Buddhist ideal of an infinite rest, Nirvana. Are not both equally meaningless when measured in terms of infinity?

Doubtless this doctrine is a little hard for the unaided intellect to comprehend. It was not meant for the intellect, Bergson would reply; and were he intellect alone he would never have arrived at this flowing conception of being. For the intellect to

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him has a far different task from that of apprehending the nature of reality.

As reality is divided into what should be mutually exclusive movements, life and matter, so consciousness is dichotomised into intuition and intellect. Like life and matter these two functions of consciousness have also become subject to the grand confusion—it is marvellous how large confusion bulks in Bergson's universe. Instead of remaining each in the field it should have occupied, and which it might have explored with utter success, the two have been trespassing, and for so many years before Bergson made clear their several duties, that it is doubtful if poor humanity is ever again to have a moment of clear vision. The fault, if fault there were, is all to be laid to man's meddling and presumptuous intellect. Both intellect and intuition stand before the world of reality and seek to comprehend its true nature: intuition by flashes of insight which might, were they not so pitifully infrequent, enable man to apprehend reality; intellect by the laborious process of induction and deduction, the practical method of science. But both attain to indifferent success; for what the intuition sees, it may not for want of a language communicate, and what the intellect communicates is the result of imperfect seeing, for its horizon is bounded by form and organisation, things and their relation in time and space, all of which possess no reality beyond the moment of the flux which gave them being.

Now, by its nature intellect should have been fitted to deal directly with matter, as intuition with life, and man's consciousness of reality would then have been complete; but—and here again is the fatal disjunctive in all Bergsonian philosophy—experience gives us neither pure matter nor pure life. Instead we have matter and life that have interfered with each other, a deflected matter and an apparently tergiversated life, upon which our conscious processes greedily thrust themselves, forgetting that life is more than form and matter more than static relations. Besides, the powers of the intuition have become atrophied by neglect. The intellect was early found to be a practical faculty, useful in invention and for action; hence man as he became more and more human began to use the faculty that set him apart more and more from the brute, and which enabled him to invent ever new and useful devices for his protection, for his comfort, for his diversion. Thus he relied more and more upon

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his intellect, glorifying it as the one human quality that rendered him unique in the series of living beings, forgetting that in his instinct, his intuition, there lay another and still more powerful faculty which united him with all life, and which, were it developed, as he had developed his reason, would have enabled him to penetrate into the highest mysteries of life itself, would have let him know that life is movement, and that this world of things which the intellect so indefatigably buzzes around is but a sham world, a mere transient form which life and matter assume and then pass on, a mere moment in the eternal process of becoming "in which nothing becomes, and in which there is nothing that nothing becomes." Philosophy, then, to be true must "free itself from forms and habits that are strictly intellectual." To know life and reality, "you must thrust intelligence outside itself by an act of will."

Thus Bergson is anti-intellectualist, not because he distrusts the intellect, that would be to recognise that it had at least the power to comprehend reality even were its interpretation faulty, but because the world it deals with is no world at all, but merely a series of utterly false generalisations of things and their relations. Naturally it can apparently make these generalisations good because they possess no counterpart in the world of reality. It may do with them what it chooses, for they are its creation. A false generalisation is in essence, then, no worse, so far as reality is concerned, than a true one; for false and true are but like all generalisations merely intellect-created terms. The intellect has nothing in common with reality itself.

There is something supremely dismal in this severe punishment of the pretensions of the intellect. We had been by the old philosophers urged to leave the world of daydreams, reverie, castles in the air, and set our feet firmly upon the intellectual world of fact and logical form. Now we are told that this world of fact and form is the only untrue reality, that its creator the intellect is the gayest of deceivers, that its methods are utterly incapable of arriving at reality, that the only world of reality is that which we were once led to regard as empty—the world of dreams, reverie, and castles in the air. And yet in his *Les Données Immédiates* and his *Matière et Mémoire* Bergson uses the very weapons of reason to make firm his contempt of reason. Is he not, again, a little paradoxical, like the painters of the Futurist School, who, to paint their hatred of form and their glory in

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universal dynamism, as they call it, are compelled to use, though distorted beyond recognition, the very lines and colours of the classic artists?

And what is the significance of such reality? But to put such a question is to betray one's ignorance of true reality. It has none, for significance is an intellect-created term. Reality, the *durée*, is beyond all intellect-created concepts. It may not be generalised, because it is the great unique, the *supra* as well as the *infra* rational. We may not even speak of it, for speech is from and for the intellect alone. This the old Brahmin knows, better than Bergson, for devoiding his mind of aught of sense and intelligence, squatted cross-legged on the banks of the resistless and flowing Ganges, the symbol of true time, and gazing at his navel, the present symbol of the union of generation to generation, he mutters the mystic vocables, *Om*, *Mani*, *Padni*, *Hum;* and in their meaningless resonance, because it is meaningless, he feels himself gradually uplifted from all these trivialities and similarities and irritating complexes, which those who have not wisdom call life, into the very heart of life itself, the true reality. The trouble with M. Bergson is that he is not thoroughgoing enough, he lacks the courage of his intuitive convictions. I am reminded of a line in the *Upanishads* a friend quoted to me: "Children follow after outward pleasures, and fall into the widespread net of death; but wise men knowing what is the state of things immortal do not seek for things stable here among things unstable." For, as the Brahmin philosopher knows, the restless, ever-changing flux of life, as we apperceive it in our emotions or our intuitions, has no more stable ground for its truth than our reasoned abstractions; hence, passing from intuition to intuition, he transcends the flux and arrives at a static conception of pure being, of which nothing can be predicated, Nirvana.

Nor is pragmatism essentially different from other anti-intellectualist philosophies. In the last analysis it reduces philosophy, which is usually defined as a search for truth, to a matter of temperament. The corollaries, then, seem quite reasonable, that inasmuch as there are many temperaments, there must also be many philosophies; and that any philosophy which furnishes a modicum of satisfaction, must, *per se*, in that measure be true. This is not so far as one might think from Bergson's view that the heart alone is the criterion of truth. In full accordance with these corollaries, truth is for the pragmatist

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a relative thing altogether, for truth is that which has a distinct "cash value," it is "a class-name for all sorts of definite working-values in experience." There is nothing final about it, as there is nothing final about pragmatism itself. "It agrees with nominalism . . . in always appealing to particulars; with utilitarianism in emphasising practical aspects, with positivism in its disdain for verbal solutions, useless questions, and metaphysical abstractions."

Thus, again, in the metaphysics that passes current to-day we have left nothing but facts and intuitions, the one careless, discontinuous, insignificant, the other formless, everflowing, without aim and without end. The intellect deals with the one, the intuition with the other; and any attempt to reconcile them is effort put forth in vain. Is this an adequate artistic standpoint?

III

But literature and art are for their ideas more intimately dependent upon morals than upon science and philosophy. How, then, has ethics, the science of morals, as we have perhaps unadvisedly termed it, reacted during this widespread repudiation of reason and the intellect?

Naturally, of all possible subjects, ethics, the subject which deals directly with human conduct, was early and until quite recently believed to be the one that should be most easily apprehended by human reason. Why man does this or refuses to do that, and why this is a good deed and that evil, for such questions it was felt that reason and reason alone could furnish an adequate answer. The nature and content of the good and of the bad, surely in so far as these ideas possess a purely human value, they must be within the power of the human instrument to comprehend and to rationalise into a system. Thus arose the numerous systems of ethics from the earliest times to our own, which, though they might or might not take as their first premise a religious concept, yet in their organisations were purely rational, and were regarded as possessing universal validity.

When the heyday of science came in the eighteenth century and again in the nineteenth, ethics, because its facts so obviously challenge observation, naturally fell an early prey to the scientific method. Naturally, too, the positivists, with their eye to systematising all human knowledge upon purely rational lines,

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and of casting forth from their intellectual workshop all possible metaphysical or theological explanations for purely physical or human phenomena, went gloriously to work to found a science of morals. Comte found the moral law to be no more than the expression of the social law, and that the highest. Ethics is thus no more than a chapter of what might be called social physics, a part of social science. Its laws are discovered, like laws in any other science, physical or biological, by observation and induction. Like the laws of physics, and chemistry, and biology, these laws may be stated and must be obeyed, for men in society have found that only by obeying them the welfare of society and the individual is conserved. That he reaffirmed the greater number of the laws of the decalogue only went to show that ethical laws are not mere matters of changing social caprice, but are truly manifestations of the abiding intellectual substrate of society.

But this evidently did not go far enough with the thoroughgoing positivist. The connection between the categorical imperative and the facts observed still left much to be desired. The method of science must be to observe facts and from these to come by induction to such laws as seem to govern human conduct. Now one postulate assumed by all earlier ethical theories seemed quite unwarranted, the notion of obligation, the idea that final necessity imposes such or such a line of conduct upon man and forbids the opposite. This imperative they could not by any observation of the mere facts discover behind human conduct. A pure induction, when it proceeds from facts of conduct to the generalisation that such modes of conduct are imperative, finds itself committing a most vicious *saltum*. For science does not recognise the categorical imperative. Even such laws in physics as that of universal gravitation do not connote to us any such notion as duty or moral obligation. Hence we must disabuse our minds of the idea that these so-called laws of conduct rest upon any final idea of logical or moral necessity. As Victor Brochard so aptly put it: "It is necessary to think of ethics quite differently from what is done ordinarily. It must be completely separated from theology, made to descend from sky to earth and in a sort to be laicised. . . . The ideas of obligation, of duty, and those that cling to these, must be thrust aside, as finding no place in an ethics purely scientific and rational."

Thus we find ourselves not far from the position of the anti-intellectualist in science, though to be sure here in Brochard and

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in his followers, as we shall see, the appeal is always to logic and reason. But it is to a logic hobbled to facts merely of observation. The laws of morals are well enough in their way as statements of certain *modi operandi*, they are certain modes of social procedure, generalised more or less imperfectly from incomplete observation of facts; but they bear clearly the marks of their relativity. The only real things are the facts, the laws possess merely a transient reality, like that of a face seen in a mirror.

This position is made still stronger by the ethical generalisations of such men as Durkheim and Lévy-Bruhl. To these, ethics is something which can be stated, modified perhaps, but to which can be given neither philosophical theory, nor practical system. It does not reside in intentions, but merely in acts. It can be observed in the *ensemble* of common acts which are universally approved by a given *milieu*. Those acts are moral which conform to the common habits, and those immoral which do not. Ethics is sociology.

Nothing is more heartlessly barren than this sociological ethics. Its origin is as commonplace as learning to eat with a knife and fork. "Collective habit expresses itself for all in a formula which is repeated from mouth to mouth and is transmitted by education, and fixed by literature. Such is the origin and nature of judicial laws, morals . . . articles of faith into which religious or political sects condense their beliefs. . . . Rules, judgments, morals, religious dogma, systems of finance, all depend entirely upon beliefs and recognised usage." These are imposed by society, and by society alone upon the individual. If we think these notions come from man's inner nature or from his reasoning faculties we deceive ourselves. "We are the dupes of an illusion which makes us believe that we have elaborated ourselves that which is imposed upon us from without. . . . It is necessary that sociology free itself of those false ideas which dominate the vulgar mind, that it remove, once for all, the yoke of the categorical imperative, which long habit ends by making tyrannical. . . . It belongs to the sociologist to escape the empire of vulgar notions, and turn his attention to facts."

From this it naturally follows that ethics must purge its mind of any notion that it has a part to play in the drama of saving or uplifting humanity. It sits at a broad window and sees the procession of humanity pass, but it must never lend a hand to meliorate human manners, for it has no eye for an ideal; it is the

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stock-ticker, the impersonal recording clerk, while humanity strives, stumbles, falls, wallows, hopeful, dry-eyed, despairing, in this welter of conflicting forces that makes life. For ethics "is first of all independent of philosophy. . . . It has nothing to do with reform." It has no ideal.[1]

And this idea is still more mercilessly set forth by the sociologist Lévy-Bruhl. But why quote from his dreary pages. Ethics can state only what is done, not what should be done. Moralists should renounce the idea of giving men laws or normative principles. Poor humanity marches by a path, and we can tell how it is marching; science can throw a pale glimmer of light on the way. We may know how we are marching, but not where, and much less whither it were best to go.[2]

It was quite to be expected that the revolt from this suicide of ethics when it came would be a severe one. And revolt there has been, only it antedated the fullest exploitation of sociological ethics. If custom is the only morals, if it has no deeper roots in human nature than mere passive obedience to social habit, then let us at least break the bonds of this unmanly subservience. Let us at least have one ideal in human life; if it cannot be morals, then let it be the one thing that divides us from the supine tractability of domesticated animals; let us assert our free, human personality. Nietzsche, the disrupter of all social obligations, is in essence no more immoral than the sociologists, Durkheim and Lévy-Bruhl. Rationality and logic and intellect are humanistically no more irrational and illogical and anti-intellectual in Nietzsche than in the school he so bitterly denounced. "The moral sentiment in Europe at present is perhaps as subtle, diverse, sensitive, and refined, as the 'science of morals' belonging thereto is recent, initial, awkward, and coarse-fingered." As with the sociologist so with Nietzsche there are no morals, but only actions. "There are no such things as moral phenomena,

[1] Durkheim, *Les Règles de la Méthode Sociologique*, as before.

[2] See in this connection an excellent article in *Révue des Deux Mondes*, August 1, 15, 1911, by Fonsegrive, entitled "La Morale Contemporaine." To show how general this idea is with even "tender-thoughted" sociologists I quote from a recent book. The writer has a New England conscience, but when inoculated by this virus writes: "All history shows us the truth of this principle. Moral forces, if fruitful, are not static; they are related to economic necessities of their respective periods. Obedience, for instance, so inoperative to-day, was rightly the chief virtue of mediæval society." Vida D. Scudder, *Socialism and Character*.

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but only a moral interpretation of phenomena." So, as the title of his *Beyond Good and Evil* indicates, he begins his disquisition on ethics by denying its real existence. "Every system of morals is a sort of tyranny against 'nature' and also against 'reason,' for it is a restraint." And thus he begins his panegyric of Dionysian self-conservatism and self-glorification, for life knows neither good nor evil, it is free, creative, joyous, ironic, intense, self-actively triumphant over every obstacle. Its formula is as simple as its manifestation is complex; it is mere "Will to Power."

But it is only the rare soul that can through intuition understand the full significance of this Dionysian spontaneity, and see the utter futility of the softer virtues. "The noble and brave who think thus are the farthest removed from the morality which sees precisely in sympathy, or in acting for the good of others, or in *désintéressement* the characteristic of the moral. They are the creators of values. They honour whatever they recognise in themselves: such morality is self-glorification." Opposed to this is the "morality of utility," morality of the slave. "It is here that sympathy, the kind helping hand, the warm heart, patience, diligence, humility, and friendliness attain to honour: for him these are the most useful qualities, and almost the only means of supporting the burden of existence. . . . Everywhere that slave-morality gains the ascendency, language shows a tendency to approximate the significance of the words 'good' and 'stupid.' "

Thus at a blow Nietzsche would destroy the very foundations of a possible morals—its universality. Every act is purely relative, a fraction with its numerator, the creative agency of the spontaneous personality, and its denominator, the tantalisingly insistent, universal Will to Power. "Master-morality" is nothing more than the resolute, sleepless expansion of man's personality, which Talus-like with iron flail levels every obstacle; it is an itch for action which no thought, no action may relieve. "Slave-morality" is an utter falsehood masking itself in pleasant sounding terms that deceive nobody but the slave. Communication, intercourse, save that between master and slave, there can be none. "My opinion is *my* opinion: another person has not easily a right to it. . . . One must renounce the bad task of wishing to agree with many people. 'Good' is no longer good when one's neighbour takes it into his mouth. And how could there be a 'common good'!"

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Thus from opposite sides, but by their common ignoring of intentions and their apotheosis of pure action, the sociologists and the individualists in ethics bring their reasoning to a common end, the death of morals. The one kills slowly by smothering it under the accumulated load of social habit, the other poisons it in the perfumed and drugged atmosphere of personal caprice. The one makes good statistics, the other decadent poetry. The one brings men to haunt the market, the street-corner, the places unspeakable, the other to prostitute history and romance to glut its megalomania with the sins of arch-tyrants and courtesans. For grant, with the first, that all facts are, so far as human nature is concerned, equally significant; then we have only one touchstone by which we may test their artistic or literary fitness, their emotional value. Hence the ruck of pictures, poems, and stories dealing with idiots, paupers, monsters, misfits generally, in bizarre, demoralising, or dehumanising situations. Emotional significance is the only test the other school can find, and to realise it art and literature must seek the lives of those who defy humanity and human tradition. There is little to choose between them.

IV

There are two things that stand out in these scientific, philosophical, and ethical anti-intellectualists: first, a hatred of form, of generalisation, of meaning and significance, of concepts—in a word, of the static conception of life and reality, which to them implies dogma and determinism, and for which they would substitute a dynamic or flowing, meaningless conception of life and reality, which gives elbow room and fresh air for free creation and eccentric personality; and, second, a hypnotic worship of isolated fact and undirected action, wherein each fact, whether it be the sputter of an electric arc or the death rattle of disappointed endeavour, is of equal value on the stock-ticker's record which they call life.

It is not within my province to go far in a criticism of these anti-intellectualist scientists and philosophers, had I the power. In much their position owes its strength to the lengths to which the pseudo-intellectualists went in the heyday of Hegelian idealism on the one hand and of mid-nineteenth-century scientific materialism on the other. The pure intellect, as Pascal once for all, and Plato, too, pointed out, can never unaided arrive at a

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complete survey of anything save its own limitations. But it is the chief aid we have in organising this welter of experience we call life, and without its careful generalisations we should be in a sorry way indeed. And the findings which it has by its powers of induction and deduction made good, the relations which it establishes between the separate details of experience, the significance and insignificance which it points out in life, must *per se* possess for us so much of reality. Determinism there must be in life, but freedom also in that we can wrest from the apparently fatal law of cause and effect a means to a nobler triumph of free personality and nobility of character.[1] And this triumph is not less a tribute to our intellect than to our intuition.

But nobility of character, or true freedom, is not a quality which possesses merely emotional significance. It is not merely an end, but also a means to further conquest; and its sign is not cessation of action, or capriciousness of action, but action that reduces some part of the flux of reality into rational order. Nobility of character is nobility simply because it is able to act in a certain orderly way in spite of nature and in accordance with certain rational laws. That these laws may or may not be in accordance with nature is beside the mark—they are human, of human worth and significance. They are the sole bulwark which man these thousands of years has learned to set up against the awful ravages of brute nature; and in so far as he obeys them he asserts his humanity as opposed to his barbarism. Even a child knows that if he turns around a sufficient number of times and rapidly enough the earth and sky will seem to reel in wildest confusion, but is it the part of a man after gazing on the mad dance of life and nature to assert confidently that the rational order on which he stands has caught the whirl of his vertigo?

What then, shall we say of this new spirit of revolt against the tyranny of the intellect, as the anti-intellectualists phrase it? I believe it can be reduced almost to a formula. It is, of course, not a new thing in human thought, and its symptoms are easily discernible. In the eighteenth century, shortly after Locke wrote his famous *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* and Newton his *Principia*, there arose an immense faith in the powers of pure reason, and men devoted their lives to the solution of every problem by its unaided efforts. As a result there were

[1] See an excellent article by my friend Professor H. B. Alexander in the *Journal of the American Society for Pyschical Research*, October, 1913.

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built up a series of organically developed and marvellously intricate rational structures to house all human activities and to provide room for human aspiration and emotion. The world has seldom seen such systematised intellectual effort as that of Leibnitz, Wolff, Lessing, Adam Smith, and Montesquieu. But the world of reality and human emotion, in its higher and lower manifestations, felt itself restricted in these orderly and, as their opponents said, mechanistically devised schemes of things entire. Besides there were a horde of lesser men, men like Voltaire, Diderot, Helvetius, and the Encyclopedists in general, who abused the reason they claimed to serve; and a host of artists and writers who contented themselves with slavish imitation of the form, not catching the spirit of the masters. The natural reaction followed in the anti-intellectualism of Rousseau, with its adoration of pure and unrestrained passion, and in the critical work of Kant, who showed by his antinomies the exact limitations of the intellectual powers. The anti-intellectualism of Rousseau was due to a complete misunderstanding of the nature and of the province of the human reason, owing to the misuse of reason by those who had attempted to speak in its name. The antinomies of Kant were due, mathematicians say, to the insufficient mathematics of his time.

The same phenomenon is taking place in our day. The mid-nineteenth century saw again a revival of science. With Spencer and Haeckel scientific dogmatism went so far as would have shocked its earlier votaries. Literature, history, sociology, almost every department of human thought, has felt its chilling intrusion.[1] Again there has arisen the feeling that the deeper problems of reality have been left untouched, and as a result men are turning to rend reason, because, they say, reason and science are synonymous. To show that reason and science are not always even in accord, and that, at best, scientific thought is but one of the many manifestations of our rational processes is no argument for them, for such men are above reason, using it only when they desire to set forth its insufficiency.

It is a truism that life and reality is a *monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens*, to which the light of reason is denied. The humanist knows this as well as the anti-intellectualist. He knows

[1] See "Intrusions of Science," by my colleague and friend, Mr. S. B. Gass, MID-WEST QUARTERLY, vol. i., 1.

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that his rational world is a thin veneer separating him from the formless welter, and his effort is directed to making its weaknesses strong, to rendering human life amenable to human law; and to do this he knows that he must renounce much in order that his ears may not be stunned and his balance lost and his reason swallowed up in the turmoil below. He sees that life itself is essentially non-significant, therefore he strives to make that part of it that falls to his lot significant for much; he perceives that disorder abounds; he sets to work to put his little world in order; in a word, his attention is fixed on that portion of life and reality which he can take into himself and render orderly. Beyond that, the nature of things themselves, he knows, is unknowable. The anti-intellectualist also sees that the order in the world of reason has little consanguinity with the great world of life and reality without; and because of this discrepancy he lifts his heel against reason. It is as though a man should spurn the raft that saves him, and because it is not solid earth leap to his destruction. It is all a question of emphasis,—which is more worthy of human consideration, the reason that sets man apart from brute life, whether of men or beasts or of stocks and stones; or the flux of life itself, which also we may enter, "for wide is the gate and many there be that go in thereat."

And now we may answer the question at the beginning of this paper. Is this glimpse of reality, which anti-intellectualist science and metaphysics so truculently announce can be gained only by abandoning our rational birthright,—is this the promised land for art and letters, or is it but a shimmering mirage? The question has almost answered itself. If art and creative literature have as their purpose to destroy the distinction between nature and human nature, to reduce both to isolated fact or to the undifferentiated flux of becoming, then the futurist in art and many of our near futurists in letters are right. For both would lay bare the heart and soul of life and nature in search for the "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." But our literary and artistic tradition has long pointed another way. There is no shuffling here. Such essentially human things as character, reason, ideals, morals, though we may look in vain for them in the flux, though they may be conventions or more or less inadequate generalisations, must not be regarded as a flippancy, an irrelevancy, a cosmic jest. And it is with these human things that art and literature have to do. One grows a little weary to-day at the

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ceaseless iteration of the talismanic words "heart and soul." In itself it is enough to raise the suspicion that perhaps it is all an offering up of incense on the altar of a vanished deity; for "when love begins to sicken and decay, it useth an enforced ceremony."

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JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, THE RADICAL

The approaching retirement of Joseph Chamberlain from the House of Commons awakens a sympathetic interest throughout the world. It is pathetic indeed to see the oft-victorious warrior stricken down and borne from the field at the very moment of the triumph of his political foes. Time has turned against the venerable statesman. The principles for which he so stoutly fought are apparently going down to defeat. The Home Rule question, which he had hoped was buried, has risen again to haunt his declining days. The policy of preferential trade, to which he owes his imperial reputation, has been practically set aside by his own colleagues. He has lost the ear of the public. A younger set of political leaders has appealed to the imagination of the nation. New social and economic questions have largely superseded the old political issues. For some time past he has been a helpless and disappointed spectator of passing events.

The life of Mr. Chamberlain naturally divides into two distinct parts, the earlier years of his radicalism and the halcyon days of his imperialism. Unfortunately, the significance of his early democracy has been largely obscured by the dramatic interest and far-reaching constitutional effect of his later imperialism. With the latter we are all familiar, though it is too early as yet to pass final judgment on the statesmanship of the first great Secretary of State for the Colonies. The battle between the principles of colonial nationalism and imperial federation is still going on, and until that long drawn-out contest is ended it will be impossible to determine Mr. Chamberlain's place in imperial history.

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But we are just beginning to appreciate the full significance of Mr. Chamberlain's radicalism. The liberal victories of the last six years necessarily carry us back to the struggles of the early eighties, when he was the idol of the Radical party. Mr. Chamberlain has always been a keen politician, but he has been more than a mere party man. He has been an intellectual leader of his age. In his career perhaps more than in that of any other man of his day, we may see clearly revealed the political pragmatism of the end of the nineteenth century. But he has been also a dreamer, not of a golden age in some remote past or in the distant future, but of an earthly kingdom to be built up for the people of England and their children's children in Great Britain and beyond the seas. And in that dream we shall see the end of an era, the ushering in of a new political gospel, the transition from the philosophy of the Manchester School to the experimental socialism and democratic imperialism of to-day.

The boyhood of the future statesman was very similar to that of any other English boy of the so-called middle class, save in so far as he was much more studious than the majority of his companions and unfortunately quite indifferent to sports. After completing a satisfactory, though by no means a brilliant course in a secondary private school, he was drafted into the firm of one of his relatives and immediately settled down to master the details of the business.

It is somewhat singular that Chamberlain never seems to have regretted the early interruption of his studies, notwithstanding the fact that he subsequently felt himself handicapped in his social and political relations by reason of the lack of college traditions and associations. To this circumstance is doubtless due in part his narrowness of intellectual sympathy and his inability at times to work out clearly the consequences of his own political principles.

But Mr. Chamberlain, nevertheless, was keenly interested in educational matters. Early in his political career he became a member of the National Education League, the object of which was to establish a system of free, compulsory, non-sectarian instruction in all the schools of England. His energy and ability soon made him one of the recognized leaders of this movement. And notwithstanding the subsequent modification of his views on his acceptance of office in a Conservative government, he never gave up his strong convictions as to the superior advant-

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ages of a public-school system over any kind of ecclesiastical training.

He was almost equally interested in higher education. He was closely identified with the establishment of the University of Birmingham, and for a time acted as chancellor of that institution. His views on higher education were essentially those of a successful self-made business man, perchance a banker or a railroad magnate. He was a utilitarian, but not a materialist. The age demanded a system of vocational education which would ally the universities in a practical way with the business life out of doors. And such an education it was the duty of the universities to provide. He recognized, however, that the universities owed an equally important service to the state. They should train men for the public service. To this end he was particularly interested in promoting the study of the new humanities at Birmingham. He looked forward to the day when that university would be strongly represented in the halls at Westminster and in positions of honour and profit throughout the empire.

Although strongly in favour of bringing higher education within the reach of the public, he did not think that the progress of a nation depended so much upon the democracy of education as upon the quality of the intellectual leaders which it produced. "What is it," he asked, "that makes a country? Of course, you may say, the general qualities, their resolution, their intelligence, their pertinacity, and many other good qualities. Yes, but that is not all, and it is not the main feature of a great nation. The greatness of a nation is made by its greatest men. It is those we want to educate."

In truth, Mr. Chamberlain was too independent in his conceptions to be a good social democrat. He was a radical, not a communist. He was opposed to an "ochlocracy" or any form of organization which denied superiority of capacities and of values in social, political, or industrial life. He had no sympathy with the spurious democracy which levels all men down to a common lot. He had no sentimental faith in the infinite wisdom of the people, and he was too honest-minded to profess any special affection or consideration for them. He abhorred demagogism. He believed in democracy, but a democracy with standards, in a government of the people and for the people, but by the *élite* of the people.

It was, in his opinion, the glory of such a democracy that it

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produced its own aristocracy by a process of natural selection. With an equality of political opportunity the strong and able men from among the people almost necessarily came to the front. An aristocracy of intellect and energy was substituted for an aristocracy of birth and special privilege; and such an aristocracy, sprung from and responsible to the people, would, he believed, govern the nation with justice, honour, and dignity.

Mr. Chamberlain's philosophy, it will be observed, like that of most of us, was the outcome of his own personal experience. But it was more than that. It reflected the spirit of the Victorian age. It presented the noblest side of the industrial revolution. It was the self-satisfied but benevolent philosophy of early English radicalism of the Manchester School; and to-day it is the sublimated gospel of the *bourgeoisie* of England, France, and America.

But we must return to the career of Mr. Chamberlain. With his business life we need not long concern ourselves. Suffice it to say that he showed exceptional business capacity and soon became the head of one of the largest establishments in England. He belonged to the best type of employers. He was just and considerate in his dealings with his employees. With many of his men his relations were cordial and sympathetic. But his methods were essentially those of the world around him. He belonged to the capitalistic class and he claimed the rewards which capital exacts at the expense of the employee, competitor, and community alike.

But Mr. Chamberlain was no son of Mammon. He was more than a business man. He was a citizen. He took no pride in the amassing of riches or in the despoiling of his rivals. He had a broader conception of his purpose in life. Amid the pressure of business he found time to take part in the affairs of the city and the nation. And in so doing, he was not actuated by a selfish spirit, or by a desire to promote his own business interests. Only once throughout his career was he charged with seeking to capitalize his citizenship; and he had little difficulty in showing the falsity of that charge. Early in life he faced the old Aristotelean question which is still troubling our economists and theologians: Are the good man and the good citizen one and the same? And he came to the conclusion that the primary service of life was that of citizenship.

For some time he had been closely associated with a small

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group of advanced Radicals. These men, largely under the influence of two Unitarian clergymen, set themselves the task of improving the social and economic conditions of their poorer fellow-citizens. As little could be accomplished by individual effort, they resolved to capture the city hall and convert its resources to public purposes. Mr. Chamberlain was urged to lead the fight, and he consented to do so. After a vigorous struggle he was elected to the council and from the very outset was one of the dominating spirits in that body. From 1873 to 1875 he was mayor of the city, and never did a chief magistrate exercise more dictatorial but beneficial powers. He was, as one of his opponents aptly said, "not only mayor but town council also."

As mayor he proceeded to carry out a comprehensive scheme of social reform. Birmingham at that time was a wretched, dreary manufacturing city, such as has been so brilliantly described by Mr. Wells in *The New Machiavelli*. Although no worse than any of the other great cities of England, it was, as Mr. Chamberlain said, "A town in which scarcely anything had been done either for the instruction or for the health or for the recreation or for the comfort or for the convenience of the artisan population." When he laid down his office, the city had been largely reconstructed. The slums had been demolished; new streets opened up and old ones paved; drainage and sanitary inspection introduced; baths, hospitals, and public libraries established; and, perhaps, most important of all from the political standpoint, the gas and waterworks had been municipalized. A new earth if not a new heaven had been created for a large part of the working-men of the city.

The municipal ideals of Mr. Chamberlain are well set forth in the following public utterance: "We want," he declared, "to make these people healthier and better; I want to make them happier also. Let us consider for a moment the forlorn and desolate life the best of these people must live amid such filthy and immoral surroundings." He flung back with scorn the self-righteous assumption of many of his more fortunate countrymen that the misery of the poor was the result of their own shortcomings.

"Yes," he continued, "it is legally their fault and when they steal, we send them to jail and when they commit murder we hang them. But if the mem-

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bers of this council had been placed under similar conditions, if from infancy we had grown up the same way, does any one of us believe that we would have run no risk of the jailer or the hangman? For my part, I have not such confidence in my own inherent goodness to believe anything can make headway against such frightful conditions as I have described. The fact is that it is no more the fault of these people that they are vicious and intemperate than that they are stunted, deformed, debilitated, and debased. The one is due to physical atmosphere—the moral atmosphere as necessarily and as surely produces the other."

To-day this language seems trite and commonplace, but forty years ago he was a bold man indeed who would voice such revolutionary utterances. The calm self-complacency of the well-to-do Englishman was seriously disturbed. Had he not been brought up to believe in the rule of law and order? Had not the Church lent its sanction to the existing organization of society, and did not the well-established principles of political economy confirm the tenets of the Church?

The individualistic philosophy of the Manchester School had indeed brought great comfort to the hearts of the merchants and manufacturers of England. They had gladly accepted a social creed which promised them such substantial financial advantages. According to the doctrines of this school the salvation of men could best be worked out under a régime of unrestricted competition between man and man and between nation and nation. By releasing man from the bondage of feudalism, by granting to him the freest and fullest opportunity of self-development, a new moral order would be created. To a powerful doctrinaire like Cobden, free trade was an "international law of the Almighty." Man was indeed honoured according to the tenets of this school, but the works of man were glorified. Competition became a law of the natural world. Industry was raised to the dignity of religion. To live was the right of the individual, to let live the duty of the state. The government was expressly precluded from interfering with the production and distribution of wealth. The Poor Law represented the extreme obligation of the state to its unfortunate citizens. In a word, the industrial revolution was not only sanctioned but sanctified by economic and political philosophy alike.

The municipal socialism of Mr. Chamberlain represented a departure from the doctrines of the Manchester School. The principles of *laissez-faire* were repudiated in the very heart of radical England, and repudiated by its friends. Chamberlain

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was no doctrinaire. He had not a scientific or speculative mind. He was a practical man. He merely accepted the political philosophy of the day in as far as it appeared advantageous. He rejected it when he found it to work injustice to the great body of his fellow-citizens. And so it was with his municipal socialism. He was an experimental and not a theoretical socialist. He sympathized with the French communists, but he distinctly repudiated their ideals and their works. He never allowed his sentiment to run away with his sound common sense. He never seems to have worked out any definite theories as to the proper function of the municipality or of the state. He merely laid down a rule that the municipality should limit itself to those functions only which the community could perform to better advantage than the individual; but that, after all, was a matter of opinion, not of principle. He was, however, much more favourable toward municipal than state socialism, inasmuch as the administration of municipal utilities could be brought more immediately under the supervision of the general body of citizens and could be made more directly serviceable to their interests than could the governmental ownership and operation of national utilities. Although inclined to construe most liberally the powers of local municipalities and even to extend their rights of self-government, he firmly adhered to the principal of national control over all agencies of local administration. He was conscious of the danger which might attend the exercise of large powers of autonomy by bodies in no way responsible to national public opinion. Municipal ownership and national supervision of public utilities, ought, in his judgment, to go hand in hand. These two principles were complementary and not inconsistent the one with the other, as many of our municipal reformers in America would lead us to believe.

The splendid public service of Mr. Chamberlain well illustrates a striking principle of English political life, the principle of social leadership. The small group of which he was the recognized head, placed their best powers at the service of the city. Theoretically, they were the servants of the people; actually, they were the masters of public opinion. They made great personal sacrifices of time and money and made them gladly. In short, they carried into the public service the best traditions of the old feudal system with its fiduciary relations of landlord to tenant. They democratized these ideals for a commercial age.

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True, they cast aside the economic principles of the Manchester School, but they exemplified in practice those qualities of intelligent high-mindedness which were at the very foundation of the political philosophy of that school. They were the wise and unselfish directors of industry who identified their own private interests with the public good. They were the men who lent moral dignity to business. But unfortunately, there were not enough such men to save the nation from the horrors of the industrial revolution. It is possible, though most improbable, that if there had been enough Joseph Chamberlains in England, the principles of John Stuart Mill might have held the field against the new socialistic philosophy.

But it is not only in the adoption of municipal socialism that the civic career of Mr. Chamberlain has left a deep impression upon the politics of England. Even more significant was the establishment of the party caucus during his service in the city council. His name will always be associated with the development of the political machinery of the nation.

The creation of distinct party organizations is an inevitable result of the extension of the franchise. The democracy of the country is far from exemplifying that high degree of intelligence and independence of judgment with which it is usually credited by prospective members of the legislature. A large proportion of the voters are notoriously ignorant or indifferent. Life is altogether too complex and distracting for them to pay much attention to matters of state. They require to be roused into action, to be drilled into the exercise of their rights of citizenship. The political machine is the most effective instrument for disciplining the unthinking, half-hearted supporters of the party. The instrument may be faulty and even dangerous at times, but it is none the less useful. It saves democracy from its own inertia. It keeps alive the habit of political discussions; it transforms the mob into a well-drilled army.

In its origin the Birmingham caucus was a protest against the undemocractic minority clause of the Reform Act of 1867. By one of the provisions of that act Disraeli sought to assure the return of at least one Conservative candidate from each of the large industrial cities of England. To the Conservative electors the provision in question appeared to be a just measure of minority representation; but to the Birmingham Radicals it was a dangerous attack upon the principles of popular sovereignty; and

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they immediately set to work to defeat its operation. Thanks to the inspiration of Chamberlain and the organizing genius of Mr. Schnadhorst, the democracy of the city was welded together into a powerful political association at the head of which stood the six hundred. The strength of the new organization was signally displayed in the general election of 1868. The Radicals swept the city.

The constitution of the caucus represented an entirely new departure in English politics. For the first time in its history the Liberal Association of the city was organized on a democratic basis. In view of the new conditions in politics Mr. Chamberlain declared: "It has become necessary as indeed it was always desirable, that the people at large should be taken into the counsels of the party and that they should have a share in its control and management." Every Liberal of the city, *ipso facto*, was made a member of the Association and was given an equal voice in the selection of its officers. In theory at least, if not in fact, the policy of the party was entrusted to the hands of the voters themselves. The dream of the Chartists was at last coming true. A new democracy was called into being and the working-men of Birmingham were eager to respond to the call.

Mr. Chamberlain was quick to follow up this advantage. The executive of the Association was devoted to his service and he at once proceeded to turn the whole energy of the caucus toward gaining complete control over the administration of the city. Party politics was introduced into municipal affairs. The elections of the city were run on strictly party lines. The caucus entered on a policy of political terrorism toward its opponents. Conservatives were not only driven out of the city council but they were unceremoniously ousted from every official position in the municipality, whether political in character or not. They were politically ostracized. They were treated as outlanders to whom all rights of citizenship were denied. They protested, but in vain. They had neither part nor lot with their fellow-citizens save as taxpayers. So pitiful, indeed, was their position that for years they did not venture to hold open public meetings. In short, the administration of the city was taken over entirely by a Radical junta. No American boss could have exercised more despotic sway than did Mr. Chamberlain when mayor of the city.

But how different were the results from those which might

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have been anticipated from American experience under similar conditions. The autocracy of the caucus was a blessing and not a curse. Birmingham had never enjoyed so able and noteworthy an administration as during the Chamberlain régime, and the traditions of that administration have continued unto this day. The city is still administered by the friends and associates of Mr. Chamberlain. The caucus is as unfriendly as ever to his political opponents. But from that day unto the present the city of Birmingham has enjoyed an honest, capable, and efficient administration. The caucus has been more than a partisan cabal. It has been a powerful educational agency. It has systematically promoted the discussion of political questions. It has organized, but it has also trained its members for public life. It has been the source of genuine social service. It is to this fact, in truth, that we must attribute the strong hold which the caucus has had upon the citizens of Birmingham.

We, in America, are prone to lay all our political evils upon the defects of our system of government. The boss, the machine, the caucus—in short, the whole party system has fallen under the special condemnation of our reformers. And yet the experience of Birmingham and many another English city bears testimony to the fact that no one of these institutions is bad in itself. It is not machinery but men that count in politics. The difference between Birmingham and New York is not fundamentally a difference in the form of municipal government but the difference between a Chamberlain and a Murphy. The machine and the caucus are merely the instruments through which the administration works. In the hands of a statesman they may be, and often are the true servants of the people. In the hands of corrupt politicians they become the servile tools of spoilsmen and special interests.

But the Birmingham caucus has a special significance to the student of political philosophy. It marks a break in the ideals and methods of the old school of Radicals and the new. John Bright and the older generation of Radicals were individualists in practice as well as in theory. They appealed directly to the minds and consciences of men. They were profoundly interested in the formation but not in the organization of public opinion. They were thinkers rather than men of action. The faithful followers of Bentham and John Stuart Mill found it exceedingly difficult to submit to the discipline of the new political order set

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up at Birmingham. They protested against the decisions of the caucus They denied the authority of the party leaders to restrict their freedom of judgment in respect to either men or measures. But the voice of the individual protestant was lost amid the chorus of organized democracy. The day for action had arrived. A practical leader had arisen who knew how to win victory and attain results. The caucus and the programme were something more than the mere application of efficiency methods to party politics. They were rather an expression of the new spirit of Radicalism, the spirit of Pragmatism. Democracy had ceased to be a theory or a dream, it had become a party and a force.

Equally significant from the philosophic standpoint is the influence of Chamberlain and his party organization upon the political principles of John Stuart Mill. The writings of Mill were the text-book, one might almost say the Bible of the Manchester School. Bentham may well be considered the father of modern English Radicalism, but John Stuart Mill was the greatest exponent of its political principles. He popularized the abstract theories of his worthy predecessor and gave to them a higher moral and social significance. From the principle of utility he derived the theories of individualism and democracy. But having set up democracy as the best form of government, inasmuch as it developed the highest moral and intellectual qualities in the general community, he drew back in alarm at the danger of entrusting individual rights to the will of numerical majorities. His political experience had served to correct his philosophic assumptions of the high moral quality of human nature, of the identity of the interests of the individual with those of society, and of the sweet reasonableness and harmony which would characterize the social and economic relations of men. "The power of the majority," he declared, "is salutary so far as it is used defensively, not offensively, as its exertion is tempered by respect for the personality of the individual and deference to superiority of cultivated intelligence."

But the question immediately arose, how was the power of the majority to be tempered so as to secure the much-desired protection of the minority? Mill was in a tight position, for as has been pointed out by Mr. Ostrogorski, "He repudiated the sovereignty of right in politics just as he had rejected that of duty in the moral sphere. As only material forces remained to be brought

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into play, there was nothing whatever to interfere between the individual interest and the multiplied interest of numbers unless some new dynamic combination could be devised to enable the weak to hold its own against the strong." This combination Mill believed he had found in the principle of proportional representation. By this happy mechanical device the opinions of every considerable group of 'electors could and would be directly represented in all public matters. A genuine democracy would be set up in place of a spurious representative system.

But the Birmingham caucus, as we have seen, utterly rejected the principle of minority representation. Mr. Chamberlain and his followers were thorough-going democrats. They believed in the rule of the majority without qualification or restriction. They were, to use a recent phrase, "whole hoggers." Democracy was either right or wrong; and if it was right in principle, it could not, they concluded, be wrong in practice. Mr. Chamberlain was too shrewd a politician to be fooled by the theorem that the evils of democracy could be cured by a mathematical formula. He did not deny that the majority might and would misuse their powers, but he had faith to believe that they would be quick to make amends when they became aware of the true facts of the matter. In any case, the remedy for these abuses would not be found in curtailing the power of democracy; it ought rather to be sought in the political education of the public.

The caucus is likewise interesting from a constitutional standpoint, in that it endeavoured to introduce a new constitutional doctrine into English politics, the doctrine of the popular mandate. Among the powers which were claimed by the caucus was that of dictating the views of local representatives upon questions of the day. But this pretension ran counter, not only to the individualistic tenets of the older Radicals, but also to the principles of the Constitution. According to the theory of English law a member of the House of Commons is a national and not a local representative. From the moment of his election he takes on a truly national character and is expected to legislate for the interests of the country as a whole rather than for those of his own immediate constituency. But the caucus did not spare even the Constitution. It demanded an immediate compliance with its demands on penalty of the defeat of the candidate for nomination and election. The caucus, however, had gone too far. Several prominent men of the party refused to sur-

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render their independence of judgment to a political cabal. They declined to assist in the restoration of what was in effect the old system of nomination burroughs, now masquerading under the guise of democracy. The struggle became so acute that Mr. Chamberlain found it necessary to check the zeal of his Radical friends. The principle of the mandate, Mr. Schnadhorst explained, was of the "very greatest value," but one "which should be applied with moderation and discretion and with due regard to circumstances and persons." This qualification has fortunately saved the independence of Parliament and preserved to the public the services of some of the noblest sons of England.

Mr. Chamberlain had already become a national figure. He was now ready to enter Parliament. The opportunity soon presented itself, and in 1876 he was elected by acclamation for one of the Birmingham seats. He entered Parliament as an advanced Radical of well-known independent views. He belonged to the newer type of politician. He had no aristocratic connections or associations with the landed interests. Nor did he regard himself, like many of his fellow-members from the metropolitan cities, as a representative of respectable middle-class Liberalism. He came from an industrial district, and without in any way professing to be a labour member claimed, and with a fair measure of justice, to represent the views of the working-man and to speak in their behalf. He was, moreover, one of the first public men to recognize the fact that municipal service afforded the best apprenticeship for national politics, and in so doing, established a precedent which has redounded to the municipal and national advantage of the nation. In short, his business training and municipal experience particularly fitted him for the responsible duties of parliamentary life. As an administrator he proved pre-eminent. Order, efficiency, and intelligent co-operation characterized the management of his department, whatever it might be. Administration with him was a business proposition, to be conducted according to business principles.

But in other respects his previous experience proved a handicap in Parliament. His close association with his home city exposed him to Lord Salisbury's taunt of "having a mayoralty mind"; and it must be confessed that Mr. Chamberlain was never able entirely to free himself from local influences. He was always the member for West Birmingham. Even at the height of his fame, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, he was prone to regard the

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affairs of the empire from the standpoint of the interests of his constituents. How different, indeed, might have been the course of imperial politics if Mr. Chamberlain, like so many British statesmen, had been obliged to seek a seat in some other than his home bailiwick.

An even more serious handicap was his connection with the caucus. In England politics, like cricket, has been a game for gentlemen. It is a sport, a means of recreation, not, as too often in America, a calling or a means of livelihood. A clear and fundamental distinction has been drawn between the amateur and the professional politician. The House of Commons has been and is intensely jealous of its reputation as the best gentlemen's club in Europe. The members of the House have closely identified their political activities with the social life of the community. In many cases a parliamentary career has expressed a historic succession of public service. The political game has always been keenly contested, but it has been played by gentlemen according to the well-understood rules of parliamentary courtesy.

But Mr. Chamberlain was essentially a professional politician and, like all professionals, brought a somewhat different spirit into the game. Politics with him was a master passion. There were few social cross currents and no intellectual back eddies to stay the onward rush of the stream of politics. He wanted the social amenities which lent courtesy and dignity to parliamentary life. A dinner at Mr. Asquith's or Mr. Balfour's was a gathering of the intellectual *élite* of England. At Mr. Chamberlain's it was a party caucus. In truth, Mr. Chamberlain always remained more or less a stranger to many of the members of the House of Commons. He belonged to a genus apart. He did not enter into their social lives. His thoughts were not their thoughts, nor were his interests their interests. They knew him only as a politician; they would have liked to know him as a man. His abilities commanded the admiration of the whole House, but he was never able to win his way into the hearts of a majority of the members.

This concentration of interest lent a special intensity to his relations with his fellow-members. He could attract or repel, but benevolent neutrality was foreign to his nature. He played the political game all the time and he always played to win. He was more concerned about the end in view than the means by

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which the end was attained. His political methods, it must be admitted, were not always over-scrupulous, and on more than one occasion, particularly during the Boer war, he was guilty of violating the best traditions of English political sportsmanship.

The political advent of Mr. Chamberlain likewise marked the growing influence of the commercial world in affairs of state. The Reform Act of 1832 transferred the balance of power from the landed aristocracy to the industrial and financial interests of the country. Nevertheless, thanks to her political traditions, England still continued to be ruled by her country gentlemen. There were many representatives of the commercial class in the House of Commons, but few indeed from among them were to be found in the councils of the government. But the day of the ascendancy of the landed aristocracy was at an end. The field of municipal politics was training a body of legislators immeasurably superior in knowledge and capacity to the honest but old-fashioned gentry of England. A new ruling class was emerging with a distinct political philosophy of its own. The commercial world was demanding a new type of politician; the idea of efficiency was taking possession of politics as it already had done in business. The day of the expert had come. Mr. Chamberlain entered the House not as a Radical only, but as an outstanding representative of the new school of political specialists.

What, then, was the sort of man who had just entered Parliament? In appearance he was tall, slightly made, and almost boyish-looking, despite his forty years. In dress he was fastidious. The quiet, self-possessed gentleman in conventional frock coat, with a fashionable waistcoat and a carefully adjusted monocle, was the most unlikely person in the House to be taken for a dangerous radical. In manner he was dignified and reserved almost to the point of coolness; in speech, calm, logical, and convincing, a skilled debater but without the slightest pretence of oratory; in judgment, shrewd almost to the point of canniness; in sentiment, a loyal friend, a stout opponent, a man of strong convictions; in habit of thought and political methods, an American rather than an English politician.

Mr. Chamberlain entered the House at a crucial moment in the history of the Liberal party. The old feud between the Whig and Radical wings of the party had broken out again. Their differences were too fundamental to be reconciled; they concerned the very nature of the English Constitution, they affected the

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whole temper of English politics. To the Whigs the principles of the English Constitution were sacred and inviolable. They believed in a limited constitution. In the careful balancing of the various organs of government they saw a "salutary check to all precipitate resolutions." These "salutary checks and balances," in the language of Edmund Burke, "render deliberation a matter not of choice, but of necessity. They make all change a subject of compromise which naturally begets moderation. They produce temperaments preventing the sore evil of harsh, unqualified reformations, and rendering all the headlong exertion of arbitrary power in the few or in the many, forever impracticable." To the Radicals these principles were anathema. In place of the theory of the separation of powers they set up the doctrine of popular sovereignty and to that doctrine they demanded absolute and unqualified submission. There was no room in their inexorable creed for the social amenities, legal privileges, judicious compromises, and easy latitudinarianism so dear to the hearts of their Whig friends.

The struggle between the two factions was rendered more acute by the passage of the second reform act. The majority of the Whigs were convinced that the extension of the franchise had gone far enough, if not too far. But the Radicals regarded that act as but a half-way measure and demanded the complete enfranchisement of the democracy of the country. With them, however, the ballot was only a means to social reform. The real differences between the factions were social and economic rather than political. The social stratification of parties was under way. The Whigs were representative of the large commercial interests and of the old landed aristocracy who still clung to the principles of 1688. The Radicals, on the other hand, appealed primarily to the so-called lower middle class. And between these two classes there was a great gulf fixed. Both in social relations and in economic interests the old Whig families were more closely identified with their Tory opponents than with their Radical allies. But so long as they retained control over the party's policy, there was little likelihood that they would desert the Liberal party. The Radicals, however, had been greatly strengthened by the recent elections and were eager to challenge the ascendancy of their rivals in the House.

Mr. Chamberlain had already won the enmity of some of the Whig leaders by his outspoken condemnation of the half-hearted

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attempts of the government to deal with questions of social reform and of the general neglect of the interests of the non-conformists and the working-class. His opponents had hoped that the dignified atmosphere of Westminster would dampen the ardour of his democratic sympathies. They had even prophesied that he would play but a pigmy part among the intellectual giants of the House. But these false hopes were quickly dispelled. Mr. Chamberlain immediately commanded the attention of the whole House, and in a short time was recognized as the chief spokesman of the Radical group.

On the defeat of the Conservative party in 1880, Mr. Gladstone offered Mr. Chamberlain a seat in the cabinet as a representative of the Radical wing of the party. For a time he maintained an attitude of friendly co-operation with his Whig colleagues; but as the franchise agitation waxed warmer and warmer, his moderation gave way and he came out boldly with an unauthorized programme of social and constitutional reform. The Whigs joined with the Tories in holding him up to scorn and ridicule; but he did not flinch. He returned the attack of his critics blow for blow. Lord Goschen was not the least of his censors who had cause to remember his biting invective.

"To scent out difficulties in the way of every reform, that," said Mr. Chamberlain, "is the congenial task of the man of the world who coldly recognizes the evils from which he does not suffer himself and reserves his chief enthusiasm for the critical examination of every proposal for their redress and for the scathing denunciation of the poor enthusiast who will not let well alone, and who cannot preserve the severe equanimity of superior persons."

These internal struggles rent the cabinet in twain. Even the genius of Mr. Gladstone could not save the tottering government from defeat.

The resignation of the government in 1885 left Mr. Chamberlain free to carry on his campaign against the Whigs. The radical programme which he soon after issued, startled the country by its progressivism. It was intended to be a direct challenge to the moderate Liberals. "The stage for agitation has passed," he declared, "and the time for action has come." The Whigs were thoroughly alarmed. The Birmingham caucus had captured the party organization of the country and now Mr. Chamberlain threatened to drive them out of the party unless they would

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accept his democratic principles. Some of the Whig leaders had already stepped out of the party and others were only waiting for a favourable opportunity to do so gracefully. That opportunity soon presented itself in the struggle over Irish Home Rule. On an amendment to the address eighteen moderate Liberals, including Hartington, Goschen, and Lubbock, walked into the Conservative lobby. The government, however, was defeated by the combined vote of the Liberal and Nationalist parties. In Mr. Gladstone's new cabinet the names of the old Whig leaders were missing. Their places had been filled from the ranks of the Radicals. Mr. Chamberlain had won a splendid victory. The days of Whig ascendancy were ended. The Liberal party had been purged of the standpatters. It had at last become a truly progressive party.

We must now turn to a more critical examination of Mr. Chamberlain's political principles. His political theories, so far as he may be said to have had any, were a peculiar combination of the philosophy of the French Revolution, the benevolent utilitarianism of John Stuart Mill, and the economic principles of the Manchester School, with a small admixture of practical socialism. From the first he derived the conception of the rights of man; from the second, individualistic ideas; from the third, the tenets of peace and free trade; and from the last, a liberal creed as to the functions of the state. It was useless for his opponents to point out that some of these theories were discredited and that they were all mutually contradictory. Mr. Chamberlain made no attempt to unify them. He simply used them, one and all, as occasion demanded, in order to support or defend some practical policy he had in mind. He would as readily have accepted any other theories which promised to serve his purpose. His political theories, as Mr. Jayes has well said, "have been determined quite as much by sentiment—by sympathy—by indignation, and by personal affection or resentment as by reason or calculation." In fact, he rather prided himself on sticking close to the facts and letting the theories shift for themselves.

Theoretically, he was a Republican, as were most of the advanced Radicals of his day, but he deliberately refrained from advocating such principles publicly. His views in respect to the matter were clearly expressed at a dinner at Birmingham in 1872. In proposing the toast to "the Queen" he declared:

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"I have been taxed with professing republicanism. I hold, and very few intelligent men do not now hold, that the best form of government for a free and enlightened people, is that of a republic, and that is the form of government to which the nations of Europe are surely and not very slowly tending. But, at the same time, I am not at all prepared to enter into an agitation in order to upset the existing state of things, to destroy monarchy and to change the name of the titular ruler of this country. I do not consider that name a matter of the slightest importance. What is of real importance is the spread of a real republican spirit among the people. The idea to my mind that underlies republicanism, is this; that in all cases merit should have a fair chance, that it should not be handicapped in the race by any accident of birth or privilege, that all men should have equal rights before the law, equal chances of serving their country."

But the Radicals of England, he thought, had sufficient problems to engage their immediate attention without wasting time on remote speculations. On his several visits to the United States he made a careful study of American institutions, for which he conceived a high but discriminating admiration. He was particularly appreciative of our educational system and religious freedom, and above all, as his marriage proved, of our American women. On the other hand, he was severely critical of the corruption and flagrant abuses of the spoils system which disgraced so much of our state and municipal politics. In recent years his faith in republicanism seems to have somewhat abated; or perhaps it might be better to say that political experience had led him to believe that the constitutional monarchy of England afforded all the practical advantages of a republican form of government, and at the same time, avoided some of the worst abuses of a commercialized democracy.

His practical social program at this time included, among other subjects, the three F's—Free Labour, Free Land, and Free Schools,—temperance reform, extension of the franchise, and the general improvement of the economic conditions of society. "England," he declared, "was said to be the paradise of the rich. Let it not become the purgatory of the poor." The workingmen of the country were justified in demanding a larger share of the fruits of their industry. They were entitled to better social conditions, and to something more than a living wage. Some years later as a Liberal Unionist, he still further developed his programme of reform. Chief among the measures he advocated were statutory control of the hours of labor in mining or other dangerous callings; local regulation of the hours of employment

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in shops; the establishment of arbitration tribunals for trade disputes; workman's compensation; old-age pensions for the deserving poor; restriction upon the immigration of foreign paupers; extension of the power of the local authorities to carry on improvements and to provide for the better housing of the poor, either by the erection of municipal dwellings or by the advancement of money to working-men who desired to purchase their own homes.

In the subject of old-age pensions he was particularly interested and for many years was the leading advocate of some such measure in the House. He was too staunch an individualist, however, to support any general scheme for giving weekly pensions to all aged persons. He protested against the recognition of a universal claim on the part of the general public. Such a recognition, he believed, would revive all the evils of the old Poor Law. It would discourage thrift and encourage idleness and crime. Only those should be helped who had proved themselves worthy of help. An old-age pension should be a premium on industry and not a relief for indigence. But in this, as in so many more of his plans for social betterment, Mr. Chamberlain had the misfortune of seeing his favourite measures carried out by his political opponents.

He favoured the settlement of industrial disputes by arbitration. For this purpose he suggested that a special tribunal, consisting of a judge and assessors, should be set up in every district for the hearing of all such cases. The decisions of the court, however, should be purely voluntary in operation and not compulsory, as in some of the British colonies. Public opinion, he believed, would be more effective than law as a preventive and a determinant of strikes. His objection to general coercionary legislation was likewise reflected in his opposition to a compulsory eight-hour day in all employments. A limitation of the hours of labour might, in his judgment, be advantageously employed in dangerous or unsanitary callings, but the adoption of all such restrictive legislation ought properly to be reserved for local determination. He was, however, distinctly friendly to the enactment of a comprehensive scheme for workman's compensation and some years later, as a member of the Conservative government, had the satisfaction of assisting in the passage of the first important act on this subject.

His views in respect to land reform were even more striking

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Upon this matter he broke completely with his friends of the Manchester School. He questioned the doctrine of the sacredness of private property. Property, he maintained, had obligations as well as rights and he was prepared to enforce these obligations even at the expense of prescriptive rights.

"What," he asked, in his celebrated Ransom speech, "is to be the nature of the democratic legislation of the future? I cannot help thinking that it will be more directed to what are called social subjects than has hitherto been the case. How to promote the greater happiness of the masses of the people, how to increase their enjoyment of life, that is the problem of the future; and just as there are politicians who would occupy all the world and leave nothing for the ambition of anybody else, so we have their counterpart at home in the men who, having already annexed everything that is worth having, expect everybody else to be content with the crumbs that fall from their table. If you will go back to the early history of our social system, you will find that when our social arrangements first began to shape themselves, every man was born into the world with Natural Rights, with a right to a share in the great inheritance of the community, with a right to a part of the land of his birth. But all those rights have passed away. The common rights of ownership have disappeared. Some of them have been sold; some of them have been given away by people who had no right to dispose of them; some of them have been lost through apathy and ignorance; some have been destroyed by fraud; and some have been acquired by violence. Private ownership has taken the place of these communal rights, and this system has become so interwoven with our habits and usages, it has been so sanctioned by law and protected by custom, that it might be very difficult and perhaps impossible to reverse it. But then, I ask, what ransom will Property pay for the security which it enjoys? What substitute will it find for the Natural Rights which have ceased to be recognized? Society is banded together in order to protect itself against the instincts of those of its members who would make very short work of private ownerships if they were left alone. That is all very well, but I maintain that society owes to these men something more than mere toleration in return for the restrictions which it places upon their liberty of action.

"There is a doctrine in many men's mouths, and in few men's practice, that Property has obligations as well as rights. I think in the future we shall hear a great deal more about the obligations of Property, and we shall not hear quite so much about its rights."

These words sound strangely familiar to us. The mind immediately reverts to a recent exciting campaign in America in which an ex-president of the United States took a leading part. But lo! instead of commanding the armies of the Lord at the battle of Armageddon, we find that our picturesque representative of strenuous democracy has been fighting a belated battle some fifty years in the rear of the vanguard of English Radicals.

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Among the specific remedies he proposed for the settlement of the land question were the registration of titles with a view to the simplification and cheapening of the process of transfer, the abrogation of settlements and entails and the custom of primogeniture in case of intestacy, and the application of the principles of the Irish Land Act to England and Scotland. To the agricultural labourer he held out the prospect of the construction of decent cottages and the grant of small allotments on equitable terms. If the landlords failed to make proper provision for their workmen, the local authorities should be empowered to acquire the necessary land and let it out in allotments and small holdings. For this part of his programme, Mr. Chamberlain was undoubtedly indebted in part to his friend Mr. Jesse Collins of "three acres and a cow" fame.

Even more radical was his policy in respect to those unprofitable landlords who used their estates for pleasure rather than cultivation. He would give short shrift indeed to the Scotch nobility who drove the crofters off their estates in order to make way for deer and pheasants. All such estates, he maintained, should be restored to production on penalty of expropriation; sporting and uncultivated land should be taxed at its full productive value. Public lands or commons which had been illegally or unjustly enclosed and endowments which had been diverted to improper uses should be re-claimed by the state. It is little wonder that the Tory squires regarded him with horror as a modern Jack Cade and that many of the old-time Whigs thought it necessary to repudiate such revolutionary attacks upon the sacred right of property. He was "denounced by Mr. Salisbury, lectured by Mr. Goschen, scolded by the Duke of Argyle and preached at by the *Spectator*." Every respectable interest felt itself justified in rebuking this unregenerate disciple of Tom Paine.

First and foremost among the constitutional changes which he demanded were the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England and the re-organization of the House of Lords. As a nonconformist, he had suffered from the superior privileges of the Anglican Church in matters of religion and education, but he bore the Church no personal enmity. He did not desire its destruction; "although it has been a cruel stepmother to some of us, it is," he acknowledged, "a venerable institution and it has done and is doing good work." He demanded, however,

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the complete separation of Church and State, the entire abolition of the special legal privileges of the Established Church, and the complete secularization of the system of Church schools. In short, he would have put the Church on a purely voluntary basis similar to that of other denominations and would have restricted its functions to what he regarded as purely religious ministrations. But in disestablishing the Church, he would have preserved those temporalities to which the Church was legally entitled and which were necessary to the successful prosecution of her work.

Mr. Chamberlain was by no means as considerate of that other venerable institution, the House of Lords. He would gladly have wiped out the hereditary principle as a baneful feudal anacronism.

"Are the lords," he indignantly asked, "to dictate to us, the people of England? Are the lords to dictate to us the laws which we shall make and the way in which we shall bring them in? Are you going to be governed by yourselves, or will you submit to an oligarchy which is a mere accident of birth? Your ancestors resisted kings and abated the pride of monarchs and it is inconceivable that we should be so careless of your great heritage as to submit your liberties to this miserable minority of individuals who rest their claims upon privilege and upon accident. . . . Why should I have any spite against the House of Lords? I have always thought that it was a very picturesque institution, attractive from its connection with the history of our country. I have no desire to see dull uniformity in social life and I am rather thankful than otherwise to gentlemen who take the trouble of wearing robes and coronets and who will keep up a certain state and splendour which is very pleasing to look upon. They are ancient monuments and I for one should be very sorry to deface them. But, gentlemen, I do not admit that we can build upon these interesting ruins the foundations of our government. I cannot allow that these antiquities should control the destinies of a free empire; and when they press their claims without discretion and without moderation, when they press them to an extreme which their predecessors never contemplated, I say they provoke inquiry and controversy which cannot but end in their humiliation. I have read somewhere the saying of a certain Rumbold who was a Puritan soldier in the time of the Stuarts, to the effect that he would believe in hereditary legislators when he found that men were born into the world, some of them with saddles on their backs, and others with bits and spurs ready to ride them. That is a condition which has not yet been fulfilled, and I do not think that the men who desire to preserve the authority of the Peers are wise if they push that authority so far as to set people thinking what grounds we have for giving them any authority at all, and how they have used the authority they at present possess."

In fiscal matters, Mr. Chamberlain was a strong free trader, not so much from conviction as by reason of experience and

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association. The manufacturing interests had prospered under free trade; the lot of the working-man had improved; and like many of his countrymen, he ascribed these benefits to the liberal fiscal policy of his country. As president of the Board of Trade, he condemned the proposal to retaliate against the beet-sugar bounties of the French government.

"He could conceive it just possible that under the sting of great suffering, strange remedies might be tried and sometime or other people might be found foolish enough to tax the food of the country. If that were done, the recurrence of depression would be the signal for such a state of things as we had never seen since the repeal of the corn laws. . . . The tax on food would mean a decline in the value of wages, certainly in their proportionate value—wages would purchase less. It would mean an increase in the price of every article produced in this country and the loss of our foreign trade which was so valuable."

In fact, it was not until the Colonial Conference of 1897 that he appears to have seriously considered the advisability of modifying the fiscal policy of the country.

In matters of foreign policy he was an orthodox Manchester School man. No member of the House was more scornful than he of Mr. Disraeli's spectacular attempts to play the leading part in the councils of Europe. He desired to avoid all entangling alliances and to keep his country out of the maelstrom of international politics. He was a man of peace. He took no delight in wars of conquest or in the slaughter of his fellow-men. He thought of the expense and suffering which these wars would entail rather than of the military prestige to be derived therefrom. He joined in the bitter denunciation of the pro-Turkish policy of the Conservative government, but he did not permit his sympathies with the oppressed races of Europe to go beyond the range of benevolent interest or friendly diplomacy. Non-intervention was the well-established policy of the Radical party, and in that policy he fully shared.

He was equally critical of the music-hall imperialism of the Conservative leader. Although not an avowed Little Englander, he was nevertheless somewhat tainted with the narrow political philosophy of that school. He experienced no joy in the process of painting the map red. The empire, he believed, was already sufficiently large without attempting to assume new burdens and responsibilities. Tory imperialism appeared to him very much in the light of an ignis fatuus to divert the attention of the

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public from the consideration of more important social questions at home. Too often it was but a patriotic cloak which was falsely used to cover some unjustifiable act of territorial spoliation. The empire ought, in his judgment, to be based upon the same liberal constitutional principles as prevailed in England. It should be an instrument of freedom and not of conquest or tyranny.

The splendid liberality of Mr. Chamberlain's early imperialism finds its best expression in his vigorous defence of the Pretoria Convention, by which the Transvaal was virtually re-ceded to the Boers.

"When the terms of peace were arranged," he said, "when the Boers accepted our offer, as we had originally made it, we rejoiced in the prospect of a settlement without further effusion of blood, whether of Englishmen or Dutchmen; and we did not think the English people would feel themselves to be humiliated because their government had refused knowingly to persist in a course of oppression and wrong-doing, and we had accepted, without a victory, terms which were the best we could reasonably expect that even the greatest victory would give to us. We are a great and powerful nation. What is the use of being great and powerful, if we are afraid to admit an error when we are conscious of it? Shame is not in the confession of a mistake. Shame lies only in persistency in wilful wrong-doing."

This speech marks the zenith of Mr. Chamberlain's Liberalism. He had indeed wrought great works on behalf of the Radical party. He had shown the way to municipal reform. He had revolutionized the party organization. He had overthrown the arid individualism of the Manchester School. He had democratized the principles of the party, and most important of all, he had set up a high ideal of social and international justice. It almost seemed for the moment as though the mantle of John Bright had fallen upon him, and that with a more liberal creed than that noble statesman, he would stand forth as the great apostle of civic righteousness and as the champion of the weak and oppressed of all nations.

But Mr. Chamberlain's principles were about to be put to the severest test. The Home Rule question had become the dominant issue in politics. For some time past Mr. Chamberlain and John Morley had been striving to gain the ear of Mr. Gladstone. The two men had been closely associated in the struggle for social and electoral reforms. They both belonged to the advanced wing of the Liberal party. But they were strikingly different in tempera-

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ment and in political ideals and methods. Mr. Chamberlain was pre-eminently a politician, Mr. Morley a scholar. The one was a Radical utilitarian, the other a philosophic Liberal. To the former liberty was a means to individual advancement and national strength, to the latter it was the supreme end of government. The Irish question brought the matter to an issue. Mr. Chamberlain was not prepared to apply to Ireland the same liberal principles as to the Transvaal. In this case, in his judgment, national sovereignty was to be preferred to local self-government. Considerations of expediency more than outweighed mere technical principles. The Irish had always proved themselves a wicked and perverse people. They were a constant thorn in the flesh of Great Britain. They could not safely be entrusted with practical independence. But to Mr. Morley, on the other hand, the very disloyalty of the Irish strengthened their claims for complete autonomy. Ireland was entitled to freedom, whatever the consequences might be to England.

The Liberal party was called upon to make a choice between the two conflicting ideals, liberty or strength—a free but possibly independent Ireland, or a powerful and united kingdom. The choice was difficult to make, for it rent the party in twain. But the councils of the idealist prevailed; and true to their best traditions, the rank and file of the party determined to follow the lead of the man of vision rather than that of the practical statesman; and in that decision, the future of the Liberal party was assured.

Mr. Chamberlain sorrowfully withdrew from his old associates. He had led the Radical forces to the border of the promised land. He was now to turn back. His splendid efforts had failed. They had failed because he had not the liberal sympathies and prophetic vision of his philosophic rival, because he estimated the greatness of the nation in terms of power rather than in terms of freedom. He had not an abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of righteousness. He was an idealist, but his idealism was qualified by an alloy of national materialism. Freedom was a reward, not a boon. It was something to be merited, not something to be freely bestowed on the undeserving. There was in his radicalism a strain of political Calvinism which sometimes harshened his judgments of men and nations. In a word, his Radicalism was lacking in the saving virtue of Liberalism.

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But even in his defeat he stands out as one of the greatest Radicals in English history. He represented the stage of political equality in English Radicalism. He was the connecting link between John Stuart Mill and David Lloyd George, between the principles of philosophic liberty and the doctrines of social democracy. He transformed Liberalism from a philosophic principle into a political force. He found his countrymen given over to Benthamite formulas and to Tory imperialism. He rescued the Liberal party from the former and struck a heavy blow at the ascendancy of the latter. He led the fight for the democratization of the institutions of England. He showed how the English Constitution might be transformed from an ancient and venerable institution of government into the most progressive of modern political organizations. In short, he Americanized the politics, socialized the conceptions, and democratized the institutions of his country. He was the precursor of Lloyd George. He prepared the way for social and economic reforms. He laid down the principles and set forth the methods of political action. It has been left to the little Welsh solicitor to work out the experiments which have made of England the political laboratory of the world. And the Liberal party of to-day has entered into his labours.

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GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI

I

It is a commonplace to say that the nations of the north have seen in Italy from the first the home of romance, the pleasure-place of the imagination. And they have always delighted to heighten her effects. From Chaucer to Walter Pater she has been ever the land of mystery and tragedy, of soft lascivious manners and gorgeous crimes, of a deep magical melancholy which has laid a spell upon the northern mind—a spell, however, which that mind itself and its tastes have largely created. The deep racial differences have fascinated the Teutonic imagination, which in turn has exaggerated them; and they have done for the Italian temperament, in our fancy, what the Tuscan cypress does for the grave Italian landscape, given it that touch of strangeness added to beauty which for Pater's mind constituted the romantic. But to think thus of Italy is to deal in a kind of pathetic fallacy. Italy is not romantic in her own view; in her own view she is classic, wholly and unescapably. Her mystic landscape is the same that Virgil and Horace celebrated without a hint of mysticism; Pliny had a villa on Lake Como, Catullus one at Garda; everywhere the antique world underlies the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Italy was classic before ever romanticism was invented, and classic she remains.

Not that the Italians are the Romans, or think they are. They went through the Middle Ages with the rest of Europe, though with a difference. But their classical heritage is in their memories. Even the greatest mediaeval and Christian poem in the world betrays the classic instinct in its magnificent framework, its structure, and its pattern. Petrarch's sonnets are romantic in their personal note of self-revelation; but his claim to fame, we must remember, he based upon Latin works executed as far as he knew how in the classic spirit, and it would have seemed to him an irony that his *Song-Book*, a mere diary so to speak, should be the thing of his to take the fancy of a romanticizing posterity. With the Renaissance came the complete recovery of Italy's inheritance from antiquity, and a recognition of the

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true tradition of native inspiration; and Italian literature—even when dealing with romantic material, as with Ariosto and Tasso—has been classic in method ever since.

So the Romantic Movement was never at home on Italian soil. It was but one more invasion by the barbarians. It came in by the door of political thought, with the ideas of the French Revolution; and when Italy's own conflict was over her brief attack of the romantic fever left her. So when her great nineteenth-century poet came to be born (in the very decade which had begun with the publication of *Hernani*) he was born a classic; and as we see Carducci discarding the foreign romantic wear in literature at the very moment when Italy was repudiating foreign political domination, we seem to feel that classicism—native and traditional as it is—fits as closely the new idea of unity and integrity, as romanticism had earlier fitted with struggle.

The birth of Giosuè Carducci, which met the need of a robuster spirit in Italian poetry to match the renewal of national hope, occurred in 1835. He witnessed the whole of the struggle for independence, and lived nearly forty years under the free tricolour. When he was born, Silvio Pellico had been five years out of his Austrian prison, and Charles Albert had been on his throne for four; when Carducci was thirteen, came the first Italian army into the field against Austria, its initial successes and its speedy defeat at Custoza; a year later, a boy of fourteen, he sorrowed over the disaster of Novara. He was twenty-five when Victor Emmanuel came to the throne and Cavour to the ministry, and thirty-five when the King at last entered Rome.

His birthplace was a little village named Valdicastello in the garden of Tuscany. His father was a physician, an ardent patriot and anti-clerical, who brought the boy up to love his country and hate the church. Besides the medical library, there was a precious collection of what Lamb would have admitted as *biblia* on the shelves of the bare little house where poetry and poverty dwelt together. This village doctor read and cherished his scanty library, and nourished his son upon Virgil and Horace, Dante and Tasso, and two works of history whose titles are significant—Rollin's *Rome* and Thiers's *History of the French Revolution*. The perusal of Thiers and Rollin, added to conversations overheard in which the father proclaimed his own liberal principles, fired the boy with a passion for republican government, a passion which he translated into action by organizing republic

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after little republic with his brothers and their young companions. A republic with archons, with tribunes, with consuls, it mattered little, he says, so long as each was inaugurated by a revolution. The revolutions were conducted by stone-throwing and debate, and after one too-violent Jacobin demonstration his father imprisoned him for some time with Manzoni's *Christian Morals* and Silvio Pellico's *Duties of Man*. One cannot help tracing some of Carducci's later dislike of all moralizing, sentiment, romanticism, and Christianity itself, to this early incarceration in the undesired company of saints. Parental discipline likewise drew the first poetry out of him. He had three cherished pets which he delighted to fondle—an owl, a falcon, and a young wolf; one day the father, out of patience with these singular tastes, slew the birds and gave the beast away. Carducci, like many another broken-hearted lover, assuaged his grief with song, and his first verses were those wrung from him by sorrow. Wordsworth's phrase comes to mind at this picture of a madcap little boy all activity and emotion. The whole future man can be discerned here in him—the revolutionist, the inveterate decrier of Manzoni, and the poet.

There came an end to the days at Valdicastello; and he was sent first to a clerical school where he was as out of his element as might be expected, and then to the normal school in Pisa, which he felt to be conducted by pedants. In spite of the scorn which he entertained for the methods of education practised upon him, he was an eager and untiring student from the first, as several of his schoolmates, who have grown up to be men of letters, testify. One of them says the boy was as economical of his time as a miser of his purse, and that as the long and frequent religious exercises irked him as so much time lost, he used to carry with him instead of his prayer-book some classic of similar binding and dimensions, and read it voraciously during the service. A poem reminiscent of these days, called *A Recollection of Schooldays*, shows us how little we can guess what is going on in small heads that bend above their school-books. He recalls a day in mid-June, when, the conjugation of *amo* suddenly beginning to dance before his eyes upon the yellow page of his grammar, and the droning voice of the black-frocked priest, his teacher, to grow faint, his thoughts fly out of the window where a cherry-bough red with fruit is beckoning to him. Beyond, he can see a mountain-top and a strip of sky and a patch of the blue

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Ligurian sea, and hear the hum of bees and the song of birds. Then suddenly across his mind, thus occupied with growing, live things, strikes the sharp thought of death, the knowledge that he must some day lie insensible to all these outdoor solicitations while the birds go on singing, not for him. And the little boy's heart is shaken with fear.

He received his doctorate from Pisa, at the age of twenty-one, and thus describes the ordeal of his examination in literature in a letter to Giuseppe Chiarini, the friend who was to become his biographer, the "Caro Beppe" to whom many of the letters are addressed:

"Yesterday I had my examination, or rather discussed the theme in Italian literature which I had chosen, and the result was more than gratifying. From the beginning, contrary to custom, I had my audience—famous white-haired men in doctors' gowns—silent and all attention for an hour. (And I was supposed to have spoken a half-hour.) There was one, a little professor of rational philosophy, who pronounced himself awe-struck at my citations from memory!

"I could not complete my discourse, and came off ten minutes short because the Provost said to me at last, seeing there was no end to it, 'I must announce to Dr. Carducci, to my regret, that the time allotted to him by law has already been exceeded by thirty minutes,' and then rang his little bell. . . . Then came congratulations, embraces and kisses, from all the most distinguished and the least distinguished, and the whole roomful pressed around me.

"It all ended in a great lark; for in the evening, on the Lungarno, accompanied by Pelosini, Tribolati, and others, I declaimed extempore an epic poem to Father Arno, an Etruscan deity with sea-green locks, who refused to countenance electric light, gas, or steam. Tarquin, Lars Porsena, the virgin Camilla and Turnus were in it, and went about extinguishing all the gas-jets, and unearthing ancient lamps from the sepulchre of Tarquinia and the Etruscan tombs. The hero of the piece, whose part I half sang and half declaimed, was an Etruscan vase personified, which broke into the shops, smashing cups, tumblers, and such like modern trash. The others laughed tremendously, as I went on chanting, now in blank verse and now in *ottava rima*, while the general public passed by in the distance, intimidated. All this I did in my dress suit, with my best waistcoat on, and an enormous white cravat around my neck."

It is a pity that more of the letters of Carducci's later years do not exhibit him in this vein of extravagant humour; but the first volume of them to be published is largely taken up with business notes to publishers, and the hasty letters to friends are oftenest concerned with questions of literary or textual criticism.

Soon after his examination, with its triumphant issue, there

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came a family tragedy. His brother Dante, in a fit of melancholy, killed himself before his parents' horror-stricken eyes. His father's death followed hard upon this disaster, and upon Carducci fell the support of his mother, his young brother, his cousin, and his cousin's wife. They had moved to Florence by this time, and were living in a modest house near the Porta Romana, which to-day wears a tablet. A year or so later, in 1857, appeared the first little book of verses, entitled *Rhymes*, published rather reluctantly in the single hope of eking out expenses, a hope naturally destined to disappointment. At the same time he was engaged with some other ambitious young men in founding a little society to take the field against the romanticists. They called themselves *Gli amici pedanti* ("Pedant Friends") and fought their foe chiefly on patriotic grounds, alleging romanticism to be "an irreverence done our great classical writers."

Meanwhile, in order to live, he was teaching school, first at San Miniato del Tedesco, and then, when newly married in 1859, at Pistoia. His marriage brought him children, a beautiful little son named Dante for the dead brother, who died at the age of three, and three daughters who lived to grow up. His wife seems to have left not the smallest impress on his letters or his poetry, but his little son's death and his daughter's marriage purchased us two beautiful poems. In 1860, when he was but twenty-five, a welcome bolt from the blue, came his appointment to the chair of literature at Bologna, a post he continued to fill until just a few years before his death in 1907. His activities as professor were many. He edited a great many texts, besides teaching, lecturing, and writing poetry and criticism; and his personal influence was inspiring to his students. He had small patience, however, with their premature literary aspirations, and was a stern critic of their first attempts. He used to say that he was going to introduce an Education Bill, of which Article XXXIX should read thus: "Any professor whose students shall be found publishing prose or verse within three years of graduation, shall be deprived of his chair; and any professor whose students shall be found publishing prose or verse while still in college, shall be beaten with rods." William Roscoe Thayer says of Carducci's professorship: "He was a scholar of the best German type, familiar with the apparatus of the philologian, a stickler for perfection in line and word and comma. Yet this was but the beginning. Since Schiller taught at Jena, no such poet had sat

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in a professor's chair, while Carducci was what Schiller was not, a profound and careful scholar as well." His capacity for work was enormous. He could put in eight or ten hours on end, with one off for the mental refreshment of proof-reading! During his first year at Bologna he says that he rose at three even in January, to prepare his lectures on Petrarch. Here are some sentences from a letter written that same year:

"I am studying and reading constantly, incessantly; I make no acquaintances, I go nowhere, not even to the café. I write nearly all day, and besides writing, read Latin and study Greek. In the last two weeks I have devoured the *Electra* of Sophocles and six books of Virgil, corrected the *Stanzas* [a work of Politian's that he was editing] and written the commentary on fifty-six of them. You see I am at work. I don't know when I shall get back to poetry, but should like to write a poem on the monument to Leopardi, finish my ode to Liberty, write a song in *terza rima* to Rome, and an ode to the people. But I greatly fear I shall write no more verse."

When these words were penned, the *Nuove rime* and the *Odi barbare* were still unwritten!

It is necessary to touch upon Carducci's political opinions. He had begun, as will be readily guessed, a red Republican, but as he saw the heroes of the Risorgimento pass and leave the stage to lesser men, he came to agree with the wise Cavour that Italy was not ripe for democratic government, and to acquiesce in a kingdom under the house of Savoy. He even served a term as senator under the new régime. His change of front, however, laid him open to misconstruction, and at one time to something like persecution from his hot-headed young students at Bologna. It has been laid, and French critics characteristically accept this view, to his great admiration for the gracious Queen Margherita, whose long friendship for him was published at the time when, a few years before his death, she purchased his library to preserve it from being scattered. But his sincerity and patriotism are as unquestionable as his courage—courage in the face of poverty, grief, misrepresentation. All who write of his character find the same word for it—leonine. In him we are in touch with a personality of power, with some elements of true greatness. Wayward and wilful, to be sure, hot-tempered and quick to tears, proud as Lucifer and un-self-conscious as a child, a mixture of hero and *enfant terrible*, generous, laborious, and brave,—he answers to the sociologist's definition of genius, he is the eternal

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adolescent. He suggests, somewhat, Walter Savage Landor, so exquisitely polished an artist, yet a personality so burly, and might almost as well have sat to Dickens for the caricaturing portrait of Boythorn. In friendship he was ardent and self-devoted, but whimsical. The child of village folk, in drawing-rooms he was ever unwieldy. In humour he was somewhat lacking, save in Ben Jonson's sense, and good spirits seem not to have accompanied him very far upon the highway of this life. In an early letter he describes himself as not very well fitted for life upon this globe, not so much by reason of circumstances as because of the temper of his mind. And he writes somewhere to "Caro Beppe": "Write, write—and forget this life, which is a vain thing." Vivacity in his letter-writing is called out only by his dislikes; he says himself, "I was ever more ready to hate evil than to love good," but the truth is rather that he enjoyed himself more in the expression of his antipathies.

Of all the anecdotes and reminiscences which it is tempting to quote, we must content ourselves with one, the chapter of recollection contributed by Annie Vivanti (Mrs. Chartres), the gifted and versatile author of *Lirica* and *The Devourers*.

She made the poet's acquaintance as a blue-eyed girl of fifteen when she went alone with her governess to Bologna to see him and ask him please to write her a preface for the volume of poems which she carried in manuscript under her arm! Won, perhaps, by the very preposterousness of this request, Carducci read the blue-eyed child's verses, and was so impressed with them that he actually wrote the preface; and the book was "the literary sensation of 1890." The preface begins: "In my creed it is written that priests and women cannot write poetry."

From that time she was his great friend and pet, and no one has such characteristic incidents to recount of him. Mrs. Chartres recalls driving over the border from Switzerland into Italy with him once, when two Germans had begged the privilege of riding in his carriage that they might have the experience of seeing Italy first in the company of her greatest poet. As they reached the line, a group of the too-familiar Italian beggars rose up at the side of the road to clamour for *un soldo*, which the Germans, delighted at their picturesqueness, gladly gave them. But Carducci was cut to the heart at this exhibition of his countrymen's weakness; standing up in his carriage, he thunderously commanded the unoffending Germans to descend and leave him,

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and forbade Annie Vivanti to speak a word, while he sat brooding in silence over his humiliation.

"This small impersonal incident," she says, "wounded him far more than any personal slight ever could. When in 1895, after he had renounced Republicanism, his students in Bologna turned against him with insults and violence, hissing him, and even in one instance striking him, he was unmoved and calm. When they cried, 'Down with Carducci!' he shook his leonine head gravely and said, 'No, never down with me! God has set me on high.' On the day after these events he came to see us in Genoa, and we were horrified to see his hand, the strong small hand which has penned some of the most beautiful poetry Italy has produced, wounded and bruised. One of his students had struck him with a large key. Carducci smiled indulgently almost tenderly. 'They are good boys, they are noble boys, I love them,' he said. 'They think they are in the right, so they are right.'

"'Why did you leave them?' I asked. 'Why turn back?'

"'My child,' he answered, 'easy it was and a joy to lead a band of eager youths to the ringing words Republic and Freedom. All young Italy followed with shouts and cheers. But should I have been worthy of their trust if, when I saw that we had struck the wrong path, I had not turned round and told them so? Indeed, it takes courage to face the sorrow and mistrust of all those young hearts. I am grieved for their grief. But they will understand one day that Italy is not ready for a republic.'"

On another occasion Carducci took his favourite to see the composer Verdi, then an old man, in his villa by the sea.

"On arrival," she writes, "Carducci went out on the marble terrace overlooking the shimmering Mediterranean, and sat there without speaking a word. Verdi, calling to me, sat down at his piano and, easily as the wind blows, played rambling and beautiful music, as if he were talking to me. Then he rose and stepped through the open window to the terrace, where Carducci still sat motionless staring at the sea. We sat down beside him and nobody spoke for a long time . . . Carducci said suddenly, 'I believe in God,' and Verdi nodded his white head."

Here is an anecdote in different vein. "His hatred of all forms of adulation," Mrs. Chartres says, "was profound. '*Buon giorno! Poeta!*' exclaimed a beautiful young man at Madesimo one day, saluting him with a wide sweep of his hat. Carducci stopped and stared at the stranger. 'Poet,' he said, 'Who, Poet? I am not Poet to you. To you I am Signor Carducci.' And he strode angrily on."

On another occasion they were in the street together when a ragged journalist stopped them, asking help for his sick wife and unluckily adding that it was he who had written an article

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in appreciation of Carducci which had appeared the week before. Carducci, in anger that any one should think he could be won with praise, struck the man with his cane. But then sent the wife a hundred-franc note the same evening!

And here is Mrs. Chartres's personal tribute:

"Since the day of our first meeting, he has been a friend to me and mine. Carducci's friendship! No one who does not know him well can understand what that means. . . . To all the world he is a great poet, historian, scholar; and a noble man, stern, rugged, severe, uncompromising, splendid in his austere serenity. But those whose hand he has held in friendship, who have seen him day by day in his simplicity and goodness, his kindliness and strength . . . those fortunate ones to whom the full purity and humility of his great soul have been revealed, speak his name with tender breath, and write of him with halting hand, as I do; with eyes, perhaps, as mine, brimming over with tears."

II

Carducci's poetic work fills a thousand pages, a thousand pages of short poems. Not one above six pages, and those of such length few; not one narrative poem, not one long elegy or meditative work, not a closet drama; a thousand pages of lyric poetry by a poet who hated subjectivity! I can think of no English poet of equal consequence who wrote nothing but lyrics. Shelley left us *Prometheus* and *The Cenci;* Keats, *Endymion* and *Hyperion;* Tennyson, the *Idyls* and the dramas; Herrick is not a figure of like magnitude—when Carducci died, a critic in the *Quarterly Review* wrote that we had lost the greatest poet in Europe. Moreover, Carducci is a lyric poet almost without lyricism. The "lyric cry" we think to recognize in the personal note, and he is seldom personal. When he is, it is not his feelings but his opinions that he usually expresses. Love and *Weltschmerz*, the burden of most lyric poetry, are absent. We might say, to be sure, that to express prejudices and predilections is to strike as intimate a note as to sing of passion and despair; yet even this so much drier and less exuberant kind of personal expression is lacking to his latest, greatest volume.

The first two hundred and fifty pages of the collected poems contain the *Juvenilia*, poems written between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. They are the verses of an angry young man, angry with almost equal heat against the enemies of Italy, bad poetry, his own base and cowardly generation—"Vile little Christianizing century," as he calls it—and Alessandro Manzoni.

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This lifelong rage against that gentle and revered poet (already full of years and honours by the time Carducci was grown) has something droll in its exaggeration. Carducci used Manzoni's name to conjure up a whole set of detested associations, very much as the romanticists were accustomed to revile classicism, artificiality, and the eighteenth century under the name of Pope, though it is only fair to say that Carducci the critic did larger justice to Manzoni and the whole Romantic Movement in Italy than did the poet or the letter-writer; but as a French writer aptly puts it: "In his prose he says what he knows, in his poetry what he thinks."

In the verses of this young man under twenty-five, moreover, there are almost no love poems, and he repents of only two or three as heartily as did Petrarch over his whole *Song-Book*. His repentance seems to have been lifelong. There is hardly a love poem in the whole book. We can find one or two to shadowy ladies with classical names—Lidia or Lalage—but only one to a real woman—the lovely *Idyl of the Maremma*. This celebrates *bionda Maria*, strong and beautiful daughter of the fields, beloved in his youth; it is somewhat in the temper of Landor's *Fiesolan Idyl*, and so beautiful that we can only wish there were more. But women are revenged upon Carducci, if they wish to be, for his slighting the feminine element in poetry and in life. He will be the less read outside of Italy.

The next twenty years of professorship at Bologna, during which he wrote so many lectures and volumes of criticism, are yet the most fruitful of poetry. Of the collections known as *Levia Gravia* and *Iambs and Epodes* the poems are largely occasional tributes to friendship or comment upon political events—in Italy, more than elsewhere in Europe, poetry has always been a friend to politics. They include the celebrated *Hymn to Satan*, published in 1865, which called such a storm about his ears; the young secessionists of letters applauded, while the clergy shuddered, and his name immediately became common property from one end to the other of the peninsula.

The *New Rhymes* (*Nuove rime*) are scattered along over these same years between twenty-five and fifty. The only romantic influence Carducci ever underwent was Heine's, and here in the *Nuove rime* is his one small oblation to the romantic spirit of his time. For besides several translations from Heine and other German ballad-writers, there are a precious scant half-

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dozen of purely personal lyrics. Here are the heart-breaking songs over the little son so long dead, and a few upon the tedium and heaviness of life; here are the *Idyl of the Maremma* and the *Remembrance of Schooldays*. These poems, with their homelike note of northern melancholy, together with many of the *Barbaric Odes*—descriptive and historical, divorced from his earlier didacticism—these are the ones, I dare be sure, that the English reader will oftenest go back to.

The *Odi barbare* are the greatest work. They are unrhymed, and written in the classic metres of the Latin poets—alcaics, sapphics, hexameters; they are called barbaric, not because their novelty of form owes anything to the northern barbarian, but because they would have sounded so to Virgil and Horace. The Italians are an exceedingly sensitive literary people, all novelty in language or form is speedily punished; so the *Odi Barbare* provoked a tempest which kept their author on the defensive for years. It passed in time, leaving the odes securely placed in Italian literature, which they are now conceded to have greatly enriched. Their unrhymed melody the foreigner probably never fully appreciates, but he can see that in them Carducci has attained his ideal of a pure objective beauty, expressed, as all Italian critics are now prompt to tell us, with a kind of helpless perfection of style.

This volume is full of beauty and full of ideas, but few individual poems can be conceded to contain both. His principal ideas are three: first, patriotism, with a passionate love of liberty and democracy; second, an aversion to romanticism and all its work; third, a dislike of Christianity. He was a pagan, a classicist, and a democrat. It may be objected that these things—patriotism, love, aversion, dislike—are feelings, not ideas. We can only say that in Carducci his feelings were his ideas; and if an idea which is a feeling is best described as a prejudice, it could be no one's intention to exonerate Carducci from that. He was prejudiced; but at any rate, his ideas, feelings, prejudices, whatever we may agree to call them, were compelling in him. They had reality, and coloured all his work. The belief in democracy seems a singular third with the other two; for Christianity is democratic, yet he is anti-Christian, and romanticism is democratic (as Prof. Gummere has pointed out afresh in his recent book), yet Carducci was a classicist. This antagonism was reconciled by his national feeling. It was part of his patriotism

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to repulse foreign ideas as well as foreign troops; he longed to see Italy develop and unify from within, intellectually as well as politically. If he had been reminded that democracy was a foreign idea, born of the French Revolution and the English constitution, he would have pointed backward to the Roman republic and the free Italian communes of the Middle Ages. For the sense of continuity was strong in him; the line of tradition in his imagination ran unbroken from Cincinnatus to Garibaldi; that event from which the Western world dates forward and backward, did not divide the stream of history for him.

But Christianity and romanticism were both clearly foreign. And as we have seen him and his young pedant friends combating romanticism as an irreverence done the great Italian classics, so it is perhaps not too fanciful to conceive him as rejecting Christianity partly as an irreverence to the local pagan divinities, whom, if he could not believe in, he loved and understood. "The other divinities perish," he says in a poem entitled *Hellenic Spring*, "the gods of Greece have known no setting." He seems to have been, like John Stuart Mill, naturally non-Christian, without the pain of severing an allegiance he had never sworn. *Anima naturaliter pagana.* "Nature he loved, and next to Nature, Art."

But Carducci's quarrel with Christianity and romanticism was not only because they were foreign; to his mind both were sentimental, sickly. And the morbid *and* the foreign made a combination in the highest degree obnoxious to him. His corrective for them was Nature and Reason, the classic spirit. There are two poems of his which illustrate his attitude towards Christianity better than any discussion can. These are *The Springs of Clitumnus* and the *Hymn to Satan*. *The Springs of Clitumnus* shows his opposition to Christian asceticism and glorification of sorrow, and his sense that Christianity has been an unwelcome interruption from without, an obstacle in the path of man's natural development, while the *Hymn to Satan* provides the corrective. This demoniac canticle, as it seemed to churchly imaginations, celebrates a divinity that has nothing in common either with Milton's disdainful hero or with the Prince of Darkness of Christian theology, but is a kind of compound of Phoebus Apollo and the great god Pan, with a touch of Prometheus.

On the Romantic Movement Carducci looked with vision equally astigmatic. Just as he saw in Christianity not a spiritual

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discipline and an attitude toward life, but merely clericalism and asceticism, so he conceived romanticism as just *Weltschmerz* and sentimentality. Of all the definitions which it has vexed the critics to make, Goethe's would have pleased him best: "Classicism is health, romanticism a disease." "After all," to quote his own words, "when all is said, Leopardi sends folk to the hospital, Manzoni to the confessional, and Byron to the galleys." Carducci missed entirely that aspect of romanticism which was inspired by the liberating spirit, the spirit of revolt (the very spirit, in fact, of his Satan), and for this reason: Romanticism he conceived as the cult of the Middle Ages, and the Middle Ages as they affected the North of Europe. Now the two great mediaeval institutions of the North were feudalism and monasticism; the one enslaved men's bodies, the other their minds. No intellectual movement which drew its inspiration from such a period could influence Carducci.

If the pagan world as compared with the Christian seemed to him as sunlight to darkness, classicism beside romanticism was as sunlight to moonlight. There is a poem of his, that, read without its title, would be just a beautiful objective description of the two planets that light our earth by night and by day, but he has ironically named it *Classicismo e romanticismo*, and so given us the clue. We know as we follow his descriptions that *classicismo* is the sun, *romanticismo* the moon. The sun, he says, glistens on the ploughshare in the furrow, smiles upon fertility and man's labour, yellows the grain and reddens the grape, and gladdens the windows of the poor; but the moon, pale, infecund ghost, loves best to embellish ruins and graveyards, and to adorn our melancholy, to waken the poor man at night to remember his griefs, to befriend wastrel poets and lawless lovers—she ripens neither flower nor fruit.

Looking at Carducci's poetry as a whole, we perceive that he and his ideas present a double paradox. In political ideas a modern, in his artistic and intellectual sympathies we find him among the ancients; and his form and content contradict one another, since he is a lyric poetal most devoid of lyricism. It would be as presumptuous as idle to attempt to estimate his ultimate significance, but we can suggest that it will be different for Europe and for Italy. For Italy it is his ideas that count; the austerity of his literary taste, his intolerance of what is facile, and his reverence for form, must act like a tonic upon the litera-

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ture of a language so fatally full of rhymes and a people so fatally gifted at improvisation as the Italian; while his idealism, courage, single-mindedness, and belief in the destiny of his country will kindle the Italian heart to finer action.

But outside of Italy it is not for his ideas that he will live and be beloved. They inspired too many local poems, too many merely political, too many merely angry. And save for the belief in democracy, they are not the ideas of his time. He made no attempt, like Tennyson, to make poetry out of scientific discoveries and ideas, nor did he seek, like his compatriot Ada Negri, to show us the beauty of human feeling that underlies the heroisms and tragedies of industry. His prejudices keep him from being an intellectual power, his inability to understand Christianity puts him out of touch with his time; he is a thankless child to the Romantic Movement which helped produce him, and his bright impersonalism too often declines the poet's duty of unbaring his own heart in order to reveal to us our own. In all these ways he fails to be to the Northern peoples *simpatico*. It must be by sheer beauty that he can prevail, but of sheer beauty there is enough.

Something of it, possibly, may show through even in translation, though it is an act of temerity to attempt a version of anything so lovely as the sonnet on the death of the poet's little son Dante. The poem is addressed to Carducci's brother Dante, dead long before in their youth, and by his own hand.

"*Funere mersit acerbo*"

"O thou among the Tuscan hills asleep,
Laid with our father in one grassy bed,
Faintly, through the green sod above thy head,
Hast thou not heard a plaintive child's voice weep?
It is my little son; at thy dark keep
He knocketh, he who bore thy name, thy dread
And sacred name—he too this life hath fled
Whose ways, my brother, thou did'st find so steep.

"Among the flower-borders as he played,
By sunny childish visions smiled upon,
The Shadow caught him to that world how other,—
Thy world long since. So now to that chill shade
Oh, welcome him! as backward toward the sun
He turns his head to look and call his mother."

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THE RENAISSANCE

In the early part of the fifteenth century a change as subtle and indefinable as it was significant, came over the spirit of European society. Without sharp break with the past, involving no strictly new creation, no sudden or unheralded revolution of ideas, gradually rose an altered mode of viewing man, the world, life—far less theological than the old, less respectful to tradition, more confident in man's powers and future—in fine, laic and human. Renewed study of classical antiquity was sign and instrument, rather than essence, of the new movement. If men looked back, it was mostly to clear their vision to look and walk forward. The new thinking, if marked by temporary unbelief, and more given than the old to human and secular things, was not essentially irreligious; if less scholastic, not less profound. Vaster conceptions of the field of truth were born. It was felt that no problem had been absolutely settled, and that the human faculties, either fettered or discouraged or else applied to inane inquiries, had as yet scarcely given a hint of the productive activity possible to them. Hence fresh, courageous, successful effort to see what man might be, do, know.

"During the Middle Ages," says Symonds, "man had lived enveloped in a cowl. He had not seen the beauty of the world, or had seen it only to cross himself, and turn aside and tell his beads and pray. Like St. Bernard, travelling along the shores of the Lake Leman, and noticing neither the azure of the waters nor the luxuriance of the vines nor the radiance of the mountains with their robe of sun and snow, but bending a thought-burdened face over the neck of his mule; even like this monk, humanity had passed, a careful pilgrim, intent on the terrors of sin, death, and judgment, along the highways of the world, and had not known that they were sight-worthy or that life is a blessing. Beauty is a snare, pleasure a sin, the world a fleeting show, man fallen and lost, death the only certainty, judgment inevitable, hell everlasting, heaven hard to win; ignorance is acceptable to God as a proof of faith and submission; abstinence and mortification are the only safe rules of life;—these were the fixed ideas of the ascetic, mediaeval Church. The Renaissance shattered and destroyed them, rending the thick veil which they had drawn between the mind of man and the outer world, and flashing the light of reality upon the darkened places of his own nature. For the mystic teaching of the Church was substituted culture in the classical humanities; a new ideal was established, whereby man strove to make himself the monarch of the globe, on which it is his privilege as well as his destiny to live. The Renaissance was the liberation

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of humanity from a dungeon, the double discovery of the outer and the inner world."

Memory and love of classical culture were, during the full Middle Ages, practically dead. Boethius was the last man whom they powerfully affected. The Church viewed ancient art and letters as hopelessly bound up with heathenism. Old manuscripts were lost or forgotten, the noblest works of antique art suffered to perish or be lost in rubbish. Heathen temples were defaced or pulled down; the Roman forum, its precious buildings levelled beneath feet of earth, became a cow-pasture. Latin grew corrupt, at last scarcely reminding of its origin. At the same time, slavish reverence for ecclesiastical authority was working to prevent all originality, aggression, or courage in thinking.

In just what way, or how completely, classical life perished in the early Middle Ages, we shall never know. Unquestionably it was at no instant clean gone. There are manuscripts of some of the great Latin classics dating from every century in what are called the Dark Ages. The early humanists were wont to speak of classical literature as having gone to sleep in the seventh century, a sleep of seven hundred years. Yes, but not only the Institutes of Caius and Justinian, but Sallust, Livy, Virgil, Lucan, Horace, Ovid, Terence, Pliny, and parts of Cicero and Seneca were more or less read by a few, and contributed scattering allusions and excerpts to ecclesiastical, scholastic, and historical works. Popes might anathematize and monks might bray as they would, always was there some disobedient brother in his cell or some schoolmaster in his lonely corner, whither he had stolen away after mass on the Lord's day, with his precious fragment of Quintilian, feeling half guiltily that what he read from the heathen page was more edifying than the pitiful postil to which he had been listening in the service.

Never were there wholly wanting men who loved to con Plutarch and the *De Officiis*, and who could not repress the question whether the world was all darkness and evil even before the Lord Jesus came. But such men, after the middle of the ninth century, were very few. The little classical Latin that continued to be read was for the most part not read with an appreciative spirit. Men did not then give up to antiquity. They did not wish it back, as later the humanists did. The experience of St. Jerome, who thought that Christ appeared to him in a dream, looking at him with reproach for having been reading Cicero, and

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who repented, with a vow never to be guilty of that crime again, was repeated in the cases of many.

Quite too much credit has been given to the monks for preserving the classics. They happened to do it rather than did it of set purpose. Benvenuto d'Imola went once to Monte Casino, and found there the rarest manuscripts of classical authors lying helter-skelter in a wretched chamber, unguarded by lock and key or even by doors. Many were mutilated, the monks having cut out the finest parchment as stuff for breviaries and psalters, which they made for sale to women and children. If this vandalism prevailed at Monte Casino, what might not have been done at Fulda, Cluny, and St. Gall! A complete codex of Quintilian was, at St. Gall, literally unearthed from dirt and rubbish, as a fuller Cicero was at Lodi. When Niebuhr, in 1816, discovered in the library of the Verona Cathedral the long-lost, inexpressibly precious copy of Caius's Institutes of Roman law, the old text was everywhere bedimmed and, alas, in places made irrecoverable forever, by being written over with some miserable letters of St. Jerome.

With Greek it was worse still, for Greek was hardly known at all in the West. Paulus Diaconus, at the court of Charles the Great, about 800, could read it, but there were few who were able to join him. He may have learned the language at Pavia in Italy. It was Italy, we remember, and especially Southern Italy, which of all the West European lands, remained longest subject to Constantinople. In Sicily and Calabria, Greek lived on until after 1200 without break. Bartolommeo of Messina translated Aristotle's Ethics for Manfred. In the cloisters of St. Basil at Rossano, founded as refuges for Greeks and always in connection with Constantinople, Hellenic studies were all the time kept up, as their many books show. But these labours were isolated. A few among the renowned scholars of Central Europe in the ninth and tenth centuries—John Scotus Erigena, for instance, were known as Hellenists, but their attainments in this kind were thought curious rather than valuable. A little intercourse was maintained with the East, a few Greeks came to the West. Yet neither Gerbert, Abélard, nor John of Salisbury could read Greek, nor did any one of them seem to think such ignorance a loss. Richard de Bury, about the middle of the fourteenth century, is the first known to have expressed the feeling that inability to read Greek was a misfortune.

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The boasted knowledge of Aristotle was for long nearly all at second, third, or fourth hand. The Arabians of Spain, earliest schoolmasters to Europe in the Aristotelian philosophy, knew nothing of the Greek original. They used Arabic translations of Syriac translations. Even the great Averroës, whom the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries supposed to have drawn his Aristotle pure from the sources, did not do so, but used a Hebrew translation of a commentary made on the basis of an Arabic translation of a Syriac translation of the Greek text.

The great merit of the Arabians consisted in introducing into Europe many new portions and pieces of Aristotle. In the full Middle Ages, but two of his writings were known to Northern scholars, the Categories and the one on Interpretation, and these only in a Latin translation that Boëthius had left. Abélard, dying in 1142, possessed only these two; Gilbertus Porretanus (d. 1154), had read both the *Analytics*; John of Salisbury a half-century later wrote with the whole *Organon* before him.

The Arabians brought the physical and metaphysical treatises, all still, of course, in their wretched, roundabout translations. It was an epoch in philosophy when, about 1200, Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, caused a translation of the immortal Stagirite to be prepared directly from the Greek.

Of Plato men were in almost total ignorance till the very morning of the Renaissance. The *Timaeus*, in an incomplete translation, read by few, appreciated or understood by none, had been for centuries the only Platonic dialogue extant in Europe. The ecclesiastical writers almost never refer to Plato. As to Homer, his friends—which of course does not mean his readers—his friends in all Italy were counted up by Petrarch, and they amounted to seven.

The classical light rekindled by Charles the Great and Alcuin shone neither far nor long. The intellectual life of the Hohenstaufen period, whether in Germany under Frederick I or at Palermo or Amalfi under Frederick II, brilliant rather than strong, was likewise a temporary phenomenon. The revived study of Roman law, momentous in its way, could not revive the civilization whence that law sprang. Scholasticism, in the thirteenth century, with its worship[1] and partial understanding

[1] "A striking confirmation of the justness of the term 'Aristotelity' applied by Hobbes to describe the philosophy of the beginning of the 17th century is furnished by the fact that when Scheiner, the Jesuit—one of those, Galileo

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of Aristotle, had a still less favourable tendency. If it created mental strength, discipline, and restlessness that were seeds of rich promise, it buried these seeds deep. With all its profound and true thoughts, dogmatism, formalism, narrowness, abstraction were its most obtrusive and effective characteristics. These things were mere forerunners of the Renaissance, not elements of the movement itself. They heralded the dawn, indeed, but for the greater part of Europe the dawn was not yet.

The intellectual darkness of Europe in the ninth and tenth centuries first broke in that Arabian Spain to which we have referred, whither with Mohammedan conquest had pressed the old culture of the east Mediterranean lands, taken up and for a time sedulously fostered by Islam. Through students from the North thronging their schools, the Arabians, both as free investigators and as editors and expounders of the classics, became teachers of Europe. One most happy outcome of the crusades was the quickened and enlarged intercourse of Western with Greek and Arabian learned men. During the crusades the Greek language began to be known, Aristotle learned at first hand. Schools and studies flourished everywhere, national literatures had birth. Bologna and Oxford had each its group of students by 1150. The Universities of Paris and Salamanca date from 1200, the former often numbering fifteen thousand pupils, sometimes more. Many other universities were active before 1300. Intelligence grew more independent as well as broader; the clergy lost their monopoly of learning. Abélard, Albertus Magnus, and Roger Bacon were worthy prophets of the Renaissance, unless indeed, we date the Renaissance itself from their days. Abélard was the first who dared to break with the traditional, dogmatic realism and to assert the rights of reason. Albertus Magnus and Roger Bacon preached and introduced inductive, *a posteriori*, scientific procedure in a spirit worthy of Stuart Mill. Among his three sources of knowledge, above authority and reasoning, Roger Bacon places experi-

being another, who were the first to observe the solar spots—communicated, as he was bound to do, the discovery to the Provincial of the order of Jesuits, that functionary refused to believe in the solar spots, and even to look through Scheiner's telescope at them, saying that he had read Aristotle's writings from end to end many times, and had nowhere found in them anything like what Scheiner mentioned, and that the appearances he took for spots were the faults of his glasses or of his eyes, if not the effect of a disordered imagination." Bisset, *Historical Essays*, page 79.

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ence, as the term of all speculation and as queen of the sciences, "alone able to certify and crown their results."

There are three other men, still more worthy of mention as the heralds of a brighter time. I refer to Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. All three received much inspiration from classical letters, which they knew and used well enough to propagate their enthusiasm therefor as a rich legacy to the men of the full Renaissance. Boccaccio is famous as the greatest story-teller in all literary history, superior even to our Chaucer, his imitator and debtor. *The Canterbury Tales*, it is well known, are, to no small extent, a simple reproduction of Boccaccio's *Decameron*.

In Italy Boccaccio and Petrarch became literary law-givers, Boccaccio especially in prose, Petrarch, more deservedly, in poetry and prose both. Petrarch's diction, almost unapproachable in both purity and elegance, formed an everlasting enrichment of his mother speech. Dante had, we know, already given fixity to Italian, which was thus the earliest among modern languages to assume a national character. What Ennius did for the Latin tongue, and Luther with his Bible for the High German, that Dante accomplished for the language of Italy.

But Dante's greatness is far more than literary. He is philosopher, divine, historian, publicist. His immortal poem, *The Divine Comedy*, in style as unique as in contents it is often difficult, sets forth the entire body of mediaeval ideas on theology, philosophy, natural science, astronomy, history, politics, antiquity. Heaven, hell, and purgatory as well as earth are here ransacked, and the simplest of the matters brought to view, made to reveal deep meanings.

"The reading of Dante," wrote, a few years ago, the most famous man of affairs our age has reared,—I mean Mr. Gladstone,—"the reading of Dante is not only a pleasure, an effort, a lesson, it is a strong discipline of the head, the intellect, the man. In the great school of Dante I have learned a very great part of that mental provision, small as it may be, with which I have made the journey of human life until nearly seventy-three years of age. . . . He who serves Dante serves Italy, Christianity, and the world."

In *The Divine Comedy* we may read of the poet's strong, sad inner life, even the details. They obtrude; they fix attention. But Dante's sorrows never make him forget his political creed. He is a radical Ghibelline, and it is hardly more difficult to detect this in his Divine Comedy than in his professedly political volume, the *De Monarchia*. The Church is glorious, but subordinate to

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the Empire. If Beatrice, personification of purity and love, guides through Paradise, so Virgil, panegyrist of Augustus, advocate of strong earthly government, is made to conduct through hell, where, as they pass along, they see Brutus and Cassius in torment, close by Judas Iscariot. Yet Dante does not thrust forward political or any philosophy, or theology even, to the lessening of poetic power. In fact, literature can boast not more than two poems comparable with *The Divine Comedy.*

These men stand at the door of the Renaissance but cannot quite let us in. I find Dante quoting from Homer, but I believe there is no evidence that he knew Greek. All his theology and philosophy are mediaeval and churchly. Everywhere in these he takes Thomas Aquinas for his master. He may prize and praise antique poets and philosophers highly, still—churchman-like—he leaves them all in limbo. Virgil, whom in the *De Monarchia* he calls "our poet," "our divine poet," and "our divine teacher" twenty or thirty times, cannot guide in Paradise, he says, "since he who has never known the law of the Lord, can never attain the seats of the blessed." Avicenna and Averroës, with Homer, Horace, Ovid, Lucan, and, it would seem, nearly all the famous heathen, might have been in Heaven, he thinks, only that they had not been baptized. Dante's spirit is humanistic but has not brought the body of his thinking under.

Petrarch was much more advanced, and was aware of having changed. He had a copy of Homer, which he kissed though he could not read it. Boccaccio even, living as he did far more fully in the new aeon than either of the others, never became an independent Greek scholar. He tells us in his *Genealogy of the Gods* how he toiled to get Leonzio Pilato to settle at Florence, kept him for years in his own house, managed to procure classical manuscripts from Greece to read with him, and at last saw a Greek professorship established for him there in the Tuscan capital, the first in Italy; but he seems to have found himself and Petrarch the only pupils, and the task of learning the new language with so indifferent teaching and appliances, beyond their powers. Boccaccio's zeal for Greek was rewarded, and his influence in its behalf is his greatest glory; still competent Greek scholars were none too plentiful in Italy a century later. Ariosto knew no Greek, and had to apply to Bembo to name him a good Greek tutor for his son. What is more significant than their ignorance of Hellenic speech, neither member in this illustrious

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triumvirate of the *quattro cento* betrays the slightest interest in antique art.

The fifteenth was the real Renaissance century; Florence the Renaissance centre. Florence became intellectually what she already was in virtue of her political constitution, a second Athens. By 1400 some ten thousand Florentine children could read, nearly six hundred were studying logic and Latin. Pilato indeed soon gave up his, but several other professorships of Greek were founded presently. More Greek manuscripts were imported; learned Byzantines came to Florence, young Florentines went to study at Constantinople. The Medici were not less zealous in aid of letters and culture than in their business and their conduct of the state. With Poggio, who took the lead, Bruni, Ficino, Valla, Poliziano, and many others vied in the discovery, interpretation, and publication of ancient writings. The neglected treasures of Monte Casino, of Cluny, of St. Gall, of Fulda were pulled to the light. Classical philosophy was studied without theological prejudice and from the sources—how successfully is shown by one of Raphael's incomparable paintings, *The School of Athens*. It recites the whole history of Greek philosophy.

From Florence this Renaissance spirit spread throughout Italy. At the Court of Naples, in the halls of the Lombard tyrants at Milan, as well as in the republican centres of Siena, Venice, and Genoa, men fell to poring over the glorious classics, striving through reconstruction of the great past to create for themselves a more worthy present. By Poggio and his circle, by Popes like Nicholas V, Julius II, and Leo X, the Holy See itself was brought under the same all-dominating influence. From Italy it passed to the rest of Europe, breaking forever the power of mediaeval traditions and views of life. Ecclesiasticism, as Gregory VII and Innocent III had known it, was smitten with death.

This is the bright side of the Renaissance, but confessedly there was a dark. Passion for classical things turned in some quarters to downright paganism. Boccaccio in his time had treated Venus, Cupid, and Mars as if not less real than Christ and the saints. With him nuns are priestesses of Diana; sin is Atropos; Satan is Pluto; the apostles are knights afield against him. God is "that exalted and inestimable Prince, the Supreme Jove." Christ is son of Jove, and his resurrection a "return from the spoiled kingdoms of Pluto."

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Now it was worse. Bembo, the favourite cardinal of Leo X, the same who used to swear "by the immortal gods," abhorred sermons and the Pauline letters; their style was so bad. He believed that nothing new could be created in literature; writers must simply imitate Cicero and Petrarch. Bembo's famous epitaph to Raphael might, for perfect latinity and exquisite beauty, have come from Virgil, for pantheistic sentiment, from Lucretius. It reads:

"Here lies that Raphael by whose flourishing the great mother of nature feared that herself would be outdone, yet in whose death she feared that she too would die."

Cardinal Bessarion comforted certain orphans by assuring them that their father "had gone to the place of the pure, to dance the mystic Bacchus-reel with the gods of Olympus." Carraro, protonotary of Pope Eugene IV, adapted Horace to the purpose of Christian worship. He availed himself, among other passages, of the twelfth ode of the first book, turning *gentis humanae pater atque custos*, into *gentis humanae pater et redemptor*. An oration before the University of Ingolstadt, 1502, calls Plato second Moses, physician of the soul, the inspirer of all highest moral striving, and ranges Zoroaster, Linus, Orpheus, Empedocles, Parmenides, and other heathen celebrities on a level with Moses, David, and the prophets. Milman reminds us that "on his deathbed Cosmo de Medici is attended by Ficino, who assures him of another life on the authority of Socrates, and teaches resignation in the words of Plato, Xenocrates, and other Athenian sages." Pletho, during the Council of Florence, avowed to George of Trebizond his conviction that men were upon the point of renouncing both gospel and Koran for some form of heathen religion. Conservatives felt called upon to denounce Plato, Averroës, and Alexander of Aphrodisia as the three pests of Italy.

Some humanists in high places not only forgot but transgressed Christian law. Popes lived like Nero and cursed by Jupiter and Venus. In inner rooms of the Lateran papal secretaries, who had spent the day in deciphering inscriptions or glossing manuscripts, devoted nights to carousing and plays of filthy wit, touching the Pope, the Church, and the most sacred as well as all manner of worldly things. They named their club the "bugiale," or "smithy of lies." Such was the evening pas-

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time of that apostolic circle from whose pens solemn bulls and breves would next morning issue.

The Italian literature of the Renaissance proper, rich in quantity and variety, is not in quality what the prodigious intellectual life of the time and the inspiration awakened by so large acquaintance with the classics would lead us to expect. Only a few of its products can criticism declare great. Among these Guicciardini's *History of Italy* may perhaps be placed, certainly Machiavelli's writings, whatever opinion we may have in regard to their ethics. The most famous piece from Machiavelli is, of course, his *Prince*. It is a treatise on statecraft, wherein Caesar Borgia figures as hero, as model in a way, and where perfidy and falsehood seem to be recommended as quite legitimate means to political ends. Through this book the devil himself is supposed to have gotten a new title, that of "Old Nick," after the "Nicholas" in Machiavelli's name, Nicholas Machiavelli.

But it is not necessary to take the Florentine publicist in quite so bad a sense. He perhaps means only this, not that a ruler like his Prince is intrinsically desirable, but that in the then condition of Italy, so distracted in politics, such a ruler was necessary to stable national government. His judgment was natural at any rate, and there is much reason for believing it true. Poor Italy, so brillant, so patient, so unfortunate, victim to every adventurer at home or from without—Italy never had a single or a solid government over it between Justinian and Victor Emanuel.

The names of Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso have also passed into the literary history of the world. The *Orlando Inamorato* of Boiardo, and the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, re-work, only in a far richer way than had yet been done, the old sages relating to Roland (Orlando), the renowned Paladin of Charles the Great. The *Inamorato* is the more serious, deep, and moral; the *Furioso* the more flippant, imaginative, and beautifully expressed. Tasso, with his *Jerusalem Delivered*, in which he handles the First Crusade as Homer and Virgil do the Trojan War, falls far behind Ariosto, whom he strives to excel.

The small bulk of Italy's truly worthful literature in this period is due to a moral lack. It was Epicurean, not Stoic, antiquity which the Italian humanists raised from the dead. Dante, so set and heroic in goodness, had no second. In Petrarch is little moral strength. The man who, though arch-

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deacon in the Church, and ceaselessly excoriating the clergy for vices, is himself not always chaste, one who devoted over three hundred sonnets and gave up the best twenty years of his life to moping over an unrequited love, could not have been influenced much by Zeno or by Seneca. "I am one of those," says he, "who take delight in grieving."

Boccaccio was at a level lower still, vulgar and sensual; and writers followed him, falling away from the rugged morality of Dante more and more. Authors were chiefly courtiers and of a most sycophantic type. Machiavelli, we have seen, glorifies Caesar Borgia. Ariosto makes an angel out of Caesar's sister, Lucrezia, calling her "a second Lucretia, brighter for her virtues than the star of regal Rome"; and he also praises to immortality, in return for employment, the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, whom he subsequently testifies that he for the best of reasons despised all the time. Yet Ariosto was a saint compared with some of his contemporaries.

Not strange that when a seer was raised up to divine and declare the real significance of the Renaissance movement, it was no Italian poet or Italian literator in any kind, but an artist. In the Stanza della Segnatura of the Vatican, in his immortal paintings, the *Dispute*, *Parnassus*, *School of Athens* and *Delivery of the Laws*, Raphael voiced the most characteristic message of the Renaissance to man—that Revelation, Culture, Philosophy, Church and State, each divine in its way, are ordained of God to live and work together in harmony.

This brings us to the art of the Renaissance period.

Renaissance art varies from that which it supplanted, by its infinitely greater beauty, exuberance, variety, and naturalness. Traditional subjects and the old stiff modes of treatment no longer give law. Motion enters the domain of art-representation. The beauty of saints and angels is made to heighten the expression of their holiness. Artists no longer neglect or degrade the human body as mere unworthy tenement of the spirit, but study and delineate it as noble in itself. Graceful positions, graceful movements, lovely landscapes are introduced. The world and man assume a strange air of joyousness. In short, art casts quite aside its old ascetic and pessimistic spirit. Artists now astonish not only by their numbers, but also by both their range and their profundity of genius. Giotto, Michelangelo, and Raphael were masters of the three great arts; Michelangelo

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poet and engineer besides. Da Vinci's genius was more universal still. In point here is the fact that painting, totally lacking that classical stimulus so helpful to architecture and sculpture, was now the field of the most copious production. But in all art —besides new cycles of sacred subjects, mythical, classical, and profane—historical ones are brought in, the old themes handled in a free way, and subjected to limitless variations. Draperies are composed, actions and expressions suited to subjects and moments. Apostles, prophets, saints are now portrayed as actual human beings. Madonna and child, with Joseph and the little John, image real domestic experience. The sacred blends with the natural, heaven comes down to earth. In these ways the love of beauty and the interests of our present life are brought to mingle with the devotion inspired by the art, which thus acts to deliver from narrow and distorted religiousness. Let us add that much of the new architecture and sculpture, especially Michelangelo's, was characterized by a strength and grandeur never before attained.

Architecture was the first of all the arts to defy tradition, a forwardness for which there were several reasons. First, innovations in architecture were little liable to the charge of heterodoxy, not embodying so visibly or so confessedly as did most of the paintings, religious or theological ideas. Another cause was that the Renaissance, among the earliest of its influences, directed study to the large number of ancient buildings which had survived the Dark Ages, and set men about the excavation of ruins. Still another was that in Italy no architectural style had become strict law. The Byzantine prevailed in South Italy, the Gothic only in the North, neither in Rome, where a Romanesque fashion had unconsciously survived. The Baptistery in Florence, finished by 1300, gives foregleams of the Renaissance, especially in its "paradise-doors." The Cathedral there, with its immense horizontal spaces, strives away from the Gothic, which Giotto's tower retains only in its ornament.

Renaissance architecture proper owes most to Brunelleschi's initiative, who boldly introduced vaulting in the Florence Cathedral, and gave the flat, basilica roof to San Lorenzo. Michelangelo, being asked where he wished to be buried, replied: "Where my eyes may eternally rest on the work of Brunelleschi."

The laws of Vitruvius were now generally introduced, palaces completely Romanized, churches brough back more to that pat-

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tern which, save the transept, had been borrowed from the Roman basilica and is still dominant in the churches of Western Christendom. Of this new mode of building the centre was Rome, where Bramante began, Michelangelo completed, its most splendid representative, St. Peter's. Contemporaneously with Michelangelo wrought Palladio, mainly in Venice, Verona, and Genoa, famous still for palaces wherewith his skill adorned them. In sculpture as well as in architecture, Michelangelo is the greatest name, his *David*, *Moses*, and *Night* equalling, if they do not surpass, the choicest extant specimens of antique statuary.

The new Italian painting soared highest, unquestionably outdoing Greek. Cimabue, who astonished the world by painting a Madonna as a real and beautiful woman, led in point of time, his pupil, Giotto, Ruskin's idol, coming next. Massaccio, another mighty Pre-Raphaelite, advanced not a little upon his predecessors in mastery of light, shade, colour, and drapery. He made subjects live, breathe, speak. For delineating spiritual beauty Fra Angelico is unequalled. Michelangelo's great paintings in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, awful in conception, miracles of execution, are among the chief glories of art-creation.

But Raphael is the foremost painter of all the ages, his Sistine Madonna, of which every one knows but no one ever wearies, standing in unapproachable excellence upon the pinnacle of art. He is as prolific as he is consummate, yet in neither respect so wonderful as in his restless effort toward an ever advancing ideal. Titian, Paul Veronese, Leonardo da Vinci, and Correggio, contemporary with Angelo and Raphael, were artists that would have astounded any other age. If the seventeenth century betrays some decline in strength, originality, and morality, Guido Reni and Carlo Dolci at least keep on high the sense of beauty, Dolci's Corsini Madonna being in this quite without rival.

In turning, now, from the outward features of this history more to its inner sources and causes, we envisage a pair of very common errors that should be unlearned. One resides in the notion that the Renaissance came to Italy from without, through mechanical impact, instead of rising from the depths of Italian society's own life and experience. The Latin occupation of Constantinople after the Fourth Crusade, and the fall of that city in 1453, have been referred to as if the westward hegira of Greek scholars caused by these events were the main cause of the classical reflorescence.

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Now the Renaissance was a new birth of classical Latin things as well as of classical Greek. The turning-point in it so far as related to Greek antiquity, was its lifting of Plato to prominence and renewing the old Athenian war between Academy and Lycaeum, this time with success to the Academy. But the Greek fugitives from Constantinople were not the bringers of Plato to the West, at any rate not the first bringers. Most of them were in fact not acquainted with him. Petrarch, so early, had sixteen of the Platonic writings, which Boccaccio laid plans to get translated. Several were in fact translated by Bruni. Cosmo dei Medici formed his Academy and trained Ficino on purpose to make Plato and Plotinus known.

The state of Greek letters at Constantinople on the opening of the Renaissance, is matter even yet of very imperfect knowledge. It is certain that Greek was still cultivated there, that old Greek manuscripts were at least as plentiful there as old Latin ones were in and about Rome, and that classical Greek was never a dead language. The stability of the court and of schools worked to the good of literature. Manuscripts were preserved, as in the West, by the clergy, by monks, schoolmasters, and isolated savants. Xenophon, Strabo, Plutarch, and Arrian were continually copied and read. And there were critical Greek scholars: Chrysoloras, George of Trebizond, Theodore of Gaza, Bessarion, Laskaris. But the "hungry little Greeks" *Græculi esurientes*, as they were called, who flocked westward from the face of the conquering Turk, were very few of them truly learned men.

I am far from questioning, however, that many of the things which I have set down as effects of the Renaissance-spirit, became with time causes in turn. Thus, printing incalculably spread and stimulated intelligence, and the influence of Columbus and Copernicus reached philosophy and theology. God and his universe were seen to be greater than men had dreamed. The time-honoured, ever-ready explanations of things no longer sufficed. Far-reaching questions pressed for answer. One could ask whether man, whether this world, were really the centre of the divine plan.

These remarks introduce us to the other error, that of taking the Renaissance for a merely Italian affair. It is not surprising that Italy saw the sunrise of the new age and, in some respects, its fullest day,—Italy, chief heir of the classical world, chief centre of mediaeval civilization. In Italy, to say sooth, paganism

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had never died. Italy was also the earliest land to acquire wealth, that indispensable prerequisite to leisure for thought and study. Here, too, feudalism was feeble, liberty first had birth. Here almost alone in the Middle Ages was liberty enjoyed. Lastly, the whole mediaeval history of Italy, so stormy and changeful, was calculated to nurse individuality, inventiveness, daring. It thus became possible for Italy to bear the brunt of the Renaissance struggle, doing in this a work without which no subsequent progress could have been made. Yet it is very erroneous to suppose the Renaissance confined to Italy. It was European. All Western humanity now started up to put away childish things. Thought, renouncing prescription and mere formal work, was set free for effort in a hundred new directions.

The telescope, already known to the Arabs, Roger Bacon described to Europe in 1250. The compass was brought to light in 1302, linen paper and gunpowder about 1320. Printing triumphs in 1438, and in less than a century Virgil, Homer, Aristotle, and Plato appear in noble editions. America is discovered in 1492, the Cape rounded in 1497. Copernicus explains the solar system in 1507, proves the revolution of the earth in 1530. Savonarola closes the fifteenth century, Luther opens the sixteenth, which, going out, leaves behind Boehme, Bacon, Hobbes, and Descartes. In this same period feudalism gave way and absolute monarchy rose in France, Spain, England, Austria, and Turkey. Modern history, in the narrower and strict sense, begins with the Renaissance. "The history of the Renaissance," says Symonds, "is the history of the attainment of self-conscious freedom by the human spirit, manifested in the European races."

The Renaissance beyond Italy assumed great consequence only toward the end of the fifteenth century. France felt Italy soonest and most. Italian artists and scholars visited that land, the soldiers of Charles VIII carried home its spirit when chased from Naples. The sixteenth century produced several French artists of high rank, none, however, reaching the exalted quality of the Dutch painters, the brothers Van Eyck, in the preceding. Hans Holbein the Younger was the first non-Italian to do this, when he painted that Darmstadt Madonna which belongs among the very small number of consummate masterpieces. The works of Dürer, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Van Dyck still delight all beholders.

In Germany, however, the inspiration begotten of the Renais-

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sance tended more to study, thought, and reform in life than to art. Just at the moment when Machiavelli was inditing his *Prince*, Luther was thinking out those ideas of spiritual liberty which were to set free North Germany and the world. Universities were founded and filled, clubs of humanists formed, breadth of view cultivated, an astonishing mass of learning acquired. Reuchlin, Erasmus, Von Hutten, and Melanchthon were foremost in these activities, and to them in more than one respect the modern world owes an immeasurable debt. They fought obscurants, discovered and verified manuscripts, corrected texts, made commentaries. Erasmus was the first modern to edit the Greek New Testament; there is scarcely a prominent Greek or Latin classic which Melanchthon did not expound.

We cannot but see from this point the vital connection between the Renaissance and the Reformation. They were not two movements but parts of one. Amid such ideas and currents of feeling as have been described, it was impossible that the Church should be reverenced and valued as before. Various other causes aided depreciation of her, turning it in many quarters into contempt and hatred.

There was the great schism of the West, 1378–1417, two rival Popes, five years of the time three, with credentials of apparently equal validity, thundering excommunications at each other. Great dissidence of view prevailed, during and after the Council of Pisa and Constance, on the question whether Council or Pope was superior. The Inquisition, organized by Innocent III and extensively used against the Albigenses, was always unpopular with the masses, especially in Germany. It was discovered that St. Thomas had in many ways misinterpreted Aristotle. Averroistic views were abroad on several important questions, notably that of immortality. The chill which zeal for the positive element in Christianity received from the prevalent ardent study of the classics was felt everywhere. The poverty of even the royal laity contrasted strikingly with the wealth of ecclesiastical institutions and the exorbitant demands on their behalf urged by greedy and assuming churchmen.

Most serious of all was the moral corruption in ecclesiastical circles, especially in Italy. Popes practised open concubinage and simony, and in governing the Church, purely in their own interest, made free use of poison and the dagger. Prelates who had paid high for places, were butchered that these might be sold

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again. The worst was under Alexander VI, his court a den of fiends, embracing an assassin-in-chief, a professional poison-mixer, a numerous harem. The moral gangrene spread to monasteries, nunneries, laic life. Bastards were too common to bear stigma, the words "honour" and "virtue" lost their old meanings, morality sunk to a level lower than Epicurean. Boiardo wrote:

> "Tis said by some that by and by the good
> Pope and his prelates will reform their ways.
> I tell you that a turnip has no blood,
> Nor sick folk health, nor can you hope to raise
> Syrup from vinegar to sauce your food.
> The Church will be reformed when summer days
> Come without gadflies; when a butcher's store
> Has neither bones nor dogs about the door."

And Boiardo was a churchman.

Alexander VI was Alexander Borgia, father of Caesar Borgia, Machiavelli's hero. Caesar was a chip of the old block. He used to go around often in the night with a squad of his ruffians, visiting vengeance on whomsoever he hated; and in the morning, four or five bodies of murdered men would be found with the marks of his dagger upon them. The Carmelite, Adam of Genoa, who had preached against simony, was found dead in his bed, stabbed in twenty places. For such as Caesar did not dare or care to take off in this way, he had a white, pleasant-tasting powder to poison withal, killing gradually. The father met his death, the son narrowly escaping the same fate, by accidently drinking wine which they had drugged with this powder for use in removing a cardinal. There is awful satire in one of Boccaccio's Decameron tales, about a Jew, converted to Christianity through a visit to Rome. He reasoned that a religion which was able to live in spite of such utter godlessness in its highest places, could not but be of God.

Do not suppose that these terrible evils were caused by the Renaissance. Most of them antedated it long. But it called fresh attention to them, in that way rendering serious an opposition to the Church, or to its administration, which had been wanting in no age. This opposition was partly practical, insisting on reform of morals without attacking the frame of the Church, and criticizing ecclesiastical powers only so far as they withstood this; and partly theoretical, aimed at the very constitu-

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tion of the Church. The theoretical critics were of very various stripes, from pure independents to such as merely wished to subject the Pope to new guaranties of fidelity to duty. Doctrine, as distinct from polity, did not enter into these controversies, even the most licentious Popes being scrupulously orthodox. To the first of these classes, the practical, belongs Savonarola of Florence, whose difficulty with the Church was complicated by politics; and in the main, Huss of Bohemia, burned at Constance.

To the second, or more theoretical class of reformers, we may reckon the Albigenses and Waldenses, objects of crusade and Inquisition, to counteract whose influence the great preaching orders of Dominicans and Franciscans had been organized; Abbot Joachim of Flora, with his "Eternal Gospel," which proclaimed in essence a new, churchless dispensation, of spiritual men, free through the Holy Ghost, even from the law of Christ; John Wyclif, the first English reformer, who declared the Papacy to be the poison of the Church, the Pope, however good personally, Antichrist by virtue of his claim to rule the universal Church; and lastly, a large party of devoted churchmen, strongly represented at the Councils of Pisa and Constance, who merely opposed papal absolutism and wished to subject the Pope entirely to the authority of general councils.

The land where, for special reasons, this spirit of ecclesiastical rebellion was strongest was Germany. Real piety and morality had here their chief seat. The Bible was common and in the vernacular; preaching likewise, much of which was evangelical and earnest. John Wessel had proclaimed up and down the Rhine Valley much the same doctrines which Luther was about to advocate with such success. Wessel, Goch, and the Friends of God had been influential in the same direction. Italian vice was near enough to be known, not familiar enough to be popular. The spirit and beliefs of Huss had lived on, nourished by the memory of his holy life, his brave and unjust death. With all this was joined that Teutonic individualism and love of independence, which, partly good, partly evil, have made Germany even to our day, a theatre of political disorder.

Luther had at first no thought of breaking with the Church, was drawn to the step gradually and by force of circumstances rather than of set purpose. A year after arraigning Tetzel he appeals to the Pope, holds an equally docile attitude in conference with Miltitz in 1519, is not averse to peace even at the

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Colloquy of Regensburg so late as 1541. The Augsburg Confession disclaimed all purpose of framing a new Church. But his outcry against Tetzel's shameless traffic had voiced a popular feeling stronger than he thought, and after his bold stand at Worms he found himself head of a movement for which times were ripe, bearing him on in spite of himself. The intelligence and moral earnestness which speedily sided with him, soon commanded the people. Before the Reformation was half a century old—notwithstanding its foes and its excesses, the Peasants' War, the Münster anarchy, and much else—fully ninety per cent. of the Germans had embraced it. Meantime a more radical revolt against Latin Christianity had been spreading in Switzerland, led by Zwingli. Checked for a time by his death, this Southern Protestantism assumed double vigour under Calvin. From Geneva, its centre, zealous preachers went forth in all directions, fearless of death, bent on the salvation of souls.

To be impressed with the glory of the Reformation, look away from its theological disputes and think of it—only so can it be philosophically accounted for—as piece or product of the Renaissance. While Eck was hurrying over the Brenner Pass to reach Leo and spread before him his bundle of lies about Luther, while Luther himself at Marburg was expressing to Zwingli a temper only better than Eck's own; the ordinary believer all over Europe was passing into a new and beatific world of religious life and conceptions. A better thought came to prevail of God as not fickle or vindictive but rational, law-loving, and benign. Men's consciences became freer, worship more spiritual, religious devotion less a slavish service, less a thing of form and ceremony. Life was viewed more as something besides probation, as having legitimate interests of its own. The present world, too, men felt, was meant to be enjoyed. This is in part, what the "humanism" of the Renaissance signifies. Man was looked on less as a merely religious being, as simply an instrument for God's glory in the old sense, and religion, more as a personal instead of a collective concern. In general, individualism replaced the mediaeval spirit, so dominant before, of ecclesiasticism, of class, guild, fraternity. Larger belief in the prevalence of law and order in the universe, along with the discovered falsity of many old beliefs, brought the entire scholastic method of truth-seeking into disrepute, and substituted for it the more rational and fruitful one of observation, experiment, induction.

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An age of criticism came, wherein thought refused to limit itself to formal exercise or allow its field to be prescribed. The content of truth, revealed or other, had to be examined. Theology began perforce to be scientific.

Not in a day, not in a century, was the old-time narrowness, crudity, heathenism of religious thinking to pass away. Alas, it lingers still. The mills of God grind slowly. But every moment since the Renaissance it has felt and been realizing its doom.

E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS.

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SOCIOLOGY AND THE LAW

A significant recent development in the field of legal science in this country, the importance of which is not yet generally recognized by laymen, is the noteworthy awakening of interest in the philosophical literature of the continent of Europe dealing with legal institutions. Progress in this field of legal philosophy has been especially rapid since the late seventies, particularly in Germany. In English-speaking countries no phenomena of equal significance have occurred. America has never produced any notable philosophical jurists; and the work of English legal scholars of the past generation, though in some instances it has been brilliant and of far-reaching value, has been mainly historical or critical in tendency. The opportunities for American lawyers to familiarize themselves with the product of continental investigations, either through translations or through descriptive accounts, have been few and far between. Hastie's translations from the works of Puchta, Friedländer, Falck, and Ahrens, published at Edinburgh as far back as 1887, formed, until very recently, almost the only serviceable work of the kind in existence, and the doctrines incorporated in it are now regarded as old-fashioned.

It would be invidious to attempt to name all the leaders in the new movement now happily launched, but it is only proper to say that to no one is more of the credit due for the new impetus given to the study of continental legal philosophy than to Professor Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School and to Dean John H. Wigmore of the law school of North-Western University. The brilliant work of Professor Pound deserves more than a passing glance. His ripe scholarship and remarkable grasp of abstruse problems entitle him to rank as one of our foremost American jurists, and it is probably safe to say that this country, up to the present time, has produced no profounder thinker or keener analyst than he in the field of the law. Professor Pound during the past five years has produced a group of deeply significant essays on the new jurisprudence. He is about to publish a book on *Sociological Jurisprudence* which will contain the substance of a large number of papers published in technical

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journals. The importance of this work cannot be overestimated. It will doubtless long remain the keenest critical exposition of the various schools of European legal philosophy written in the English language.

While Professor Wigmore has not written extensively on the subject, he has contributed quite as much to the movement by the momentum of his personality as he could have by producing books. He is considered, not only one of our greatest legal scholars, but also, in linguistic and scientific attainments, one of the most brilliant minds in his profession, most deeply versed in the lore of recondite European writers. Thus he has inspired others to do what he has not time, though ample equipment, to do for himself; and the legal scholarship of the future will be heavily indebted to him for his work as chairman and leading spirit of committees in charge of the publication of works of the utmost importance. There is more than one series of such publications now under way, but that which has most direct bearing on the matter in hand is the Modern Legal Philosophy Series. Six volumes of this series have already appeared, containing translations of important works by Gareis, Berolzheimer, Miraglia, Korkunov, Ihering, and Kohler. Seven volumes more are to appear under the auspices of the Association of American Law Schools, presenting to American readers the doctrines of French, German, and Italian jurists.

This splendid undertaking will make the writings of the leading Continental jurists common property. Already their contributions to the theory of law have begun to be discussed in the learned journals, and it will not be long before courses will be established in the curricula of our law schools which will instruct students in the newer phases of theoretical jurisprudence. The interest thus awakened, however, will not be confined to law students, but will be shared by students of political and social science, and by publicists and economists as well. Eventually the laity in general, because it must try to keep pace with the advancement of science, will find some knowledge of the theory of legal institutions essential to a sound and complete education. Long before that, the influence of the altered conception of the purpose and meaning of law may be expected to show itself in judicial decisions and in the attitude of those charged with the making and enforcement of the laws.

The movement, therefore, has significance for laymen as well

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as for lawyers. As an illustration of the growing recognition of some need of an acquaintance with foreign legal literature, on the part not only of the lawyer but of the legislator, it is enough to refer to the Guides to the Law and Legal Literature of foreign countries issued by the Congressional Library.

The sociological theory of law is probably more easily expressible in terms which the layman may comprehend than the doctrines handed down from one generation to another of practising lawyers from the time of Blackstone. The philosophical varieties of the sociological theory are very diverse. It would be impossible to single out any one writer as typical of the whole movement, for the movement is constantly progressing and exhibiting new phases, and a standard type can be attained only at some future day, when the tributaries of current discussion have flowed into a common stream and a process of fusion has taken place. At the same time the sociological school is sharply differentiated from the schools that have preceded it. In no respect is this difference more marked than in the refusal to segregate legal science from the other social sciences and to treat it as an independent subject in no way connected with other departments of knowledge.

"The unity of the social sciences and the impossibility of a self-centred, self-sufficing science of law are now insisted upon by sociological jurists," writes Professor Pound. "It has been felt for some time that the entire separation of jurisprudence from the other social sciences, the leaving of it to itself on the one hand and the conviction of its self-sufficiency on the other hand, was not merely unfortunate for the science of law on general considerations, in that it necessitated a narrow and partial view, but was in large part to be charged with the backwardness of the law in meeting social ends, the tardiness of lawyers in admitting or even perceiving such ends, and the gulf between legal and popular thought on matters of social reform. Not a little of the world-wide discontent with our present legal order is due to modes of juristic thought and juridical method which result from want of 'team work' between jurisprudence and the other social sciences."

First of all, then, it may be said that sociological jurisprudence refuses to isolate the law from life in general and that it treats the law not as an inflexible formula, to be expounded only by accomplished technicians, but as a flexible social institution, to be treated, like all other institutions, with regard to the utility of the end served and the nature of the function it seeks to fulfil. The law thus comes to be dealt with as something relative and flexible, rather than fixed and absolute.

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It is this recognition of the flexibility of the law and of its constant readjustments to meet new social demands, which is likely to have the most far-reaching effect in this country. The earlier schools, to be sure, have in one degree or another recognized the law to be a flexible institution. They have, however, been content merely to point out that fact without investing it with any deep practical significance. With the sociological jurist the readjustment of the law to meet new social demands is not simply an actual tendency but a moral necessity. Only through such adjustment can the law attain its highest efficiency. As the law has its roots in the needs and interests of the human race, it becomes the duty of the lawyer and legislator to serve those needs and protect those interests to the best of his ability, and he is thus brought directly face to face with life itself. Consequently, the immediate result of the new attitude will be an altered interpretation of current problems of social and economic legislation, and there must inevitably be a reaction against the time-worn precedents of the common law and a deliberate attempt to substitute new rules for old. This means that many of the highly individualistic conceptions which survive in the common law and are really anachronistic, being derived from doctrines long since abandoned, must yield to a modern ideal of social justice. As Professor Pound wrote five years ago in his article on "The Need of a Sociological Jurisprudence":

> "The idea has been, so far as possible, to allow every one to do and to acquire all that he can. The individualist conception of justice as the liberty of each limited only by the like liberties of all has been the legal conception. So completely has this been true that sociologists speak of this conception as 'legal justice,' and it is sometimes assumed that law must needs aim at a different kind of justice from what is commonly understood and regarded by the community. But this cannot be. Law is a means, not an end."

Mr. Edwin M. Borchard of the State Department, formerly Law Librarian of Congress, has not claimed too much for the new sociological jurisprudence in the emphasis which he lays on the importance of a sound legal philosophy to the United States. We need, he says, a virile philosophy of law which is more efficient than the common law has been up to the present time in responding to the needs of present life. We need to apply those methods which in Germany "have helped to make law an effective handmaid in the development of social and political science." We need a philosophy, he says, which will correct the

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errors of prevailing judicial doctrines regarding class legislation: the assumption of risk and contributory negligence, the right to pursue a lawful calling, and liberty of contract.

To say, however, that the new method treats the law as a social institution to be regarded as a flexible means of realizing broad human objects which fall quite as much within the province of the sociologist as of the lawyer, is to name only one of many attributes of the new jurisprudence. What has been said would be a true characterization of the earlier stage of the movement, leaving its later development unnoticed. Thus Ihering, who has exerted vast influence on the new school, expounded a clear definition of the law as a system of the protected interests of individual members of society, and constructed a utilitarian, teleological theory which duly emphasized the subordination of the law to the general subject-matter of social science. Ihering, however, is now looked upon as a precursor rather than an exponent of the present movement. He has approached the problem of law from a utilitarian standpoint and has been called "the German Bentham." But the modern quality that differentiates him from the English Utilitarianism of a century ago is found in his ripe historical spirit and his assimilation of the biological tendencies of nineteenth-century positivism. Later writers in France, Germany, and Italy have developed a profounder analysis of the sociological foundations of law and likewise of its abstract rational foundations. Theoretical jurists are now directing their attention not simply to the scientific study of the law as an instrument of social justice, but are going straight to the heart of the problem of a science of social justice itself. They are coming to discuss seriously what one writer, Charmont, calls the "renascence of natural law," as if it were an accomplished fact and not a mere tentative proposal. This contemporary natural law speculation is entirely different from the old natural law speculation in that it has been influenced by sociological investigation and inclines to be for the most part, if not wholly, anti-metaphysical in tendency. It may be said, therefore, that the sociological method, using the term in a broad sense to apply to a varied group of impulses typical of the twentieth century, not only unifies the science of law with the science of society in general, but also seeks the solution of the problem of defining legal justice. It would take up too much space to attempt here to give an account of what sociological jurisprudence is, but under-

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lying the differences of contemporary doctrine there is an essential unity of aim with respect to leading issues, whether the problem of legal justice is approached from the analytical or ideological side, as by the neo-Kantians in Germany, or from the side of concrete reality, as by the neo-Hegelians (notwithstanding the misleading connotation of their name), who lay great stress on the value of historical and economic methods of investigation.

Sociological jurisprudence, as Professor Pound says, is still formative, and "in diversity of view the sociological jurists but reflect the differences that exist among sociologists." He also indicates that just as all the methods heretofore employed by sociology are undergoing unification, no single one being any longer regarded as self-sufficient, so none of the directions which sociological jurisprudence has taken up to the present time is to be pursued exclusively and undeviatingly. It goes without saying that future progress in the science of sociology will promptly be reflected in the sociological theory of law. Americans have already accomplished so much in the field of sociology that we may confidently expect that our country will have its share in future notable contributions to this movement.

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THE MANTLE OF BROWNING

As one grows older one becomes sadly conscious that there are problems in one's life and in society for which there is no solution in the poetry of Robert Browning. A very great deal has happened since Robert Browning wrote; and what he tells us to do is not the thing we want to do, and his presentation of the situation in which we stand is not one that commends itself as entirely adequate. Part of the great outcry for the practical with its too wholesale rejection of the idealistic teachings of the last century, is a definite feeling that we do not know what to do or how to do it. There is even in some quarters a well-founded distrust of pure literature, because it is thought to have so little to say about life. All centuries speak disparagingly of their predecessors and we are no exception. The coat that our fathers left us is out of style: we are tired of being told what is the matter with it; we want to know how to make it over or get a new one.

The voice that bids us be brave and true, to pour our whole hearts into our tasks and to have faith in the ultimate outcome, can never be despised, never cease to be useful, never cease to be a true voice. Such are the voices of Browning and Carlyle for the past. But are there any writers who hold for our age the commanding position that these men held for the late Victorian period? Is there anybody who voices the best aspirations of the most loyal, the most far sighted, the most aspiring men and women of our time? Is there anything special to our time which would demand a great potent voice for its expression? Something beyond Carlyle and Browning, because more recent than Browning and Carlyle; more favoured than they, because more experienced, and less under the spell of illusion? Is it true, for example, that "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world"? Perhaps, if we are disposed to answer negatively, it is only that we feel a certain degree of conviction, above that of the late Victorians, that if God is in his heaven, things ought to be more nearly right with the world.

For this note of dissatisfaction, as far as it appears in literature, we have to thank a different variety of individualists, the continental variety rather than the English or the American.

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There is a kind of individualism which expresses itself, not as in the case of Browning, with an effort to make the individual endeavour to realize himself as fully as possible and build up in himself a firmer faith and a more efficient personality; but which expresses itself in a rebellion against the restrictions of established society. It is a commonplace of criticism to say that of all English poets of the nineteenth century Byron has had the widest influence on the continent of Europe. It has loved him for his mad onslaught on conventional society. Here also we have the great social dramas of Ibsen with their grim and inexorable sapping of the foundations of church and state and social caste; so much so that to many of us it has seemed, as to Shaw, that Ibsen means to say that the golden rule is that there is no golden rule. Here too, it seems to me, we are to place Strindberg.

This vein crops out in English literature most markedly in Shaw and Wells. Shaw has gone so far as to philosophize this attack upon custom and conventionality and relate it to social progress. "Social progress takes place through the replacement of old institutions by new ones; and since every institution involves the recognition of the duty of conforming to it, progress must involve the repudiation of an established duty at every step." "It is always," he says, "a case of the ideal is dead, long live the ideal." But he adds, "the advantage of the work of destruction is that every new ideal is less of an illusion than the one it has supplanted; so that the destroyer of ideals, though denounced as an enemy of society, is in fact sweeping the world clear of lies."

Some of Shaw's critics have thought that in his case this clearing of the ground was for the purpose of presenting the definite and positive tenets of Fabian socialism. Certainly that is the positive thing that he has insisted most upon. His influence seems to me, however, to be mainly negative. It is felt that he has insisted upon iconoclasm; the world is suffering from its slavery to outworn ideals. He has assaulted the institution of private property and its attendant evils—the shams and feints of courtship, the atmosphere of romantic mystification round about marriage, the too high price put upon marriage in society, the foibles of married men; these and other lighter aspects of the sex problem. "The ideal wife," he says, "is one who does everything that the ideal husband likes and nothing else. Now to treat a person as a means and not an end is to deny that person's right to live."

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Shaw has been adverse to war, to the English government of Ireland, and to all parliamentary pretentions whatever. Finally, together with a multitude of institutions great and small, he has made much of assaulting Shakespeare. Shaw saw—what any teacher of literature, if he would be frank with himself, would have to admit—that Shakespeare has become pretty much of an institution; that very, very few people ever actually read Shakespeare, and yet everybody pretends to, and therefore with most people to defend Shakespeare is to protect themselves. He is a sign of gentility, a symbol of the educated respectability of the family. The very letter-carriers and business men, the professors of science themselves, will pretend that they read Shakespeare. Now, if you collect the Shakespeare criticism of Shaw, you will find that he has not held Shakespeare responsible for the social vanity of men. He is a very good Shakespeare critic, limited in scope by his incorrect historical views, perhaps, and by his anxiety to prove some social theses of his own, for he is an incorrigible debater; but his method is excellent and it has been a benefit to Shakespeare study, as he possibly meant it to be. He refuses to treat Shakespeare as an unknown and unknowable god, but treats him as a fellow mortal and, what is cleverest of all, as a rival playwright, as to be sure he is. The accident of his being dead is the merest circumstance. Shaw viewed him as an unfair competitor, and he tried to abolish his special privilege. Of course he did not succeed, but it was a clever literary notion. The funniest thing of all is that Shaw has actually conceived of Shakespeare so vividly that he has debated with him like the veriest fellow Fabian, and has done him the honour to be jealous of him on various accounts, particularly for Shakespeare's distinctly modern idea of courtship, an idea which Shaw has delighted to exploit. He wishes that Shakespeare had left behind some prefaces; Shaw would like, genuine debater that he is, to hear what Shakespeare would have to say in defence of some of the ideas he has expressed; but Shakespeare is dead and has nobody but the author of *Thelma* to look after his interests. It is, however, nothing short of a miracle of criticism to have looked at Shakespeare so keenly and sanely as Shaw has.

Of all this particular school of militant individualists, the man who stands out with greatest definiteness is H. G. Wells. He has achieved the most complete emancipation from everything like tradition, from the whole past and the whole organized present,

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a thing which makes him seem like some visitant from his favourite planet Mars. He is objective, looks at mankind and their ways as if they did not concern him. This gives him a degree of sanity in the midst of his iconoclasm that seems to me greater than that of Shaw. His genius is entirely remarkable. It is the genius of a scientist; and those who have read some of his expositions of social conditions must have felt that his clarity ought to lead to some great constructive modern idea. He has so far, however, seemed little more than a social anatomist, or at best a diagnostician. Perhaps his own words at the end of *The New Machiavelli* express best his failure; it is the expression of an unsolved problem:

"There's this difference that has always been between us, that you like nakedness and wildness, and I, clothing and raiment. You are always *talking* of order and system, and the splendid dream that might replace the muddled system you hate, but by a sort of instinct you seem to want to break the law. . . . Now I want to obey laws, to make sacrifices, to follow rules. I don't want to make, but I do want to keep. You are at once makers and rebels. . . . You are bad people . . . criminal people, I feel, and yet full of something the world must have. . . . You remind me of that time we went from Naples to Vesuvius, and walked over the hot new lava there. . . . One walked there in spite of the heat because there was a crust; like custom, like law. But directly a crust forms on things, you are restless to break down to the fire again."

I think there is something else in our literature, or ought to be, besides this revolutionary individualism, necessary and pertinent as much of it is. Perhaps it is young yet and will find adequate expression by and by; perhaps it is non-existent; perhaps it will die in infancy. It is a voice of our time that we seem to demand, a song of labour, not dumb muscular labour, or isolated labour, or the cant of labour-organs; but a conception of the world's work so catholic that all who toil well and unselfishly may be included. It will be the voice of all of those who are on the right side, not in feeling alone but in action also. A great thirst for the actual is the characteristic of our time. We wish to set things right. Surveys are the characteristic documents of our civilization, surveys and reform bills and the reports of commissions. We have felt definitely that idealism is not to be trusted, and yet we are the most idealistic people of the world. Mr. Arnold Bennett found us idealistic, and the foreign diplomats stand aghast at Mr. Wilson's tone of high ideality.

Our expectations of a new era in literature are necessarily

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indefinite. Genius will no doubt emerge as freshly and abundantly in the future as in the past. We are not looking for another Tennyson or another Wordsworth, but for some creator just as surprising; and yet it is probably a mistake to centre our hopes on one man who shall completely express our minds. The Superman and the Carlylean hero are exploded myths. We should no doubt regard the followers of Nietzsche, particularly when they present such congenial Anglo-Saxon ideals as those of Kipling and Stevenson, as most important and valuable members of the positivistic individualistic school of writers. No man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature; but these glorifications of mere physical prowess and bodily health and sheer courage and manliness may help us to add a sticking place to our wills. It is no doubt a splendid thing to make one's way in the primeval forest with the bright efficiency of the timber wolf; but after all, our teeth are not equal to it, and we are subject to rheumatism; so that perhaps the Superman will be a spiritual force and not a physical force. I feel that it will have to be embodied in many individuals, all willing to work, without reward if need be, for the accomplishment of ends.

Chesterton has had much to say about the various aspects of modern literature, and he has attacked modernity, progress, individualism, the spirit of the age; for looking at each separate manifestation of modern enthusiasms and specializations, he has come to the conclusion that the world has cut loose from its mental and moral moorings altogether and that it must go back to established orthodoxy. Mr. Chesterton is doubtless right in believing that the world needs sanity. The most potent, the most important voice in the world at the present time is that which bids us to be sensible, orderly, clear-headed, unsentimental, which bids us to achieve the temper in which things are done. Everyone is familiar with the skill of Mr. Chesterton's attack, a method which he borrowed from Mr. Bernard Shaw, for Chesterton is the first disciple of Shaw. He follows Shaw's method of "revolutionizing the revolutionists by turning their rationalism against their remaining sentimentalism." Consider the following attack upon the Simple Life fad: in the paper entitled *Sandals and Simplicity* he suggests that there is more simplicity in the man who eats caviare on impulse than in the man who eats grapenuts on principle. "Let us," he says, "put a complex entrée into a simple old gentleman; let us not put a simple entrée into a complex

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old gentleman." And there is in a certain way much truth in what he means to convey. His way of getting down to a common-sense view of things might be illustrated from another paper in *Heretics* in defence of the institution of the family. The disgust with the family professed by Nietzsche and his followers he contends is due to their disgust with the world, to their weakness of nerves; it is, he says, altogether too robust an institution for these heralds of the Superman. The family is not dull, because the very proximity of one's intimates in the family gives them all the variety in the world.

"It is," he says, "exactly because our brother George is not interested in our religious difficulties, but is interested in the Trocadero Restaurant, that the family has some of the bracing qualities of the commonwealth. It is precisely because our uncle Henry does not approve of the theatrical ambitions of our sister Sarah that the family is like humanity . . . . Aunt Elizabeth is unreasonable like mankind. Papa is excitable like mankind. Our youngest brother is mischievous like mankind. Grandpa is stupid like the world; he is old like the world."

It follows from this line of reasoning that romance, like charity, begins at home; and if people really want strange and exciting experiences let them poison their neighbour's dog, or violate their mother-in-law's sense of the dignity of the family.

Chesterton is, however, frankly reactionary; and, if it be not a Hibernicism, his positive recommendations are negative. His solution is, for many persons, impossible. We have to thank him, however, for his sanity.

I expect interesting things in the older veins; I expect, further, absolutely original and eminently valuable manifestations of the spirit of individualism, both that which lays stress upon the welfare of the individual and that which makes onslaught upon the restrictions of society. There is a new and interesting school of English poets at the present time. Their artlessness is not less marked than their love of crudeness, of broad colours thickly laid on, of rough and impolite words and startling comparisons. Their presentation of elemental things and primitive people seems almost a return to earlier conditions or perhaps one of the manifestations of a new spirit animating European thought and life and art. Mr. John Masefield, Mr. W. W. Gibson, and Mr. James Stephen are almost too new to classify.

The thing which I have specially in mind is quite as much a matter of American as of English literature. If I may try again

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to suggest the meaning I have in mind, I would say that it has manifested itself in descriptions of attempts to live the thing. The best expression I have found is in what seems to be one of the greatest of all the works of our time, Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe*. It would be foolish in me to attempt at this time to give anything like an account of that book. It demands too much time; it is ten volumes long, and a great slow book without sensational appeal. It shows the reaction of modern life, in multifarious phases, upon an ingenuous Germanic temperament, idealistic, tenacious, upright. It answers the question how a man shall adjust his personality, his temperament, the terms of his life to the modern world, as well, I think, as it has been answered. *Jean Christophe* manages to live through the neglect which befalls one who practises the best of art, and is not soured by it; and he achieves certain successes without being spoiled by them. When he dies, you are told and you believe it, that, everything considered, it has been worth while for him to live, since he has adequately fulfilled the end of life.

So, it seems to me, the literature that expresses adequately the best of our modern life will have in it something of the ingenuousness, the patience, the tenacity of purpose, the fiery perseverance, the zealous earnestness about things that characterizes Rolland's *Jean Christophe*.

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AMERICAN TRAITS AS SEEN BY THE FRENCH

I

Long before the vogue of Taine's theory of literary criticism made it incumbent on the critic to explain the characteristics of his author by *race*, *milieu*, and *moment*, many of his compatriots had already employed the method—in so far, at least, as the element of environment is concerned—in attempting to account for the peculiarities of American novelists. Each of these attempts, whether it was successful or not, gives us a glimpse of the author's conception of the American people. If we supplement the information obtained in this way with that contained in the direct affirmations which they have made concerning our national characteristics, we have sufficient data to enable us to determine what, in their estimation, our leading traits are.

We find, as might have been expected, that the trait most frequently noted in us by these old-world critics is energy. It was in the fifties that translations of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and the best of the tales of Poe convinced men of letters in France, where indifference to the works of American authors had been only half dispelled by the popularity of Cooper's novels, that there existed on this side of the Atlantic a literature worthy of their notice. Philarète Chasles, one of the first of them to take a serious interest in our literary productions, recognized energy as one of our leading characteristics when he said, in 1852, "In this young world activity is forgiven everything." In the following year the eccentric novelist and critic, Barbey d'Aurevilly, spoke of it in the first of his articles on Poe. He was attracted by Poe's genius for the fantastic, which he considered to be of a very high order. He felt, however, that such a genius had no chance in a country so "feverishly active" as America.

"America is not kind to dreamers," he says, "it is too active to understand them"; and he adds, apropos of the deciphering of the cryptogram in the *Gold Bug*: "To be sure, in order to render probable and acceptable the explanation which he gives us, the author shows a very special talent . . . you lose your breath following him in his audacious inductions, but the fantastic has disappeared and you see, instead of the dreamer, only a robust, ingenious, obsti-

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nate nature wrestling with a difficulty and determined to conquer it. Is not that the complete American?"

Two years later Emile Montégut, one of the most intelligent and best informed of our French critics, hazards the assertion—with just how much seriousness we are left to conjecture—that the excessive activity of Americans has led to widespread insanity among them. It is thus that he accounts for the large number of demented personages in the writings of Poe, Hawthorne, Willis, and others. "It seems that insanity must be endemic among this excessively feverish and nervous people," he says, "a people active beyond measure, restless, agitated, frenzied in its pursuit of success and wealth." The poet Baudelaire, in the introduction to the first volume of his remarkable translation of Poe's tales (1856), takes up the refrain of d'Aurevilly. "Poe represents," he says, "that portion of American genius that rejoices over an obstacle surmounted, an enigma explained, a *tour de force* successfully accomplished." About the same time, M. L. Cartier, a contributor to the *Figaro*, accounts for another peculiarity of Poe in the same way. He claims that the absence of sentiment in his tales is due to the fact that there is no leisure in America: "He is the natural product of a busy democracy that has no time to spend on sentimental theorizing, on the slow development of a passion, on the oft repeated sweet nothings of love." It was in this year, too, that George Sand declared in one of her few critical essays that Cooper personified the genius of America, inasmuch as he was the painter of energy overcoming all obstacles—of "sailors crossing the seas in search of unknown lands," of "hardy pioneers victorious everywhere over savage tribes and subduing nature herself in her most dreadful sanctuaries."

In the following year Louis Étienne, a professor of literature, made his contribution to French criticism of Poe in an essay showing, in many respects, keen insight and unusual breadth of view. The *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, bears the "stamp of America," in his opinion because it reveals an intense love of adventure. "Not content with chronicles of real explorations," he writes, "America requires tales of fictitious ones." Seven years later, in 1863, Charles de Moüy, a diplomatist of considerable ability, felt impelled, in his turn, to write an appreciation of Poe, whom he proposes to consider "*de haut, et, pour ainsi dire, par les sommets.*" And from his lofty point of view he likewise

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discerns the genius of America in the object of her gaze. Like M. Étienne he sees the mark of the American in Poe's love of adventure, in his "passion for hypotheses," in his "daring quest of the impossible," in his "passionate yearning for the unknown." And in comparatively recent times (1887) the brilliant essayist and editor, Remy de Gourmont, finds in the hurried life of Americans the explanation of the crudities which he notes in American humour. "In haste to live its life," he says, "America can not take time to meditate upon the depth or the delicacy of witticism—it is a burst of gaiety that it seeks, a sudden flash that shall quicken the pulse. . . . The productions of American humourists are railway literature."

Next to excessive activity, the trait they have most frequently noted is materialism: we are too practical, they say, we care only for industrial pursuits, we do not believe in the supernatural, and, above all, we care for nothing but money and material comfort. Barbey d'Aurevilly, who was greatly perturbed because the air of mystery surrounding the discovery of the treasure in the *Gold Bug* was not maintained to the end, attributed the rational explanation of the incident to the aversion of Americans for the supernatural. Furthermore, he perceives in this same episode an indication of our passion for wealth. "No one but an American," he declares with fine scorn, "could have thus worked his brain up to a frenzy over such a barren idea as the discovery of a treasure of precious stones or silver worth a million and a half of dollars." In the following year Montégut asserts that the realism of Mrs. Cummins's *Lamplighter*, its "unromantic incidents," its "commonplace characters," are just what one would expect to find in a "country, without a past," where there is "no motive for revery, for the enjoyment of the fine arts or of nature"; and a little farther on he says that we are "relentless" in our "pursuit of success and riches." The absence of revery in America is complained of by M. Cartier also, who claims that Poe's tales present, in this respect, a marked contrast to those of Hoffmann. Two years later Baudelaire writes: "Over there so much value is attached to time and money. Material activity, exaggerated to the proportions of a national mania, leaves little place in the mind for the things that are not of the world." In the course of the next few years half a dozen other writers comment on various phases of this materialism. The first of them, George Sand, does not seem, however,

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to consider our preoccupation with material things a fault. On the contrary, it is, in her judgment, "this life of reality and material utility which constitutes the strength of North America." M. Étienne thinks that Poe's *Descent into the Maelstrom* must appeal to the American because it shows him how he might extricate himself from a most difficult position. He finds evidence of our love of the practical in the writings of Hawthorne also, whose imagination, he says, bears the genuine American stamp in that it accepts the supernatural only on condition that it "prove something," that it serve some "practical end." Our inability to appreciate works of art is pointed out by Montégut, who sees an indication of it in the "weakness and hesitation" displayed by Hawthorne in his comments on art in the *Marble Faun*, a weakness which, he claims, is characteristic of Americans. He finds in this writer, too, proof of America's utilitarianism. Hawthorne's philosophy, he says, is the German philosophy "modified to meet American requirements," it is "utilitarian idealism." M. Forgues, the journalist who introduced Poe to the readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says bluntly, though not in the Poe essay, that Americans are "industrial, matter-of-fact, and dull." Considerably later, in 1874, the talented novelist and essayist, Madame Blanc, speaks of our propensity for making money in terms quite as plain and quite as uncomplimentary when she says that we are a "people consumed with the first thirst for sudden wealth." Finally, at the very end of the century, our commercial instinct is perceived in the writings of Poe. Remy de Gourmont asserts that Poe is a much more representative American than Emerson or Walt Whitman because his mind had a "practical side." "Had he not possessed a literary faculty," he says, "he would have been a wonderful business man, a promoter of the first order."

Feverishly active and grossly materialistic, we are also, in the opinion of certain French critics, lacking in literary taste. In the first place, they say, we scorn simplicity and accuracy. "The Americans," writes Philarète Chasles, apropos of Herman Melville's *Mardi*, "like all people who have no personal literature, think that simplicity is a vulgar thing and truth of detail contemptible. Hyperbole is one of the most common vices of literatures that are young and literatures that are decadent." M. Étienne considers the popularity enjoyed by such tales as *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Mystery of Marie Roget*, *The*

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Purloined Letter, and *The Gold Bug* as proof that the Americans confuse the astonishing with the admirable. "Their stories are masterpieces of ingenuity," he says, but he doubts whether ingenuity carried to this excess is literature. Barbey d'Aurevilly also speaks of this trait. "The genius of America," he says, "enjoys only what is astonishing." Another witness to our aversion for simplicity is to be found in M. de Moüy, who maintains in his appreciation of Poe that the taste of Poe's country for unbridled extravagance in the realm of the imagination is revealed in his "monstrous personages," in his "superhuman clowns," in his "supernatural scenes." Furthermore, M. de Moüy sees in the double suicide of Poe's *Assignation*, an effect of the fondness of Americans for "brutal conclusions." In his tales taken as a whole, he sees the "bloody brutality of a people that makes frequent use of the revolver." Our sense of humour seems to no less eminent a critic than Remy de Gourmont to lack delicacy. "American humour," he says, "employs methods that are either childish or bizarre; hyperbole, one should say hyper-hyperbole, antithesis, fantastic enumerations, illogical gradations, *qui pro quos* and, above all, the use of slang, of outlandish spelling, of grammatical constructions that make one shudder."

The attitude of our critics, which, up to this point, has been, in the main, decidedly unsympathetic, becomes, in their comments on our religious and moral tendencies, much more friendly. Although Montégut did not say in so many words that Americans were religious, it is clear that such was his conviction, for he considered Hawthorne, who, in his opinion, was Puritanism personified, as being, next to Emerson, the most typical American the United States had produced. John Lemoine, writing for the *Figaro*, voices the same sentiment when he says of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, "Its prodigious success in America and in England is explained by the fact that it is profoundly impregnated, and, as it were, saturated with the spirit of the Bible." In an essay on the "Biblical Novel," published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (1853), M. Forgues asserts that the author of the *Wide, Wide World* and of *Queechy* endeavoured to show what an important place the Bible holds in American life. This trait is recognized also by M. Étienne, who says, speaking of Poe:

"In America materialism must not only preserve an air of spirituality, it must try to be orthodox. Edgar Poe takes care not to place himself in an

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attitude of opposition to the doctrines of Holy Writ. In *Mesmeric Revelation* he is careful not to pass over in silence the resurrection of the body."

Madame Blanc notes that religion is never made a subject of jest by our humourists. Apropos of Mark Twain she says, "There are subjects which the most audacious American humourist never turns into ridicule—it is a superiority of their light literature over our own."

Montégut and Madame Blanc have spoken also of the morality of Americans. The former, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (1853), recognizes purity of morals as an American trait. He speaks of the "pure morals" of our home life; he says that the vices peculiar to us are "petty hypocrisy, austerity, and hard-heartedness in small things, vices which are, as it were, the infirmities contracted as a result of a too narrow life and of Puritan habits uncorrected by education." Again, he says: "Americans lead a life industrious and pure. They are plebeians, they are merchants and farmers, and society with its corruption is not to be found there in spite of all their talk about 'fashionable life.'" Madame Blanc likewise commends America for its high moral tone. She notes, especially, the attitude of men toward women. In 1872 she says in an article on Mark Twain, "The distinctive mark of all American humourists,—and it does them honour,—is that they have a profound respect for modesty; any girl could read these amusing sketches with perfect propriety." On reading the *Lady of the Aroostook*, she was impressed by the chivalry of American men: "The work acquaints us with another characteristic of Yankee character, the respectful protection offered, under all circumstances, by the strong sex to the weaker one."

The love of equality in America has been mentioned by French critics of our fiction less frequently than one would suppose. A contributor to the *Revue Encyclopédique*, one of the leading literary journals of France in the second quarter of the last century, touches on this subject in connection with Cooper's *Bravo*. He asserts that the "democracy of a Boston democrat" is exhibited in the character of Antonio, who "personified all the republican repugnance of the author." Baudelaire speaks of America as a country where there are "millions of sovereigns, a country without a capital, properly so called, and without an aristocracy." M. Forgues recognizes the trait but finds it strangely mingled with a fondness for titles. Apropos of Eliza-

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beth Wetherell's *Queechy* he writes, "The love of titles is amalgamated in a remarkable fashion with the sentiment of political equality in this peculiar people," and in support of his claim ventures the assertion that a fair share of the success of this novel may perhaps be attributed to the fact that the "little Yankee housekeeper" marries the "aristocratic Carleton."

II

Let us now examine these appreciations with a view to discovering some of the graver errors of interpretation into which the authors have been led by the very natural tendency to consider the characteristics of a foreign writer as indicative of national traits. D'Aurevilly and Baudelaire both held that Poe's passion for grappling with difficulties stamped him as an American. In so doing they failed to observe that the tasks that Poe loved are of an entirely different order from those that appeal to the average American. The difficulties with which he loved to grapple were of a purely intellectual nature. He had a passion for solving riddles great and small. He challenged the world to submit to him a cryptogram that he could not decipher. In *Eureka* he attempted to solve the riddle of the creation of the universe. He loved to forge long chains of reasoning, such as we find in *The Murders of the Rue Morgue*, in *The Purloined Letter*, and in *The Mystery of Marie Roget*. Triumphs of the intellect were the victories that delighted him. But who will assert that Americans, as a rule, are characterized by a passion for solving problems merely for the pleasure of solving them? The American, whether it be a fault or not, is not given to abstract speculation or to pure mathematics. He is interested in overcoming difficulties of a much more material nature. It is in the triumphs of mechanical ingenuity and of commercial enterprise that he rejoices. The only problems he cares to solve are those that have some practical value. The fallacy in the logic of d'Aurevilly and Baudelaire appears also in that of M. de Moüy. Poe's "daring quest of the impossible," his "passionate yearning for the unknown," cannot be explained by a supposed American taste for adventure, for if Americans have a taste for adventure, it is certainly not for adventure in the region of speculative philosophy. As to Montégut's assertion that the works of some of our writers indicate that insanity is endemic among us and the

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suggestion that this is due to our "feverish, nervous, excessive activity," it may be said, assuming that the statement was made in seriousness, that so far at least as Poe is concerned—and of all American writers Poe looms largest on the French horizon—the multiplicity of maniacs in his tales may be explained in a much simpler way. If, as it seems probable, after years of controversy among men of letters it has been finally established by medical and psychological experts that Poe was not at all times wholly sane, if it is true, as asserted by that gifted young critic, Émile Hennequin, that the most painstaking investigations have never been able to discover the prototypes of the personages of his tales, if M. Lauvrière has demonstrated in a work crowned by the French Academy that Poe and his heroes are one and the same person; then the rational view concerning this matter would seem to be that the multiplicity of maniacs in his stories is due to the author's own mental aberration. "To create them," says Hennequin, "he had only to consult the needs of his story and to draw from the experiences of his own soul, disordered, torn, maddened, and diseased, the convulsions of which were observed by his lucidly cold intelligence." In his mental condition, too, is to be found, apparently, the explanation of the lack of sentiment in his tales. This peculiarity was not due to the fact that he lived in the midst of a democracy too busy to read love stories, as was claimed by M. Cartier—and the proof is that among all our writers of fiction Poe is almost the only one who has not used love as a motive of interest—it was due rather to his passion for originality and to his morbidity, which made it difficult for him to take an interest in perfectly normal human beings. "Two fluttering hearts, two mouths uniting in a kiss, that would be life and health," says M. Arnould; "the domain of Poe is disease, crime, and death."

The appreciations dealing with our materialistic tendencies also contain some curious errors. The assertion that an American would prize the story of *The Maelstrom* for its practical value is too absurd to discuss, but deserves mention because it shows what exaggerated notions of a foreign people it is possible for even an intelligent, well educated person to entertain. What shall we say of Montégut's contention that the realism of *The Lamplighter* is due to the fact that it was written in a new country? Does he forget that in this same country, without a past, without "motive for revery or for the enjoyment of the fine arts," were

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produced the weird novels of Charles Brockden Brown, the dreamy romances of Hawthorne, and the fantastic tales of Poe? That he greatly exaggerates the influence of environment becomes apparent when one reflects that in France, in spite of its long and glorious past, in spite of its countless "motives for revery and the enjoyment of the fine arts," the spirit of realism was dominant for more than a quarter of a century, not only in literature, but in art and philosophy as well. And what of d'Aurevilly's views concerning the ending of *The Gold Bug?* Does the fact that Poe gives a rational explanation of the finding of the treasure show that Americans have an aversion for the mysterious, for the supernatural? Those who are acquainted with Poe's tastes will not think so. They will see in it not so much a reflection of American character as a result of his love of solving problems. Furthermore, does the incident show that Americans are fond of money? If it does, then the discovery of the treasure in *The Count of Monte Cristo* must reveal the same trait in the French. The search for hidden treasure is a very old theme and one of which America has by no means a monopoly. Much nearer the truth, we take it, is the conclusion reached by M. Arnould, which is that this episode, instead of being the true climax of the story, is really only a pretext for the long chain of reasoning by which the discovery is brought about. Is not, after all, the final impression left by the story, a feeling of amazement at the wonderful cleverness shown by the astute Legrand in deciphering and interpreting the cryptogram? Again, was there in Poe the making of a business man? Could he, if he had let literature alone, have become a successful promoter of business enterprises? The story of his life furnishes no indication that such was the case. On the contrary, he seems to have been peculiarly lacking in business sense. If he had been a practical man, he would not always have been on the verge of starvation.

Among the criticisms concerning our literary taste, the most curious perhaps are those of M. de Moüy. Why he should conclude that Poe's "monstrous personages" and his "superhuman clowns" reveal a fondness, on the part of Americans, for unbridled extravagance is not clear. Of many of the works of Balzac it has been said, by no less eminent a scholar and critic than Gustave Lanson, that no words can be found that are strong enough to characterize the sickening extravagance of their plots. And what sane critic will deny that both the prose and poetry of

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Victor Hugo often betray frantic extravagance. *L'Homme qui rit* and *Magnitudo Parvi* are veritable debauches of the imagination. But it would be absurd to argue that the wild extravagance to be found in the works of these two writers reveals a French trait. The truth is, it reveals only a trait of Balzac and of Hugo, just as Poe's predilection for "monstrous personages" reveals merely a peculiarity of Poe. Nothing in the tales of the American writer has been more severely and persistently criticized by his fellow countrymen than this very extravagance. It is because of the abnormality, the grotesqueness, and the monstrosity of his creations, that he has not been accorded, in his own land, a position of undisputed pre-eminence among American writers of fiction. And what of the assertion that Poe's tales reveal the brutality of the American people, a "people that makes frequent use of the revolver"? As to the double suicide in *Assignation*,—it is no more brutal than the deliberate shooting of a boy by his father in spite of the entreaties of the mother, which constitutes the *dénouement* of Mérimée's *Mateo Falcone*, a *dénouement* of which it has been said that there is none more brutal in any language. And yet who will claim that this story indicates brutality in the French people?

Of the assertions made in connection with the religious aspect of American character, the most questionable, perhaps, is that concerning the cause of the success of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. That its popularity in America was not due to its being saturated with the spirit of the Bible, is indicated by the fact that other novels, quite as religious, have by no means enjoyed the same degree of popularity. *The Lamplighter*, for instance, is a novel saturated, if there ever was one, with the spirit of the Bible, but it is to-day so nearly forgotten that in eight out of eleven histories of American literature, chosen at random, neither the book nor the author is even mentioned. The immediate success of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the United States was doubtless due to its timeliness; but its enduring fame, both at home and abroad, must be attributed to its intensely human quality, to the extraordinary strength of its emotional appeal.

In this discussion we have called attention only to the most obvious errors of interpretation. Others could probably be found. The claim, for instance, that Poe's *Mesmeric Revelation* owes its origin to the author's desire to show respect for American orthodoxy in religion, and the assertion that the marriage of

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the "little Yankee housekeeper" with the "aristocratic Carleton" betrays in our people a hidden longing for titles, are at least open to question. Other contentions, not cited among the foregoing but equally dubious, could be mentioned, such, for example, as the claim that Poe's sadness, as revealed in his tales, is a reflection of the "profound and solemn emotion of the pioneer wandering over the prairies." But we believe that enough mistakes have been pointed out to show the weakness of the Taine method when applied by the average man of letters to the writers of a foreign country. The failure of so many attempts to explain the peculiarities of Poe and other American writers by the environment is only one more demonstration of the truth that in every man of genius there is something for which environment can not account, something which is peculiar to him alone and in virtue of which he is himself.

III

There are excellent reasons for calling in question the finality of the verdict of these judges. It is too much to expect d'Aurevilly, Moûy, and Gourmont, representatives of the French nobility, to look with unprejudiced eyes upon a country where democratic ideals prevail; Montégut, ardent Catholic that he was, could not forgive us our Protestantism; Baudelaire hated America because he was convinced that it persecuted his idol, Poe. Furthermore, neither they nor any of the other critics whose opinions we have cited, had ever been in America, so that the information they possessed concerning us was at best second-hand. But, strange as it may seem, their opinions are found to be in substantial accord with those of Tocqueville and Paul Bourget, two eyewitnesses whose intelligence, impartiality, and keenness of observation cannot be questioned. Although Tocqueville does not seem to have considered us active to excess, he did find us money-loving, incredulous, imaginative, and worldly. "I know of no other country," he says, in his *Democracy in America*, "in which the love of money has taken deeper root." And although Bourget admires the American business-man for his energy, although he is pleased to discover among us an ardent desire for knowledge and a certain craving for art, he at the same time condemns that abuse of energy which makes competition in our business world so ferocious, which renders our

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sports dangerous, violent, and even brutal, which is responsible in short for a very general tendency to overshoot the mark. Our buildings are too high, our trains run too fast, our newspapers are too big, we spend money too lavishly. "Energy and will," he says, "are developed to the point of hypertrophy." He deplores also the utilitarianism which blinds us to the value of everything that cannot be put to immediate use. America, he says, is "supersaturated with the love of the practical. Its whole educational system is determined by the sole desire to make it practical." The religious phase of American character was noted both by Tocqueville and Bourget, the former declaring that the religious aspect of the country was the first thing that struck his attention, the latter giving it a rank among American traits second only to the love of activity. As to the high level of morals in our country, they are also substantially agreed.

In view of this unexpected confirmation of the opinions of the literary critics, it may be well to give them a sober second thought, especially those that are the most unflattering to us. In fact, it requires but little reflection to discover that they are not wholly without foundation. Take, for example, the criticism which charges us with being excessively active. Are we quite sure that our life is not too strenuous? Do we not, at times, wonder whether the American pace is not too rapid, whether we are not living too fast? What is our notion of recreation? Travelling with us is largely a matter of getting over ground. "The American motorist," says F. Hopkinson Smith, "possessed by the demon of haste, drives into a city, sees the city hall, imagines he has seen everything, and goes on to the next town." It has been observed by another writer, that when the American tourist reaches the Rhine, whose wonderful scenery he has travelled thousands of miles to see, he takes the express boat and rushes past it as fast as possible. The state of exhaustion in which we reach home after our summer outings has become one of our stock jokes. The truth is, as Alain Locke stated not long ago in the *North American Review*, that we are a "people who have not as yet made any real distinction between work and play." And are not the lack of thoroughness and the wastefulness that are so common in our country due in large measure to excessive haste, to our mania for "getting things done"? Rejoicing in our strength, impatient of restraint, confident of our

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ability to "go it alone," we plunge ahead, only to discover, when too late, that our work must be done over again.

"The craze for speeding in a literal sense," says the *Independent* apropos of the fast driving of automobiles in America, "is only one phase of our acceleration madness in general. . . . The American not only tears and sweats to catch his car or his train, to 'turn over his capital,' to make record time in building sky-scrapers . . . he also accelerates his 'education' and his 'culture.' . . . He would accelerate the kingdom of heaven if it could be made to come within observation, so that he could watch the speedometer."

Must we not admit, also, that we do have an inveterate tendency to go to extremes? In what other country do fads spring up and flourish as they do in our own? In what other country are *crazes* so common? There is scarcely a moment when hysteria, in one form or another, can not be seen in our midst. The cry of "safety first" now heard in our land is a confession that we had gone too far in our craze for speed. The present reaction against the sky-scraper in New York indicates that the mania for tall buildings is passing. And although there are no indications that the habit of lavish spending is becoming less noticeable among us, we are beginning to recognize that it is a national evil. Only recently one of our most conservative and highly esteemed journals asserted, editorially, that "we are unquestionably the most extravagant people in the world."

Finally, are we not too materialistic in our ideals? Brander Matthews recently called attention to the fact that America has done very little toward the advancement of science. He notes with chagrin that of the twelve great scientific discoveries credited to the nineteenth century by Alfred Russel Wallace, there is not a single one to which America can justly lay claim. He declares, furthermore, that not one of the chief leaders of art, during this period, was native to our country. When M. Brunetière, the great French critic, visited us in 1897, he said that one of the two things that stand in the way of the higher civilization in the United States is the spirit of commercialism; and Hamilton W. Mabie, commenting on the utterance, made the following admission:

"This shrewd judgment of one of the most intelligent foreigners that has visited the country in late years finds confirmation in the judgment of the best informed Americans. The higher interests of the nation are imperilled by—the tendency to let the development of the soul of the country wait on the development of its land and its mineral resources and its trade."

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Again, if it is true, as Bourget affirms, that a nation's ideal is revealed in its educational system, then it would seem that our ideal is highly utilitarian, for education in America is every day becoming more and more practical. Vocational training is now being introduced into our public schools, and in some quarters we are even asked to do away with the study of history, civics, and economics in order to make room for it. One may even wonder whether the highest function of the university, the pursuit of truth for its own sake, is not in danger of being lost sight of temporarily, as a result of the discovery of the great service which the university can render society by helping it solve its problems. No matter how important this newly discovered function may be, no matter how desirable vocational training may be, the solving of practical problems is not disinterested science, and the ability to earn a living is not a liberal education.

When driven into a corner, and compelled to acknowledge that in certain fields of endeavour we have not reached the highest levels, we invariably excuse ourselves on the ground of necessity. Look at the obstacles we have had to overcome, we say, in taking possession of this continent and winning it for civilization, and consider how young our nation is. Is it any wonder that energy has been at a premium among us? Is it any wonder that the development of our highest intellectual powers, of our imagination, and of our aesthetic sense has been neglected? We have had no time for dreaming, we have had no time to follow learning for its own sake. We have been obliged to be practical and prosaic. But, however satisfactory this excuse may have been in the past, it is every day losing something of its force. Professor Matthews reminds us that more than seventy-five years ago Emerson asserted that the world's expectation of us was not being fulfilled, because we were centring our efforts on the development of mechanical skill. We may well be proud of our achievements in the field of invention, of our progress along material lines, but we can hasten the coming of the day when the world's expectation of us shall be fulfilled if we remember that the industrial arts may flourish side by side with science and the fine arts. The country in which industrial development has been most rapid in recent years, is famous among nations for its scientists and its philosophers; and the country to which we owe the discovery of radium, the country

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which is the artist's Mecca, is at the same time the country which has given us the automobile and which is our most formidable rival in the struggle for the conquest of the air.

GEORGE D. MORRIS.

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EMERSON AS A ROMANTICIST

Literature is, on the whole, a social product. An author needs for his highest imaginative reach the stimulus and the encouragement of an audience. "An author writes for everybody," wrote George Sand, "for all those who need to be initiated. When one is not understood, one submits and recommences; when one is understood, one rejoices and continues. There is all the secret of our perseverance and of our love of art. What is art without the hearts and the intelligences to which it ministers? A sun projecting no rays, and giving life to nothing." There may be fluctuation in the attitude of men of letters toward the creative impulse; for instance, the creed of "art for art's sake" still has its followers; but in the long run George Sand's observations may be accepted as sound.

George Sand historically belongs to the group known as the French romanticists of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless her view of the artist's inspiration, as here set forth, is not that usually designated as the "romantic"; at least it is not the romantic view of the inspiration of the poet. In the typical romantic conception, the poet is a lonely special soul born superior to other human beings, between whom and himself he feels a chasm. He is like the hero of Shelley's *Alastor*, of whom it is said, "He lived, he died, he sung in solitude." Or better, his feeling is that expressed by Goethe's Poet in the "Prelude on the Stage" of the First Part of *Faust*:

> "Oh, speak not of the motley multitude
> At whose aspect the spirit wings its flight;
> Shut off the noisy crowd, whose vortex rude
> Still draws us downward with resistless might.
> Lead to some nook, where silence loves to brood,
> Where only for the bard blooms pure delight. . . ."

Contemporary society has neither attraction nor inspiration for such a poet. He loathes the "vulgar herd," the "crowd." He writes not for the applause of a world which cannot comprehend him. He cares only for his own ideals, and works in the aloofness and solitude of his own genius. This tacitly is the attitude of Byron, who "feels alone" only when he is with

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others, and whose favourite heroes "stalk apart in joyless reverie," or refuse to be "caged in cities' social home." At times the same note is struck by Landor:

> "I know not whether I am proud,
> But this I know, I hate the crowd."

Both poets may really have had in mind readers for their verse. Byron did surely, else why pose for their benefit so often? Yet neither chose to admit this; and that their verse was anti-social in its inspiration and its tendencies is partly true. But even for them the romantic creed must be qualified. To have been consistent they should have published nothing; their communion should have been only with themselves.

Among American poets of our one creative period the isolated professor of the romantic doctrine of the poet as a lonely superior being is, strangely enough, Emerson. There is nothing of this feeling in Whittier, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes. We are not much in the habit of associating Emerson with the poets who express the body of ideas launched for European readers by Rousseau, and familiar to English readers mainly from Byron; yet in stray but still characteristic passages Emerson becomes hardly distinguishable from his Old World forebears. He at least touches the hem of the mantle of Rousseau, which enveloped Byron:

> "I am not poor but I am proud
> Of one inalienable right
> Above the envy of the crowd,
> Thought's holy light."

Here the American poet proclaims that he, too, is not like other men; while in the following stanza from an early poem is heard the voice of the lonely special soul in revolt:

> "Goodbye, proud world, I'm going home.
> Thou art not my friend and I'm not thine . . .
> Long I've been tossed by the driven foam;
> But now, proud world, I'm going home."

Another stanza shows something surprisingly like Byronic cynicism:

> "Goodbye to Flattery's fawning face;
> To Grandeur with his wise grimace;

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To Upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple office low and high.
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet. . . . "

The poem closes on the same note of lofty self-sufficiency and contempt for an unworthy world. The author has unmistakable affinity with the type so long admired on the continent and so much imitated, the type of the voluntary social exile. *Good-bye*, it is only fair to recall, was a youthful poem which Emerson retained with some reluctance in his later volumes; but the underlying thought of the last stanza is often repeated in his later poetry:

"O when I am safe in my sylvan home
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines
Where the evening star so wholly shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan."

Emerson, like Thoreau, who, however, lived the creed, finds it better to flee to the unsocial woods, where he is safe from the corrupt and degenerating influences of society; where there is so much more to be learned that is worth while than is possible in the cities of men. These are favourite romantic themes: the love of elemental nature as a refuge for the special human spirit, the superiority of the lessons to be found there, love of natural description, and care for conveying "local colour."

In Emerson's prose are to be found many passages illustrating these beliefs—already noticed in his earlier poetry—which so qualify his democracy; the note of self-sufficiency and egoism, the note of unsociability, and the exaltation of solitude with nature as superior to human intercourse. He was not much attracted by the common social joys.

"The hunger for company is keen, but it must be discriminating, and must be economized. 'Tis a defect in our manners that they have not yet reached the prescribing a limit to visits. That every well-dressed lady or gentleman should be at liberty to exceed ten minutes in his or her call on serious people shows a civilization still rude."

Reformers he could tolerate, and he could lend them a somewhat Olympian sympathy; but if he had to associate with them too closely his nerves were on edge.

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"The strong and worthy persons who support the social order without hesitation or misgiving, I like these; they never incommode us by exciting grief, pity, or perturbation of any sort. But the professed philanthropists, it is strange and horrible to say, are altogether an odious set of bores and canters."

Sometimes he becomes undemocratic to a degree that is disconcerting.

"Enormous populations, if they be beggars, are disgusting, like moving cheese, like hills of ants, or of fleas—the more the worse." Or, "Masses are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their demands and influence, and need not to be flattered but to be schooled. I wish not to concede anything to them, but to tame, drill, divide, and break them up, and draw individuals out of them. The worst of charity is that the lives you are asked to preserve are not worth preserving. Masses! The calamity is the masses."

A strong sense of human comradeship Emerson very plainly did not feel. Sympathetic he was, but his sympathy was of the intellect alone. Perhaps it was for this reason that he lent active help to so few movements. He took a detached and benevolent interest in them, but he did not, like Whittier, put his shoulder to the wheel. He preferred to leave practical activities to others. Perhaps in this way also may be explained his acceptance of the favourite transcendental doctrine that "being is better than doing," a doctrine with which Margaret Fuller, so she tells us, took issue.

But let us return to illustration of the "romantic" attitude of Emerson toward the poet, looking this time at his maturer work. In one of his *Fragments on the Poet and the Poetic Gift*, he affirms:

> "Pale genius roves alone,
> No scout can track his way,
> None credits him till he have shown
> His diamonds to the day."

Similarly in the poem entitled *Saadi*, a name, says his son, sometimes for the ideal poet and sometimes for the author's actual self:

> "Trees in groves,
> Kine in droves,
> In ocean sport the scaly herds,
> Wedge-like cleave the air the birds;

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To northern lakes fly wind-borne ducks,
Browse the mountain sheep in flocks,
Men consort in camp and town,
But the poet dwells alone. . . .

"But he has no companion;
Come ten or come a million,
Good Saadi dwells alone."

Of the "Poet" Emerson writes: "He pursues a beauty half seen which flies before him," "The poet pours out verse in every solitude." This calls up visions from Shelley's *Alastor*, and so do touches in the following:

"Was never form and never face
So sweet to Seyd as only grace
Which did not slumber like a stone,
But hovered gleaming and was gone.
Beauty chased he everywhere,
In flames, in storm, in clouds of air."

To the poet himself he says:

"Thou shalt leave the world and know the muse only. Thou shalt not know any longer the times, customs, graces, politics, or opinions of men, but shalt take all from thy muse. . . . Thou shalt lie close hid with nature, and canst not be afforded to the Capitol or the Exchange."

What, in the case of Byron, we may call arrogance of spirit, may not with propriety be so termed with Emerson. Let us say rather that his attitude is that of the intellectual aristocrat. We may speak of "the strange vanity of being alone and of admiring and understanding himself" of the typical romanticist; yet, while Brunetière's words may hold for certain continental and English romanticists, they will never do for Emerson. The latter never appears vain-glorious, and he does not allow the personal pronoun to dominate his verse. There is kinship nevertheless with the Europeans; and upon all is the mark of the originator, Rousseau, from whom every romanticist borrowed, and by whom all were influenced. The American's was not an ego that is agitated or passionate; it was as serene as the typical romanticist's is stormy; but it was an ego conscious of itself, and consciously attentive to the spectacle about it. If the romanticists looked haughtily on the world from their lonely wilds and mountain fastnesses, is not Emerson benevolently confident upon Olympus? Humility, deference, dependence,

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these words have no place in the scheme of things for the philosopher of Concord, more than for the dweller in the "ivory tower." No wonder that social questions found him unresponsive, and that he preferred nature or his "pleached garden" to social interests. To the romanticists the individual is all, and he must be developed to his own best, whatever the cost in the way of relations of fellowship. In our own day individualistic teaching, having done its work, is a diminishing force, and the social sense is increasingly an impulsive force. It is not strange that the twentieth century cannot always read Emerson in the same way as did the generation for whom he was prophet and emancipator. Too much self-contemplation, too much self-attention will not do, we think. Men must confront an exterior world, and keep in mind the existence of others.

Clear, too, to the reader of to-day is the affinity, in some of their ideas, between Emerson and Whitman. Whitman's exploitation of "myself," and Emerson's reiterated doctrine of self-dependence and self-reliance, his determination to look within and nowhere else, to reverse his own intuitions, ideas, instincts, his "trust thyself," "obey thyself,"—what have we in each but Rousseau's *culte de moi*, finding voice, after a lapse of time, in the New World? There is the divergence that Whitman lacks taste. He flaunts the Whitman ego in the faces of his readers—far more to his own detriment than was really necessary since his "myself" was not wholly egoistic, but was meant to stand for the many. Emerson omitted or disguised the pronoun. But when we read carefully it becomes clear that Emerson's personal confidence is as great as Whitman's. His ego is exempt from error. "Build then thy own world," "obey thyself," "trust thyself," are precepts which he never tempers. It is significant, thinks one critic, that Nietzsche carried about Emerson's works in his pocket, as Napoleon carried Ossian, or Shelley the works of the Greek dramatists. "No law," says Emerson, "can be sacred to me but that of my own nature." Here once more the present generation cannot accept without qualification the practical philosophy of the Sage of Concord. "Trust thyself," "follow your inner light," are not safe teachings if your light is a flickering candle. "Examples are only too numerous," says a recent essayist, "of persons who in exclusive reliance on the inner oracle have thought themselves inspired when they were only peculiar."

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From Emerson's reliance on self and his failure to be interested in all that lay outside of himself, comes probably his special attitude toward culture. His whole emphasis is turned against the surrender of self to acquiring or profiting by the ideas of others. Culture becomes as unimportant to him, on its acquisitive side, as was history or science. Witness his use of reading. It has often been pointed out that Emerson never used books as wholes, as enshriners of systematized thought. He used them only for the texts or illustrations which they might afford to his private meditations. What he wanted from a book was not its organized presentation of its subject, but an anecdote, or some finely chiselled sentence which would serve an immediate personal end. All might be neglected in other men's books, which was not grist to his own mill. It was as though he declined to consider valuable all that did not touch himself. The doctrine of self-sufficiency and independence, the *culte de moi*, as applied to reading, could hardly be carried farther. He teaches in *The American Scholar* that the scholar should examine his own mind and not let himself be influenced by genius.

"Books," he says in a familiar passage, "are for the scholar's idle time. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings." "I had rather never read a book than be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit and become a satellite."

In arrogance of spirit few have gone beyond this. It is instructive, as Miss Cary has noted, to place beside these quotations the words of Arnold. The latter finds that if perfection resides in an "inward condition of the mind and spirit, and not in an outward set of circumstances," we must attain this perfection by getting to know, "on all matters which most concern us, the best which has been thought and known in the world; and through this knowledge turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits which we follow stanchly but mechanically, vainly imagining that there is a virtue in following them stanchly which makes up for the mischief of following them mechanically." To the modern reader, in reaction from individualism, Arnold seems the wiser guide. The mediocre must not be encouraged to trust themselves too confidently, rejecting the help which may come from culture. Those who take pride in their emancipation from the influence of others may be taking pride in their own limitations.

Emerson had in common with the romanticists his wish to

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think with complete independence, to build his own world aloof and unfettered—that ideal, in the period after Rousseau, of so many rebellious spirits of the Old World. Like them he was in general revolt against tradition and convention, although his revolt was never aggressive but serene; and it was limited to matters intellectual. In practical affairs his preference was for quiet submission, for acquiescence in the existing order of things. Here contrast is afforded by Thoreau, whose revolt was thorough-going and unqualified.

The sovereignty of the poet, his transcendent insight, are, expectedly enough, recurrent ideas with Emerson. To Emerson the poet alone can see through and relate all things, can interpret and foretell. He is the seer, the vaticinator. The rapt impassioned intuition that is Wordsworth's is shared by Emerson; both have in them, as do all transcendentalists, an element of the mystic. To both the poet alone is gnostic; he sees and hears what others do not notice. Emerson's best known words concerning the function of the poet are the familiar, "Poetry is the perpetual endeavour to express the spirit of the thing, to pass the brute body and search the life and reason which causes it to exist." But it is well to go somewhat farther for a fuller setting forth of his theories. "The poet did not stop at the colour or form but read their meaning." "The poet is representative. He stands among partial men for the complete man. He is isolated among his contemporaries by his truth and by his art." "The charming landscape I saw this morning is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he (*sic*) who can integrate all the parts, the poet." "Science was false by being unpoetical. It aspired to explain a reptile or a mollusk and isolated it. . . . Reptile or mollusk or man or angel exists only in system, in relation. The metaphysician, the poet, sees only each animal form as an inevitable step in the path of the creating mind. . . . The poet gives us the eminent experiences only—a god stepping from peak to peak, nor planting his foot but on the mountain." "The poets are liberating gods." "The only teller of news is the poet. When he sings, the world listens with the assurance that now a secret of God is to be spoken." "The birth of a poet is the principal event in chronology."

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Returning to Emerson's verse, we find these lines, similar in import to the foregoing passages from his prose, prefixed to the chapter on "Poetry and Imagination" in *Letters and Social Aims:*

"The Muse can knit
What is past, what is done,
With the web that is just begun."

In *Fragments on the Poet and the Poetic Gift* we are told once more of the poet's sovereignty:

"The gods talk in the breath of the woods,
They talk in the shaken pine,
And fill the long reach of the old seashore
With dialogue divine;
And the poet who overhears
Some random word they say
Is the fated man of men
Whom the ages must obey."

The poet has nature to learn from, the free winds, omens and signs that fill the air, and these are better worth his while than the words of other men:

"The birds brought auguries on their wings,
And carolled undeceiving things
Him to beckon, him to warn;
Well might then the poet scorn
To learn of scribe or courier
Things writ in vaster character."

To Emerson, too, "one impulse from the vernal wood" teaches "more than all the sages can":

"Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen.
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men."

Both nature and man were to the romanticists intrinsically good. Nature was a kind and sympathetic mother, a sure refuge in time of despondency or social ennui. From her streamed a peculiar power, stimulating or tranquillizing, as the need might be, him who held communion with her. And as nature, so man. Weakness or evil in him came from external circumstances, from shackling traditions, or from the corrupting influences of society. Leave him free and untrammelled, let him live close to nature,

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give his good impulses free play, and there need be no misgiving as to the outcome. A later generation, confronted by the laws of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest, has lost this enviable confidence. To the successors of the romanticists nature is not a comforting parent but a collection of menacing and inscrutable forces, amid which the human being is tossed helplessly and blindly. Man is not wholly good by nature but is innately weak or evil also; he must contend against evil within as well as against perversion from without. To Emerson, as to the romanticists, nature is always kind and good. To her forbidding or brutal aspects he remains oblivious. Man also is instinctively good; the stern realities of his sins and sufferings Emerson chooses to leave out of account or to ignore. His "philosophy of optimism"—an optimism which, among his remote descendants, the followers of Christian Science, has become a cult—is a form of the optimism of the romanticists deriving from Rousseau. Confidence in the goodness of nature, conviction of the innate goodness of man, together with advocacy of self-reliance, were their central teachings.

To one holding such beliefs as Emerson's, the form of poetry would be a minor matter. Beauty of expression becomes of little moment as compared with the "message." Fastidious craftsmanship is no more a vital element in poetry to Emerson than it was to Wordsworth, or to Byron, or even to Scott, who might let pass nearly any recklessness of expression rather than lose the impetus of his story. Emerson says of the bard in *Merlin:*

> "He shall not his brain encumber
> With the coil of rhythm and number;
> But, leaving rule and pale forethought,
> He shall aye climb
> For his rhyme."

Later in the same poem he rejects for his ideal poet insipidity and formalism:

> "He shall not seek to weave
> In weak unhappy times,
> Efficacious rhymes;
> Wait his returning strength.
> Bird that from the nadir's floor
> To the zenith's top can soar,—
> The soaring orbit of the muse exceeds that journey's length."

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Those who believe with Poe that poetry is the "rhythmical creation of beauty," or with Keats, that the poet's dreamland should afford a "refuge from the strain of life," or with Swinburne, that the essentials of poetry are "imagination and harmony," would not, to Emerson, be poets of the highest order. With none of these would his Saadi feel kinship. His affinities would lie rather with those who regard poetry as a high and solemn ministry. Emerson has not perhaps Wordsworth's sense of awed consecration or Shelley's rapturous vision of the "sun-treader," the standard-bearer of progress into new realms of light; but it is with these, and never with the aesthetes, that his conception of the poet and the poetic gift would array him. Partly akin to him, but more social in his inspiration, is Arnold's bard, who, weighted with moral responsibility, should be a critic of life; or Mrs. Browning's, who is "God's truth-teller"; or the poet to whom Clough—who was Arnold's friend and Emerson's—addresses so passionate an appeal:

> "Come, poet, come, for but in vain
> We do the work or feel the pain,
> And gather up the seeming gain,
> Unless before the end thou come
> To take ere they are lost their sum."

The self-consciousness of the poets of the first half of the nineteenth century is another phase of their personal utterance, their tendency to exhibit themselves. Homer was not self-conscious concerning the poet's office, nor were the authors of any of the older epics, nor was Chaucer, nor Shakespeare. It was the romanticists who tended to write poetry of "autobiography," who inquired of themselves concerning themselves, and assumed that the world was interested in what they found. Nor was the habit of self-consciousness regarding the poetic office let drop by their successors. That the words *poet* and *poetry* were so often on Emerson's lips would be evidence enough to students of literature, in its changing temper and shifting modes, of his probable localization in time. It is also evidence of his relation to certain European movements of thought to which he gave—comparatively late in their currency and much tempered—American expression. In his doctrine of the superiority and the aloofness of the poet, of the latter's severance from others to whom he yet bears messages of light, in his self-sufficiency

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and his sovereignty, his belief in the intrinsic goodness of nature and of man, and his concern with poetic thought rather than poetic form, Emerson may be termed the American representative of ideas which already had had wide circulation in Europe. In great part they emanated from Rousseau, and some of them, especially the gospel of the rights and the supremacy of the individual, had metamorphosed the politics and the map of Europe as well as its literature.

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THE
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THE DIPLOMATIC BACKGROUND OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

When on August 1, 1914, the fateful news came over the wires that Europe stood at Armageddon, the people of this country were scarcely able to accept the fact, for it was difficult to understand why the flower of European manhood should be sent forth in arms to shatter the cultural and material progress of a century. But to the close student of European diplomacy it has long been evident that some day the conflicting interests of the Great Powers and some of the smaller states, an intricate system of alliances, *ententes*, and secret agreements, and the armaments accumulated in the last generation must produce a "catastrophe of which it is impossible to measure either the dimensions or the effects" (Mr. Asquith). The various peoples involved have been preparing against the Great War till most of them were near the end of their resources, and now that it has come, they have accepted their fate calmly and bravely, on the ground that even defeat is preferable to uncertainty. The historian, however, is impressed by the peculiar alignment of the warring nations. It is the first war between Austria and Russia, the first between England and Germany, the first since 1763 between Germany and Russia. Except for the Crimean War, France and England have not fought together since the seventeenth century, nor England and Russia since the struggle against Napoleon, with whose country they are both now in alliance. Finally, except when at the beginning of the eighteenth and again of the nineteenth century they resisted the ambitions of Louis XIV or Napoleon,

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Germany (Prussia) and Austria have been inveterate enemies since the days of the Reformation.

The causes of the present war are to be traced to four sets of forces, more or less interdependent: (1) the racial problems and ambitions of Austria-Hungary; (2) the rivalry of Austria and Russia in the Balkan peninsula; (3) the struggle to maintain the balance of power in Europe; (4) the competition for sea power, commerce, and colonies; not to speak of the burden of armaments entailed by the foregoing rivalries. In this paper an attempt will be made to describe the development of these questions up to the outbreak of the war.

1. *The Racial Problems of Austria-Hungary*

The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, as is well known, is a collection of races so organized under the Compromise of 1867 that a majority of Slavs is held down by minorities of Germans and Magyars in Austria and Hungary respectively. But this situation has not proved satisfactory to either of the dominant races, let alone any one else. The Magyars, in their desire for greater political and economic freedom from Austria and as the natural outcome of their political ability, which can be compared only to that of the Anglo-Saxons, have endeavoured to force their ways upon the non-Magyar races subject to them, with a view to increasing the resources available against Austria. Not only have the Slavs of Croatia and the Rumanians of Transylvania resented this treatment, against which Austria has afforded them little relief; their loyalty to the Hapsburg Crown has begun to weaken, and they have been impressed by the comparatively free institutions of Servia and Rumania. So the Austrian half of the Monarchy has learned that Hungarian policy has seriously weakened the Hapsburg State in international dealings; while to preserve the unity of the joint army, it has made repeated concessions to Hungary which have merely whetted the appetite of that partner. Gradually the conviction has spread in the Monarchy that somehow or other recognition must be afforded to the national life and consciousness of its conglomerate peoples. Federalism in one form or another has become a word to conjure with and absorbed the attention of publicists. Some favour the creation of a third or Slav kingdom out of Carinthia and Dalmatia (Austrian), Croatia and Slavonia (Hungarian), and

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Bosnia-Herzegovina (a *Reichsland*); others desire a centralized organization for the entire Monarchy, with adequate local government for the various races. The late Archduke Francis Ferdinand, though he talked little and gave his chief attention to the army, was supposed to favour some such solution. At any rate his sympathies were decidedly with the Slavs; and it is surely an irony of history that the one man who had the will and the power to grapple with the problem should have been cut down on the eve of his accession to the throne by one of the race whose best friend he was.

To devise a sound foreign policy on the basis of such racial antagonisms would be difficult in any case. For Austria the task is complicated by the foreign connections of some of the races. The Ruthenians of Galicia are of the same stock and speak the same language as the Little Russian subjects of the Tsar. The Croats are practically Serbs, though their Roman Catholicism separates them somewhat from the latter. In southern Tyrol and along the Dalmatian coast there is a considerable Italian element, and Transylvania contains a majority of Rumanians. How far will these races, all of whom have been at one time or another susceptible to irredentist propaganda, support the traditional policy of the House of Hapsburg, has been a question ever present to the German and Magyar ruling classes.

That traditional policy, as revealed in the annals of four centuries, is clearly one of territorial expansion. Since her expulsion from Germany in 1866, Austria-Hungary has regarded the western Balkans as her theatre of operations, with perhaps Salonika as the ultimate goal. This ambition is logical enough, for in the last forty years every Great Power has increased its territorial possessions. Austria could not be left behind, and in 1878 she was permitted to "occupy and administer" Bosnia and the Herzegovina, as they constituted the *Hinterland* to her Dalmatian provinces, though the fiction of Turkish suzerainty was retained. But she could not hope to advance farther along the Adriatic coast, because Italy, her ally since 1882, also had designs on Albania and would have resisted an Austrian occupation. Early in the twentieth century Russia became interested in the same region, apart from the fact that Montenegro, whose guns on Mount Lŏvchen commanded the Austrian harbour of Cattaro, had long been a Russian protectorate.

Austria-Hungary was therefore compelled to regard Servia,

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which she surrounded on two sides, as the only region open to her expansion. A hundred years ago when the Servians under Kara George were seeking to emancipate themselves from Turkish rule, they repeatedly asked to be annexed to the Hapsburg Crown. The request was refused, doubtless to the regret of later Austrian statesmen; but throughout the nineteenth century, Austrian influence was dominant in Servia, for the family of Obrenovich, which usually possessed the throne, was too weak to stand alone. So it was easy for Austria to secure a favourable tariff for her goods, in return for which Servia was encouraged to export her live stock to Austrian markets; while the Magyars were free to carry out their policy in Croatia without fear of agitation inspired from Servia. The value of Austrian friendship was demonstrated to Servia in 1885 when she rashly attacked Bulgaria to prevent the union of eastern Rumelia with Bulgaria proper. The aggressor was badly defeated, and only the intervention of the Dual Monarchy stopped the Bulgarian advance on Nish. After that King Milan and King Alexander were as clay in Austrian hands; and from 1897, when Russia and Austria agreed to maintain the *status quo* in the Balkans, Servia seemed to have become the permanent vassal of her great neighbour.

This situation was upset by the Servians themselves. In 1903 King Alexander and his consort were murdered in their palace by Servian officers who resented his Austrophil leanings and the scandals of his court. The new king, Peter Karageorgevich, was Russian in sympathy, but he determined to rule as a constitutional monarch, and left his ministers to their own devices. They cultivated friendly relations with Turkey, and by introducing modern packing methods, made it possible to ship Servian meats southwards to Salonika and beyond. Henceforth Austria could not reduce the politicians of Belgrade to terms by closing the Hungarian frontier to Servian cattle. She was able to break up a Servo-Bulgarian customs union in 1905, but she could not check the material and financial progress of Servia, who was strong enough to defy the Monarchy for six months, to the utter derangement of the latter's finances, when it proclaimed the annexation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina in October, 1908.

That crisis marks the beginning of the tension which ended with the Austrian ultimatum of July 23, 1914. Austrian policy towards Servia plus Magyar chauvinism in Croatia had led to a

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recrudescence of Pan-Servian agitation, which aimed at the union of the Serbs of Austria and of Servia under the rule of the Servian Crown. But the annexation of the "occupied" provinces blocked the plan, apparently for ever, which was the more serious because in no other way could Servia hope for access to the sea. Probably she would have appealed to the sword had not Russia, France, and Great Britain advised her to yield. Her declaration of March 31, 1909,[1] stated that "Servia recognizes that the *fait accompli* regarding Bosnia has not affected her rights . . . and she undertakes to renounce from now onwards the attitude of protest and opposition which she has adopted with regard to the annexation since last autumn." As the result of her undertaking "to modify the direction of her policy with regard to Austria-Hungary and to live in future on good neighbourly terms with the latter," the relations between the two governments assumed an air of "correctness," and a satisfactory commercial treaty was concluded; but the dormant hostility was revived by the dramatic events of 1912–1913.

The Ballplatz—the Vienna foreign office—had allowed the Balkan war against Turkey to proceed on the assumption that the hated Servians would be promptly trounced. Instead, they marched to victory, occupied western Macedonia, and at the end of the campaign proceeded to capture Durazzo on the Adriatic coast. Not only would this port give the landlocked kingdom its outlet to the sea; the unexpected successes of Servian arms, the increase of territory, and the prospect of a permanent Balkan alliance made a profound impression on the Slav subjects of the Dual Monarchy, whose racial animosities promised to be considerably accentuated. Furthermore, Servia and Montenegro had jointly conquered the Sandjak of Novi Bazar, from which Austria had retired in 1909, and secured a common frontier which would sometime lead to an integral union of the two states. This Greater Servia would permanently block the road to Salonika; it could lend powerful support to the Pan-Servian propaganda that was beginning to lift its head again.

The Vienna government, therefore, felt it necessary to impose a veto upon Servian ambitions and demanded the evacuation of Durazzo. A dangerous European crisis was produced—for

[1] It is quite important to remember that this note was delivered to the *Powers*, and not to Austria, thus clearly emphasizing the international character of the Balkan problem.

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Russia seemed disposed to take up the cudgels for Servia—only to be weathered by the creation of an independent Albania that was intended to forestall both Servian and Italian aspirations. But Austro-Servian relations were not improved by this solution, and when Servia recouped herself by defeating Bulgaria in the distressing quarrel of the Balkan allies, Austrian rage and disappointment knew no bounds.[1] The labours of a generation were wasted, the new Servia was allied with Greece and friendly with Rumania, and the Slavs of the Monarchy rejoiced greatly in the success of their brethren.

Under these circumstances the new orientation of Austrian policy was awaited with interest. Just two weeks before his death the late Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who was the driving force behind the aggressive policy of recent years, received Emperor William at Koposnicht in Bohemia, and according to one story, secured from him the promise of German assistance for a renewed *Drang nach Osten*. A *casus belli* could easily have been found in the recent concordat between Servia and the Vatican, by which the government of Belgrade challenged the traditional claim of Austria to protect Roman Catholics in the western Balkans. As it turned out, the murder of the Archduke afforded a more satisfactory pretext, but it is scarcely open to doubt that had Francis Ferdinand lived, there would have been extreme tension between Servia and Russia. Whatever the dispute, Russia would inevitably have been brought into the dispute.

2. *Austro-Russian Rivalry in the Balkans*

The vast expanse of her territory and the fact that the Baltic is closed to navigation during half the year make Russia's natural outlet the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, over which Constantinople stands guard; for the greater part of her grain crop, which is the chief item of her export trade, is raised on the black lands in the southern provinces of her European empire. The fact that many ships loaded with Russian grain were cooped up in the Black Sea when Italy attacked the Dardanelles in 1912 amply vindicates the national desire for a free passage to the Aegean and the Mediterranean. But long before economic considerations

[1] Since this was written, the speech of Signor Giolitti in the Italian parliament has revealed that Austria would have gone to war then had she not been restrained by her allies.

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assumed their present importance, historical and political forces were driving the Russians along the *chemin de Byzance*. They ever regarded themselves as the heirs of the old Greek empire, from which they took their two-headed eagle, and they aspired to bring Russian culture to those southern Slavs who are cut off from the main Slav stocks by a solid barrier of Germans, Magyars, and Rumanians. To achieve her goal Russia has resorted to endless intrigue, formed diplomatic combinations galore, fought wars innumerable; without, however, advancing her frontier perceptibly beyond the Rumanian barrier. But if the main Russian current has made little progress, if Constantinople has not yet become Tsarigrad, to the great satisfaction of other powers, it is historically true that as a result of the Russian campaigns against Turkey, though not always as a realization of Russian plans, five Christian states have arisen in the Balkan peninsula to become possible outposts of Russian influence.

Of these five, Greece was too far away and until recently too weak to be of particular service; and Rumania, who had saved the Russians before Plevna in 1877, only to be "rewarded" by the seizure of Bessarabia, a trans-Danubian province inhabited by Rumanians, was by this act of ingratitude thrown into the arms of Austria-Hungary. But Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, new states with slender resources and thoroughly Slav in spirit, were excellently suited to serve Russian designs, which have usually been opposed by Austria-Hungary, lest she be surrounded on three sides by the same power. So for thirty-five years after the Congress of Berlin, which put these new states on the map, Austria and Russia struggled for ascendancy at Sofia, Belgrade, and Cettinje. For some years Bulgaria was pro-Russian, Servia pro-Austrian, an arrangement quite to the liking of the two Great Powers. Prince Ferdinand, however, had ascended the Bulgarian throne in 1887 against the wishes of the Tsar, and his people resented the hectoring Russian protectorate; gradually, therefore, Austria supplanted Russia in Bulgarian affection. To offset this, the Russophile Peter Karageorgevich became king of Servia. Thus the *protégé* of one Power blocked the southward expansion of the other, and since 1903 Austro-Russian rivalry has been acute.

About the same time, the intolerable misgovernment of Macedonia precipitated a general uprising, in which the Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks thought more of exterminating

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each other than of driving out the Turks who, incidentally abetted the good work. The European Powers tried to carry through a programme of reforms which should put an end to the prevailing anarchy, a task that was really hopeless in the face of Austro-Russian jealousies; and the British failure to effect a compromise was a potent cause of the Revolution of July, 1908, which ushered in the Young Turks, as represented by the Committee of Union and Progress. Other highly interesting schemes were also nipped in the bud by this convulsion. In January, 1908, Baron Aerenthal, the Austrian foreign minister, ignoring the agreement of 1897 which guaranteed the *status quo* in the Balkans, had secured the concession for a railway through the Sandjak of Novi Bazar which could be extended to Salonika and pave the way for Austria's advance to the Aegean. Russia had countered by proposing a line from Nish, Servia, to the Adriatic which would block the designs of Vienna and at the same time serve her own economic interests.

Railways and reforms were alike lost sight of in the consternation produced by the Revolution; and before Europe could accommodate itself to the new order of things, Austria-Hungary announced the annexation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina and Bulgaria proclaimed her independence. Neither act modified the existing situation in reality, though both were violations of the Treaty of Berlin, and Russia had, in June, 1908, accepted the annexation in principle. But she had stipulated that advance notice should be given of its consummation; this had been omitted, and M. Isvolsky, the Russian foreign minister, felt that he had been tricked. His vigorous protest was backed by France and Great Britain, who demanded a European Conference on the ground that a general European treaty could be revised only with the consent of all its signatories. The same Powers also gave their diplomatic support to the Servian demand for compensation. But inasmuch as none of them was willing to fight, Russia bowed before Germany's intervention "in shining armour," and thanks to the assistance of her ally, Austria scored a distinct diplomatic success.

In the fullness of time, however, the wheel has come full circle. The defiance of the public law of Europe was profoundly resented in Italy, where it was regarded as the first step towards that Austrian advance along the Adriatic which Italy was determined never to permit. When the opportunity came, Italy

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went to Tripoli, thus shattering the Triple Alliance because her new colony was at the mercy of the French and British fleets in the Mediterranean; and when the Turkish resistance proved stubborn, she encouraged, if she did not abet, the formation of the Balkan League, which practically extinguished the Turkish Power in Europe. Out of that conflagration arose the new Servia which has provoked Austria to bring on the present war. For the sake of an unreal triumph, she has been compelled to stake her very existence and to raise for—let us hope—a last settlement those problems she desired to avoid indefinitely.

During the Balkan troubles, Austrian policy seemed almost designed to provoke Russia, for the treatment meted out to Servia and Montenegro by Count Berchtold aroused intense resentment in Russia. But the Russian government avoided the trap, if one had been laid. Though making clear its determination to support Servia if the latter were attacked, it unceasingly counselled moderation at Belgrade and Cettinje and declined to lose patience. In the end, Russia gained enormously. For, aside from the aggrandizement of Servia, the railway accorded to Servia across Albania to the Adriatic, and the linking-up of that line with the Rumanian system, promised to give Russia her coveted outlet on the Adriatic, to the intense disgust of Austrian commercial interests; while Rumania's intervention in the Balkan quarrel over Macedonia, with the connivance of the Tsar and contrary to the wishes of the Dual Monarchy, meant the end of that pro-Austrian policy consistently maintained by the Bucharest government since the Congress of Berlin. How completely the situation had changed to the disadvantage of Austria was clearly revealed in the spring of 1914, when the Tsar visited Bucharest for the first time since the formation of the Rumanian kingdom and arranged for the marriage of his daughter to the heir presumptive of the Rumanian throne. At the time of writing (November, 1914), Rumania has not intervened in the European war, primarily because the late King Carol was a Hohenzollern, but her public opinion, which was never keen for the Austrian alliance, has shown increasing restiveness, lest the government neglect a unique opportunity to bring the Rumanians of Transylvania and the Bukowina under the sceptre of King Ferdinand. Lastly, it was not agreeable from the Austrian point of view that ever since the Bosnian

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crisis Russia has been distinctly cordial to Italy, who is nominally Austria's ally but really her rival for the control of the Adriatic.

The truth is, the Balkan policy of the Dual Monarchy had utterly collapsed, largely because it rested on false premises, partly because its directors had sadly miscalculated the course of the Balkan wars; but Vienna could scarcely be expected to admit defeat without a final effort to save the situation, and seems deliberately to have prepared for the present war, of which the murder of the Archduke was merely the occasion, not the ultimate cause. With respect to the Austrian and Russian policies, we must guard carefully against rash condemnations of either, for they are quite as legitimate as those of the United States, as adumbrated in the Monroe Doctrine. All the Balkan states would much prefer to work out their destinies free from the interference of any Great Power, but in their weakness and their jealousies they have repeatedly turned to their powerful neighbours, and the latter have accepted the omens as suited their several interests, just as we have done in Central and South America, with results not always happy or intended.

3. *The General European Situation*

The struggle to maintain the balance of power in Europe is of long standing. From the sixteenth century onwards, the various nations have never doubted that they could retain their freedom and their independence only if no one of them overshadowed the others, and whenever a single power has threatened to become or has become dominant, it has invariably succumbed to a coalition of its rivals. Philip II of Spain, Louis XIV, and Napoleon illustrate the point. Similarly, however much the issues of the present war may be refined, the simple fact is that the Allies regard Germany as a menace to their own safety and have resolutely determined to crush her.

Historically, this state of affairs is in no small degree the legacy of Bismarckian diplomacy, as exemplified in the unification of Germany. The necessity and justice of a united Germany are apparent, but the methods employed by Bismarck to achieve it have long been the subject of criticism. It is difficult to deny that the Iron Chancellor isolated diplomatically, then attacked, and ultimately despoiled Denmark, Austria, and France in turn.

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It is equally true that France, in the person of Napoleon III, opposed the unification of Germany, and all things considered, the loss of Alsace-Lorraine was only a just punishment; but the "editing" of the Ems telegram, which precipitated the war of 1870, was as brutal and diabolical a manœuvre as history records. In short, splendid as the exploits of Bismarck were from the German point of view, they generated first in one, then in another, and finally in practically every European country an intense suspicion of German policy, a fear lest the new Empire should once again apply the tactics of "blood and iron" for the purpose of aggrandizement. Nor did Germany endeavour to remove this impression. Rather, she took advantage of every ruffle in the international situation to increase her army, which was already the most formidable in Europe; of recent years she has harboured the vision of a fleet which should challenge the armada of England; and she has never hesitated to rattle the sabre, even going to the point of twice (1875, 1887) threatening France with war and of issuing an ultimatum to Russia over a Balkan question not of immediate concern to herself (1909). Rightly or wrongly, Germany was regarded, at least since the accession of William II, as the standing danger to the peace of Europe; and the bases of the present coalition were laid years ago to ward off, if possible, the very calamity which has at last overtaken the Old World.

As long as Bismarck remained chancellor, this suspicion of Germany was less wide-spread. Realizing fully, as he has told us in his *Reflections and Reminiscences*, that Germany, in view of the circumstances of her birth and as a newcomer in the family of nations, must conduct herself with reserve and circumspection, he shaped her policy so skilfully that a coalition against her was neither possible nor necessary. France, he saw clearly, could undertake a war of revenge only if she were assisted by Austria or Russia. He therefore built up a Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, which was unnatural in that the two lesser partners were hereditary enemies, but was amply justified as a defensive arrangement (1879–1882). The terms of the alliance have never been published; but its members have always insisted on its purely defensive character, and Italy's neutrality in the war confirms their view. The repeated renewal of the treaties, and the fact that no power dared to attack Germany testify to the prescience of Bismarck; fortunately, he did not live to see his

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handiwork undone by the bungling diplomacy of his successors. With Russia he concluded secret "insurance" treaties to obviate the danger of Germany's being dragged into an Austro-Russian war over Balkan difficulties—one wonders if his ghost haunts the Berlin foreign office in these parlous days—and with Great Britain he maintained tolerably cordial relations. Germany, in fact, bestrode the continent like a colossus, with the tacit approval of the other powers (except France), because Bismarck was generally credited with a desire to keep the peace.

This situation was completely changed after 1890 when William II, carried away by a determination to govern as well as to reign, dismissed the statesman who "had cut a certain figure in the history of Germany and of Prussia." The Emperor announced that "the course remained the same"; but actually his policy was quite different. Its main features—the creation of a fleet and the development of imperial ambitions—will be examined in the next section of this paper; here it will suffice to continue our account of European diplomacy, in the strict sense of the words.

One cause of the breach between Bismarck and the Emperor was the refusal of the latter to renew the secret insurance treaty with Russia, which was the corner-stone of Bismarck's diplomacy, *pace* the Triple Alliance. Finding himself isolated, the Tsar soon formed that unnatural alliance with Republican France which Bismarck had succeeded in preventing and which made it possible for Germany to be attacked simultaneously on both her frontiers. There was some evidence, however, that this combination was directed primarily against Great Britain, and William II was quick to seize the advantage. On the one hand, he supported Russian policy in the Far East (revision of the Treaty of Shimonoseki, 1895), on the other he held out the hand of friendship to France, who was encouraged to send out the famous Marchand expedition that penetrated to Fashoda, on the southern border of the Egyptian Sudan, and nearly caused war between France and England. In 1898, at the time of our war with Spain, he is believed to have proposed an intervention against us by Germany, France, and Russia, which was quashed by the refusal of England; according to one account, he advocated similar action against England when the latter declared war against the Boer Republics, but was rebuffed by the refusal of France. These manœuvres are the first symptoms of a rupture

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between Britain and Germany, but they did not prevent a co-operative policy in the Far East during the Boxer troubles, and in 1901 there was a well-defined movement towards an Anglo-German alliance, despite the outburst of Anglophobia in Germany during the Boer war. The fact is, the fall of Bismarck left the diplomatic world without a guiding hand, which was the more regrettable because the expansionist spirit was still strong, and in a state of flux anything might happen.

The air was perceptibly cleared by the Anglo-French agreement of April, 1904, the famous *entente cordiale*, and the Anglo-Russian Convention of August, 1907. As German writers have argued that these reconciliations between England and her traditional enemies were inspired by the deliberate aim of King Edward VII to isolate Germany and build up a coalition against her, it is desirable to analyse the general situation with an open mind. When the Boer war was over, Great Britain found herself almost friendless in Europe, if indeed the Japanese alliance ensured her position in Eastern Asia. With two Great Powers she had quarrels of long standing—with France as regards Egypt and Morocco, with Russia over Tibet, Afghanistan, and Persia, in which neither antagonist was able to score a decisive advantage. It was, accordingly, quite intelligible that the British foreign office should offer to compromise, and equally reasonable that its offers should be accepted. After long negotiations France recognized the British occupation of Egypt in return for a free hand in Morocco; in this spirit of give and take it was also possible to adjust various disputes in Newfoundland, the Niger region, Madagascar, Siam, and the New Hebrides. The Russo-Japanese war having ended in a division of Manchuria between the two combatants, Russia and England were able to strike a bargain in the Middle East. Both agreed to keep out of Tibet, Afghanistan was recognized as under the influence of Great Britain, and Persia was divided into three spheres of influence, one Russian (in the north), one British (along the Gulf of Oman), the third lying between the other two as a neutral zone; while Russia recognized the predominance of Great Britain in the Persian Gulf. No more important advances in the direction of a sound diplomacy have been made in a century: the legitimate ambitions of each party were frankly admitted, and a long list of disputes amicably settled, any one of which might and several of which did almost lead to war. As the various documents stand, they seem to be

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conceived in a spirit of enlightened statesmanship and sound common sense.

Were there any ulterior motives? Do the facts that by forgetting their own differences France and England got a free hand against Germany and that Russia, thanks to her agreements with Japan and England, could interfere with Austrian and German designs in the Near East, do these facts justify Germany in saying that she is the victim of a conspiracy hatched by England out of jealousy and joined by the Dual Alliance for the sake of *revanche?* Lord Lansdowne and Sir Edward Grey, the British statesmen responsible for the agreements, have repeatedly declared that they had no point against Germany, the British government has denied that it was bound by any military arrangements with its diplomatic coadjutors, and British public opinion has indicated very clearly that it was opposed to a formal alliance with any European power. None the less, by giving its diplomatic support to those powers against which Germany's alliance with Austria and Italy was arranged and by receiving the support of the same powers against certain German and Austrian schemes distasteful to herself, Great Britain did, beyond a peradventure, pursue a policy actually anti-German and sometimes anti-Austrian; while her traditional friendship with Italy suggested that the third member of the Triple Alliance was but a lukewarm partner. But to admit this orientation is to justify it, historically at least, for British continental policy has been directed, ever since Wolsey and Henry VIII, towards preserving the balance of power; and Britain emerged from her "splendid isolation" in the early years of the twentieth century for the sound reason that after the Russian disasters in the Far East, the Dual Alliance was no longer a match for the Teutonic Powers and because in a variety of ways Germany had shown an unmistakable hostility not to England alone but to her far-flung Empire as well. But if England was thus driven to protect herself against Germany, it is equally true that Germany was slowly but surely being isolated in the diplomatic game. Here, then, was a situation full of dangerous possibilities, and several times before 1914 an explosion was narrowly avoided.

The German government had manifested little interest in the Anglo-French agreement, as it did not believe that two nations who had been rivals for centuries could suddenly strike up an effective friendship; but when the battle of Mukden pointed to the

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collapse of Russian power, Germany determined to recover her ascendancy of Europe by an aggressive policy towards France, which would incidentally test the value of the *entente cordiale*. In this fashion arose the question of Morocco, which kept Europe on tenter-hooks for six years, for Germany claimed that France and England had no right to settle this problem without her consent. In the opinion of the writer, this position was thoroughly justified, not only as an assertion that the Concert of Europe still existed, but also in international law. But when Germany attempted to impose *her* solution by threatening France with war, the British government was bound by its agreement and by its interests to support France by every means in its power, as indeed it did in the crises of 1905 and 1911. There is no reason for doubting that on each occasion the British army was ready for service in France if Germany pressed matters to the limit, though in neither case, so far as is known, did Great Britain actually threaten Germany. In the light of recent events, it is reasonable to believe that but for British participation in continental affairs, France would have long since been crushed and Germany established on the English Channel, and in this fact history will probably recognize an ample vindication of British policy. It is necessary, however, to emphasize that this policy was in no way aggressive, for Anglo-German relations became difficult only when Germany manifested hostility towards France, and the British press was almost unanimous in saying that England would have nothing to do with a war of revenge. Further confirmation of this view is found in the agreement of November, 1912. "I agree," wrote Sir Edward Grey to the French ambassador in London, "that if either government had grave reason to expect an unprovoked attack by a third power, or something that threatened the general peace, it should immediately discuss with the other whether both governments should act together to prevent aggression and to preserve peace, and if so, what measures they would be prepared to take in common." There is absolutely no evidence that either France or England ever regarded the *entente cordiale* as a means to attacking the German Empire, which for that matter, would have been absurd when Russia, the ally of France and the friend of England, was both unable and unwilling to fight.

As regards French policy in general, apart from its relations with England, Germany alternately asserted that it was domi-

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nated by the desire for revenge, and endeavoured to transform it in her own interest by establishing close economic relations between the two countries. But the proud Republic consistently rejected the German overtures, except for a few months in 1911, when M. Caillaux thought of settling the Morocco controversy on the principle of a joint exploitation. It is almost impossible to determine how far France still nourished the grievances of 1870. But her pacific policy during the Balkan crises of 1908–1909 and 1912–1913 and her dignified calm at the time of the Zabern incident suggest that she asked only to be left alone, as far as that could be reconciled with the Russian alliance.

The Anglo-Russian Convention gave umbrage to Germany because since it secured England's position in the Middle East, the latter was willing to support Russian policy in the Balkans, in as far as it was directed towards securing genuine reforms in Macedonia. But as such reforms were not popular in Vienna and Berlin, the story was invented that the object of King Edward's visit to the Tsar at Reval in June, 1908, was to precipitate a Balkan conflict, at the end of which England, France, and Russia would divide the Ottoman Empire among themselves and their clients. No proof of this plot was ever put forward; had there been any such design, the Bosnian crisis would have been utilized to further it and would scarcely have ended in the humiliating defeat of the Triple Entente. Also, it is well known that Great Britain refused to entertain a Russian proposal for opening the Straits of Constantinople to men-of-war. Four years later, during the Balkan wars, Sir Edward Grey repeatedly accepted the Austrian view in the dispute over Albania, even so far as to send a British squadron to overawe the Montenegrins when they captured Scutari and thought to present Europe with a *fait accompli*. If Great Britain had formed an alliance, even defensive, why did Sir Edward Grey, in those momentous days of last July, persistently refuse to declare the solidarity of England with the other powers of the Triple Entente, despite the most urgent entreaties from Paris and St. Petersburg? We now know that in 1912 Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey offered to make the following declaration to Germany:

"The two powers being naturally desirous of securing peace and friendship between them, Britain declares that she will neither make, nor join in, any unprovoked attack upon Germany. Aggression against Germany is not the subject, and forms no part, of any treaty, understanding, or combination to

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which Great Britain is now a party, nor will she become a party to anything which has such an object."

To this proposal, Germany returned an unsatisfactory answer. She not only refused to take a corresponding obligation, but she demanded a pledge of British neutrality in the event of Germany's being engaged in war of any kind. Obviously, Great Britain could make no such promise, for Germany could then begin a war of aggression at her convenience and could even overrun Belgium with impunity. Nothing, therefore, came of these negotiations.

Nevertheless England persevered in the attempt to arrange an understanding with Germany. Sir Edward Grey has himself stated that as a result of the pacific policy pursued by both governments during the Balkan wars their relations "sensibly improved." Influential individuals and societies—on both sides of the North Sea—sought to dispel whatever of hostility there was between the English and German peoples, and there was a wide-spread desire in both countries for an agreement. The possibilities in that direction, as far as England was concerned, may be imagined from Sir Edward Grey's despatch of July 29, 1914, in which he returned to his idea, "hitherto too Utopian," of a general peace treaty. "If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed," runs this historic document, "my own endeavour will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves, either jointly or separately." This must surely destroy once for all the legend that the one aim of British policy was to surround Germany with a ring of iron, and when the circle was complete, precipitate a general war. Britain's case against Germany may safely rest upon this unprecedented proposal, and upon the subsequent offer that if France and Russia would not accept "any reasonable proposal . . . to preserve European peace, . . . His Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences."

The refusal of the German government to respond to any of these overtures is the most tragic feature of the war. Were London reconciled with Berlin, it might play the mediator between Paris and Berlin. Frenchmen had certainly not for-

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gotten Alsace-Lorraine, but they were tired of militarism, and they had shot their last bolt in the revival of three years' service. If the Republic could have been guaranteed against attack, and if Germany could have brought herself to concede genuine self-government to the disputed provinces, one cannot help thinking that in time France would have abandoned the Russian alliance. A peace league of France, Germany, and England was not more unthinkable than was a few years ago the reconciliation of England with France and Russia. Then, if the German military party was bent on war, it could have waged a campaign against Russia, in which the sympathy of the world would have been with Germany.

Why should Germany wish to fight Russia or Russia Germany? Hitherto, as joint abettors of the partition of Poland, they have considered their interests identical in restraining the schemes of the Poles to recover their independence and in preserving monarchical absolutism generally against the democratic demands of the last fifty years. Likewise in the domain of high policy co-operation was long the order of the day. At the time of the Crimean War, Prussia steadfastly resisted the urgings of France and England to join them, and was rewarded by Russian neutrality in the wars of 1866 and 1870 against Austria and France, without which Prussian triumphs would have been impossible. Bismarck, to the end of his career, "kept the wire open to St. Petersburg"; and if William II abandoned this policy, he managed to preserve excellent personal relations with the Tsar and up to a few years ago supported Russian designs in the Middle and Far East. As recently as 1910 Russia accepted the German proposals for the Baghdad railway, and was then enthusiastically praised in the German press for what appeared to be an abandonment of France and Great Britain, which countries were then the chief antagonists of German diplomacy. Germany did not then regard herself as the bulwark of European civilization against Muscovite aggression; nor can it be forgotten that during the Russian revolution, the authorities of Berlin afforded every facility to the Russian government for tracking down and capturing Russian revolutionaries in Germany.

Russo-German intimacy was shattered by two circumstances. First, Russian opinion has gradually become convinced that the road to Constantinople lies through Berlin. Bismarck's conduct at the Congress of Berlin, where he supported England and

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Russia in demanding the revision of the Treaty of San Stephano, dictated as it was by the Russians at the gates of Constantinople, caused profound resentment throughout the Tsardom and has never been forgotten. Thanks to this, the Russian government had no little difficulty in restraining the popular demand for war in 1908–1909 when Germany supported Austria-Hungary in the annexation of Bosnia, and again in 1912–1913 in the creation of an independent Albania. Add to this that German culture has long been unpopular in Russia; that the commercial treaty dictated by Germany during the war with Japan was rather unfavourable to Russian interests, and that Germany would insist upon its renewal; that Russian material prosperity and industrial development has made enormous strides in the last five years, but is hampered by the lack of an ice-free port; and that for two decades Germany has done her best to regenerate Turkey with the purpose of checking the Russian advance: and it is quite clear why the present war is immensely popular with the Russian masses.

On the other hand, the Balkan revolution upset the existing situation entirely to the advantage of Russia. The crash of the Ottoman Empire relieved the Balkan states of the pressure from the south and correspondingly aggravated the difficulties of the Dual Monarchy, whose Balkan policy Germany had made her own, in spite of Bismarck's warning. It was also problematical how long Turkey could survive her last operation. From the German point of view it was not unnatural that the peace strength of the German army should be increased to 875,000 men. But the rest of the world saw only additional proof that every increase of armaments had been begun by Germany, and it could point out that when the other continental nations had followed the example of Germany, the latter's position was no better and no stronger than before, indeed rather weaker. For Russia, irritated by the German chancellor's prediction of a struggle between *Germanentum and Slaventum* and the sudden contempt manifested in Germany for all things Russian, began to stiffen her back. She entered a vigorous protest against the reorganization of the Turkish army by a German general (January, 1914), and allowed the Russian press to reply in kind to a particularly abusive article in the *Cologne Gazette*. These trivialities became serious with the Russian announcement that a practice mobilization of the army was contemplated for the autumn of 1914; to

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which the German press replied by freely discussing the desirability of a preventive war with the Russian colossus.

In this atmosphere of tension and mutual exacerbation, the Austrian ultimatum was hurled at Servia on July 23. And when we read in the German White Paper that "we (Germany) gave Austria an entirely free hand in her action against Servia"; that "any action which she might consider it necessary to take . . . would receive our approval"; and that "we were fully aware in this connection that warlike moves on the part of Austria-Hungary against Servia would draw Russia into the field"; it is difficult to believe that Germany was not entirely willing for war to come.

The main point of this rather detailed narrative will be missed if it has not become apparent that since the accession of William II German policy has pursued no definite goal as regards the other powers, but has been everything by shorts and nothing long. And not only has German policy been incalculable: there has been a great deal of talk about the mailed fist, much rattling of the sabre, and a wide-spread ventilation of the idea that Germany could "lick all creation"; while particular German diplomatists have exhibited a lack of *savoir faire* most distressing to the polished agents of the older nations. Germany's position in the world assuredly was not all that she could desire, in spite of her army; but if she has failed to improve it, the blame must rest chiefly with the Emperor, his four chancellors, and the successive occupants of his foreign office. One and all, they have shown but little of that spirit of give and take which is the secret of success, they have preferred force to argument, and they have convinced the rest of Europe, not to say the world, that the ambitions of the Pan-Germans represented the official policy. It is significant that one must search far and wide in German discussions of international problems for even a suggestion that other powers might have legitimate grievances against Germany, or that they might not in good conscience regard their interests from the German point of view. Jealousy of German commercial progress has perhaps had something to do with her present isolation; but the United States has managed to acquire colonies, to develop a considerable foreign commerce, and to build a powerful navy without exciting universal fear. The trouble with Germany is, she has tried to emulate Bismarck; but she has not asked herself what was possible, and she has not produced statesmen of his

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calibre who knew how or were able to control a situation created by themselves.

4. *The Question of Expansion*

Behind these various struggles for influence in the Balkans and in support of the balance of power, there is the problem provided by expansionist ambitions of most of the Great Powers. It is a work of supererogation to discuss whether any of the nations actually needs lands beyond the sea or an increase of European territory: it is sufficient to recognize that none of them, with the possible exception of Great Britain, has been satisfied with its present possessions, and it is safe to say that at the end of the war, whichever side is victorious, the vanquished will have to cede territory, either in Europe or elsewhere, or likely enough in both. In fact, the disposition of other lands and other peoples has been the chief occupation of the European chancelleries for the last generation; the disputes chronicled in the first three sections of this paper show how fragile has been the framework of the European state system when confronted with conflicting colonial ambitions, and Armageddon has come precisely because certain powers conceived that their aspirations could be realized only at the point of the sword. On the whole it is difficult to say that one government has been more responsible than its rivals for the tension, for all have at one time or another been arrogant and unscrupulous, and to this extent all are equally responsible for the war.

In the division of the spoils the Germanic powers have fared least well. Austria-Hungary has added only the contiguous provinces of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, and has seen her cherished schemes indefinitely postponed by the Balkan wars of 1912–1913. Germany has planted her flag in German East and Southwest Africa, the Cameroons and Togoland and Kiaochao and on a few insignificant islands in the Pacific; but by the side of the enormous possessions of Great Britain, France, and Russia, these acquisitions are mere driblets. To make matters worse, Germany has witnessed an enormous expansion by her present enemies in the last thirty years—England in Burmah, Egypt, and South Africa; France in Tonkin, Morocco, the Sahara and beyond; Russia in Central Asia and Manchuria, not to mention her growing influence in the Balkans; even little Belgium has secured, in the Congo, a domain more valuable than all the

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German colonies together. Nor has it escaped Germany's attention that France and Russia have more or less excluded commercial competitors from their preserves, and that much talk has been heard of a customs union within the British Empire which would make that astonishing aggregation of lands and peoples a self-sufficing economic entity.

Germany's position is, indeed, difficult enough. The country is fast becoming a replica of England. Food is imported in increasing quantity, and for their raw materials German manufacturers are more and more dependent upon the produce of *other nations and their colonies*. Only a small proportion of Germany's exports go to her colonies, as against the fact that France, England, and Russia find their best markets in their dependencies. Now there is nothing to prevent any of these countries, in a moment of jealousy or blindness, from shutting Germany out of both her export and import markets by measures perfectly warranted in international law. Furthermore, the population of Germany is greater than that of France or the white-peopled dominions of the British Crown, yet the German emigrant who demands an agreeable climate cannot settle in a land ruled by the Kaiser's government.

In short, Germany contends that she, the most marvellous industrial and commercial nation of the age, which in normal circumstances will one day overtake the United Kingdom in the gross amount of its foreign trade, has not found a "place in the sun" commensurate with her greatness and possibilities. Prosperous as she is to-day—or was on the eve of the war—a hundred years hence she will be at the mercy of her present enemies and the United States, all of which possess enormous tracts of land which they are not now adequately using. Why should not Germany, whose civilization and culture are equal if not superior to that of any other nationality, be given a chance to share in the development of virgin soils and backward races? Is not *Deutschland über Alles* as reasonable a slogan as *Britannia Rules the Waves?* And Germany believes that for years the allied Powers have intrigued and endeavoured to surround her with a network of alliances which should once for all forestall those ambitions whose realization is a matter of life and death with her; that out of sheer jealousy of her wonderful commercial expansion, they have denied to her the resources on which her future depends.

There is not much truth in the charge. To begin with, during

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the eighties, when the scramble for Africa was at its height and Germany had every opportunity to acquire overseas possessions, Bismarck deliberately encouraged France in a policy of colonial adventure, with the expectation of embroiling her with England and Italy and of diverting her from a war of revenge. The ruse was successful, and Germany was not attacked; but it was overlooked that however much Britain and the Latin nations might quarrel with each other, they acquired the best lands in Africa and Asia, the very regions that Germany has desired of recent years to possess for herself. It is further to be remarked that Germany obtained her four African colonies through the good will of Great Britain, who in each case resigned valid claims of her own in order to gratify German ambitions; all differences between the two powers were satisfactorily adjusted by the Convention of 1890, which provided, *inter alia*, for the cession of Heligoland to Germany, the best possible proof that Great Britain cherished no animosity towards the great continental power. As regards France, Germany courted her so assiduously for twenty years after 1880 that a conflict of colonial ambitions was unthinkable and non-existent.

In the last decade Germans have complained bitterly of Franco-British opposition to their most cherished schemes, namely, the Baghdad railway and a partition of Morocco in which they should have a share. The last independent state of Africa Minor, the Shereefian empire, had long been a victim of European intrigue without falling a prey to it. Geography suggested that it would round off the French Mediterranean possessions; but a convention of 1880 had made Morocco a kind of international hunting-ground. The Anglo-French agreement of 1904, which recognized French predominance there, was concluded without Germany's being consulted. Instead, however, of protesting, the Kaiser's government declared its "cordial" acceptance of an arrangement that augured well for the peace of the world; not till after the battle of Mukden did William II decide that Morocco must be preserved in its territorial integrity and independence (speech at Tangier, March 31, 1905).

The two statements of policy were quite contradictory, but each excluded Germany from that share of Morocco which her publicists and politicians insistently demanded. To the end of the controversy her policy remained obscure: in 1906 the Algesiras Conference at her demand appointed France and Spain *as the*

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agents of the Powers, and Morocco was formally internationalized; in 1909 Germany once more recognized the predominant political interests of France; in 1911 when France, accepting the omen, occupied Fez, the German government protested and sent a cruiser to Agadir, which port, under the international arrangements sanctioned by Germany herself and to which she appealed, was not open to foreign ships. France was certainly not blameless in the long discussion, for with the connivance of Great Britain she had practically nullified the Act of Algesiras and she had not accorded Germany the economic privileges guaranteed in the Convention of 1909; but at least she never concealed her ambition to annex Morocco sooner or later. In the crisis of 1911 Germany began, there is much reason to believe, with the intention of taking southwest Morocco for herself; in the end she allowed France to establish a protectorate, in return for concessions of French territory in central Africa that brought her in touch with the Congo, upon which she had long nourished designs. Germany may have changed her plans because of English intervention; but had she stuck to the position assumed in 1905, that Morocco must not be absorbed by any European power, she would have been on unchallengeable ground. The conclusion seems to be that Germany was using Morocco as a means of testing the friendship of England and France, and regarded the acquisition of territory *in that region* as of secondary importance. Naturally enough, Great Britain gave France the support promised in 1904; but she favoured Germany's policy of the open door, and she raised no objection to the territorial rearrangements in the Congo basin. In his speech of November 27, 1911, anent the controversy, Sir Edward Grey stated that British expansion in Africa was undesirable, and that "if Germany has friendly arrangements to negotiate with other foreign countries with regard to Africa, we are not anxious to stand in her way any more than in theirs"; Britain was not pursuing "a dog-in-the-manger policy."

As regards the Baghdad Railway, Germany had a clear case. From the economic point of view, British and French as well as German, there was no reason why a railway should not be built from Constantinople across the Anatolian plateau to Baghdad and ultimately to the Persian Gulf, and at first there was no opposition; in fact, the concession was obtained from the Sublime Porte with British help. But British and French capitalists were offered only a minor share of the stock, and were excluded

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from the management; the kilometric guarantees assumed by the Turkish government prejudiced the work of reform in Macedonia, and must lead to an increase of the Turkish customs; and German publicists began to show how an attack on Egypt would be feasible after the line was completed. So the British government refused its consent for many years. But the situation was changed after the German failure in Morocco and the Italian occupation of Tripoli: Germany could never dominate the Mediterranean, which is the highway of the British Empire; and in 1913 both England and France withdrew their opposition to the Baghdad line, which had been accepted by Russia in 1910. A few more years of peace, and Germany would have achieved a diplomatic and economic triumph for which the whole world would have been grateful.

Here attention must be called to a fact which has been practically ignored in the chaos of the war. Early in the summer of 1914 an agreement was reached between Great Britain and Germany which proves up to the hilt that the former was not afraid of German expansion. While the details have not been published, it is known that Great Britain gave Germany a free hand in Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, thus removing the last obstacle to the Baghdad line, and that an understanding was reached as to the disposition of the Portuguese colonies and the Belgian Congo in case their present owners were willing to sell part or all of those lands.

But probably no amount of argument and exposition will ever convince Germany that England was not her inveterate enemy; for by the very fact of being in possession of the most desirable lands of the globe, the British Empire was a standing challenge to German ambitions. Having by a variety of means, many of them questionable from an austere moral standard, established herself all over the world, England clearly desired the maintenance of peace and the preservation of the *status quo*, and her complacency received a profound shock by the advent of a power that demanded recognition as an equal, that conceived its civilizing mission in large and vigorous terms. To Germans English suspicions savoured of jealousy, English preparations of hypocrisy, a favourite word in their political discussion; and it was particularly unpalatable that more than a million Germans had found new homes in the scattered British dominions, where they had lost touch with their Fatherland. In the fiery lectures of

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Heinrich von Treitschke, Great Britain was pictured as a great robber state, to which the world rendered an unwilling tribute; her naval supremacy was called an anachronism in an age when all nations used the ocean as a highway of commerce; and her supposed hostility to the cause of German unity was proclaimed a sufficient reason why Germany should attempt a settlement with *perfide Albion*, which should be "the longest and most difficult of all." How widely these ideas had been disseminated, was revealed at the time of the Boer War, when all Germany seemed to pour forth a long-cherished hatred and contempt of England and her institutions; an explosion not unintelligible when one recalls the outburst of the *Saturday Review*. "Were the German fleet destroyed tomorrow," wrote the organ of Tory chauvinism on September 18, 1897, "there is not an Englishman in the world who would not be the richer . . . *Germaniam esse delendam.*" As the German government made no effort to restrain the excesses of the press, Englishmen assumed that German policy was dictated by a considered hostility to their Empire and let loose the vials of their own wrath upon their Teutonic kinsmen. The press of both countries continued for years to poison the minds of their readers; and if indeed the circumstances under which this war began show that English suspicions were justified, it is none the less true that the attitude of public opinion on both sides of the North Sea made the negotiation of an agreement, or at least a *détente*, unusually difficult, if not impossible.

The real issue between Germany and England, however, has been neither the fulminations of the press nor the complaints of diplomatic hostility, but the growth of the German navy. For this rivalry geography is primarily responsible. The only shore line of the German Empire is that of the North Sea and the Baltic, from which its merchant fleets go forth to the ends of the earth. But across their lines of communication lie the British Isles. It is strictly true, as the war has convincingly demonstrated, that by closing the Straits of Dover and the North Sea from Scotland to Norway, the British navy can prevent a single German merchantman from reaching the Atlantic Ocean; in other words Germany's foreign commerce lies at the mercy of a foreign power. On these grounds the Kaiser has demanded of his people, and they have willingly provided, the sinews for the construction of a fleet "so strong that even for the adversary

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with the greatest sea-power, a war against it would involve such dangers as to imperil his own position in the world." This quotation from the memorandum attached to the German Navy Law of 1900 indicates precisely the ground on which Germany has justified her enormous naval expenditure in the last sixteen years. Germany has built her fleet solely for purposes of defence, in particular for the defence of her commerce. Nor, on theoretical grounds, can any power take umbrage at this argument, and England has always justified her colossal navy on the ground that she must always keep the sea open for the supplies of food and raw materials, any cessation in the regular arrival of which would lay her open to starvation and revolution.

Why then has the United Kingdom regarded the creation of a German fleet with suspicion, and strained every nerve to keep a handsome lead? In the first place, because England's position is unique. No other nation in the world depends absolutely upon the sea for its subsistence. Even to-day, when her flag has been swept from the ocean, Germany is able to import goods through neutral countries and to carry on some export trade. England, on the other hand, "will be the sea's victim on the day she ceases to be its queen." If it is urged that Great Britain can escape from her predicament by consenting to the inviolability of private property at sea in time of war, she replies that she cannot surrender the one weapon available to her for the crushing of an enemy—unless she were to raise a conscript army, which would be more burdensome than the cost of her navy. Besides, as war on land interrupts commerce between the belligerents, it is logical that maritime intercourse must be similarly suspended. The problem is really insoluble, and both England and Germany long ago recognized the fact.

In the second place, the German fleet was constructed under circumstances that Great Britain could not disregard. In order to arouse public sentiment in favour of a large naval programme, the Navy League, which is little more than a branch of the Admiralty, conducted a vigorous campaign in which the menace of the British fleet was adduced as the chief argument. The press and the professors in the state-controlled universities used the most unbridled language, and even in high quarters little reserve was shown. "As my grandfather reorganized the army," said the Kaiser on January 1, 1900, "so shall I reorganize my navy, without flinching and in the same way, so that it will stand on the

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same level as my army [the most powerful in the world], and that with its help, the German Empire shall reach a place which it has not yet attained." To this may be added another quotation from the memorandum of 1900: "It is not absolutely necessary that the German battle fleet should be as strong as that of the greatest naval power, because a great naval power will not, as a rule, be in a position to concentrate all its striking forces against us." The point of this remark lay in the fact that in 1900 the British fleet was scattered all over the world; the most powerful ships were stationed in the Mediterranean, and home waters were practically defenceless, a distribution dictated by the political and strategic problems of the Empire. But in view of the creation of a German fleet, which seemed intended for use against England, it was necessary to abandon most of the foreign stations and concentrate the squadrons nearer home; a process which, begun in 1904, ended with the practical withdrawal even from the Mediterranean. This necessity was an important factor in bringing about the agreements with France and Russia, and Germans have argued that this shifting of British naval power was a sign of aggressive intentions; the chronology of the process, however, shows that each step was taken *after* and not *before* each increase of the German navy.

The third reason for England's distrust of Germany was found in the size and character of the German fleet. The navy law of 1900 provided for a fleet of thirty-eight battleships, fourteen large cruisers, and thirty-eight small cruisers, together with a large torpedo-boat flotilla, to be completed by 1920. Laws of 1906 and 1912 increased this programme to forty-one battleships and twenty cruisers; by substituting battle cruisers for the cruisers, and by providing for the automatic replacement of obsolete ships, the scheme envisaged a fleet of sixty-one battleships of the latest type, that is to say, of *Dreadnoughts*, which would constitute the most powerful armada in the history of the world. As the *Dreadnought* type was introduced by the British Admiralty, it is fair to say that by its own action it superseded the splendid fleet created since the Naval Defence Act of 1899. The all-big-gun ship, however, had been foreshadowed by Italian and American constructors, and it was the intelligent anticipation of England in 1905 which has given her such overwhelming odds against her present enemy, if indeed at an enormous and ever-increasing cost. But sixty-one battleships of any kind

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would have worried Englishmen, because battleships are not built to protect a nation's commerce; that function appertains to light cruisers, of which Germany has built few, and a battle fleet was superfluous for her coast defence. Convinced, therefore, by the size and character of the German fleet and the tone of public discussion in Germany that England or her Empire would one day be the victim of German aggression, Englishmen submitted to heavy taxation in order to preserve a margin of even 60 per cent. for their own navy, and it may be that the future historian will lay upon England the responsibility for the burden of armaments which has given the war its Titanic mould. In justice to Germany one must admit that a section of the Conservative party in England advocated a "preventive" war against Germany before her fleet became too formidable. The Civil Lord of the Admiralty, in the Balfour government, said at a dinner, according to one account, that the German fleet could be destroyed before people read in the newspapers that war had been declared. In 1909 there was a kind of panic about the alleged inadequate shipbuilding programme of the Asquith government, in the course of which Germany was accused of secretly accelerating the construction of its ships; and much against its will the Liberal cabinet was constrained to sanction the addition of eight *Dreadnoughts* in a single year. Likewise, the movement for universal military service, so ably conducted by the late Lord Roberts, was bound to give offence in Germany, because she was openly referred to as the enemy against whom a conscript army might be used.

On the whole, however, the present government of Great Britain sincerely exerted itself to moderate the naval rivalry. In 1906 and 1907 it built only three capital ships, instead of the four recommended by the late Conservative ministry, and in 1908 only two; without meeting with any response from Germany, who increased her programme (two ships in 1906, three in 1907, four in 1908: this was the cause of the panic of 1909). At the Hague Conference of 1907 the British delegates were instructed to propose a limitation of armaments, to which Germany demurred. Since 1911, when he became First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Winston Churchill has twice proposed "a naval holiday," and finally struck an unofficial bargain with Admiral von Tirpitz for a ratio of sixteen to ten in the construction of battleships. In addition, from 1907 to 1912 the British government con-

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ducted intermittent negotiations with Germany anent the whole question. Germany demanded a political agreement, and assuredly this was the one avenue of escape from an insuperable dilemma; for only if each government was convinced of the sincerity and good faith of the other, was it possible, under the circumstances, to ignore the possibility of an unprovoked attack. So in 1912 Great Britain offered to pledge herself not to attack Germany or to join any combination which had such an object in view. This was not satisfactory to Germany, who required a declaration of absolute neutrality on the part of England in any war to which Germany might be a party, and the idea was dropped. Nevertheless, the resolute determination of Great Britain to retain her maritime supremacy, the abundant proof that she was not a colossus with feet of clay, and the rally of the Empire to her assistance had left its impression upon Germany; and in view of the colonial agreement the outlook for a definitive naval understanding was promising.

As regards the commercial rivalry of England and Germany, which in some quarters is held up as the real cause of their war, it may be remarked that for years Germany has been England's best customer, not excluding British India, and that she has bought more from Germany than any country except the United States. The reciprocal trade of the two nations in 1913 amounted to over $700,000,000. Again, an examination of the trade figures shows that about 75 per cent. of Germany's foreign commerce is with countries of the European continent, to which Great Britain sends only about 40 per cent. of her exports; in the overseas dominions of the British Empire, with which the Mother Country does one-third of its business, German commerce has but a slight hold. While it cannot be denied, therefore, that there is a certain general competition between the two countries, it is quite evident that this has been very much exaggerated, and that they are mutually dependent. Finally, it is a gross misrepresentation to say that British trade is being extinguished by the advance of Germany. Germany had to catch up with England's lead of three-quarters of a century, and since 1907 the former has about held her own. The following table, which is calculated in millions of dollars, speaks for itself.[1]

[1] Approximate figures only. The exports from the United Kingdom refer to British products only. The re-export trade would increase the exports by about one-fourth.

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YEAR	UNITED KINGDOM				GERMANY			
	Imports	% increase	Exports	% increase	Imports	% increase	Export	% increase
1890	2100		1315		1120		790	
1899	2425	15	1320	0	1360	21.5	1000	27
1903	2710	12	1450	10	1580	16	1250	25
1907	3225	19	2130	47	2250	42	1770	41
1911	3400	6	2270	6	2385	6	2025	11.5
1911	3400	6	2270	6	2385	6	2025	11.5
1912	3775	11	2435	7.5	2530	6	2185	7.9
1913	3845	1.9	2630	8	2665	5	2480	13.5

But these figures do not consider the growth of population, which between 1890 and 1910 stood at 26 per cent. for Germany, as opposed to 18 per cent. for the United Kingdom. From the following table showing the exports per head of the population, it would appear that the advantage, in recent years, actually rests with England.

	UNITED KINGDOM	GERMANY
Average 1900–1904	$31.81	$19.78
" 1907–1910	44.32	25.81
" 1911–1913	54.55	34.31
Increase 1900–1913	$22.74	$14.53

Leaving figures aside, it would be exceedingly difficult to prove that the British people were jealous of Germany's prosperity. Intelligent discussion of the subject always emphasized the fact that the two countries were partners, not rivals; the tariff reform movement, which was to save England—and the Empire—from German competition was repudiated in three general elections; neither in the United Kingdom nor in any part of the Empire governed from London—that is, except in the self-governing dominions—have Englishmen enjoyed any trading privileges that were not available for Germans as well. Since the war began, there has been no looser statement than that which ascribes England's participation to a jealousy of Germany's commercial prowess; for war means the interruption of business, and England suffers more from that than any other nation.

There is, then, no reason for rejecting Mr. Asquith's statement that Great Britain is fighting for the maintenance of the

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public law of Europe and the right of small nationalities to exist; to which may be added, considerations of enlightened self-interest. Until the violation of Belgian neutrality by Germany, English opinion was almost unanimous in favour of standing aside, and Sir Edward Grey repeatedly told France that English help was dependent upon popular sentiment. The promise of naval assistance was not given until Germany had sent her ultimatum to Paris, and that was conditional. But the German affront to Belgium left England no alternative. The promise to compensate Belgium after the war and to respect her independence and integrity, coming as it did from a government which, on its own admission, had broken its pledged word, was obviously worthless, apart from the fact that the exponents of German expansion have long held that Belgium must one day be incorporated in the German Empire. Now since the fourteenth century England has consistently opposed the absorption of the Low Countries by a strong power; this was the issue in her struggle with Louis XIV, and she entered the lists against the French Revolution precisely because the First Republic was bent on extending its frontier to the Rhine. So in 1914. The aggression of Germany threatened to upset the balance of power; were she successful, would not England be her next victim? The truth is, so inevitable was the participation of England if Belgium were molested that Germany must actually have desired to see England drawn in; or else her statesmen and diplomatists are the sorriest and most incapable that ever directed the destinies of a great nation.

The documents found in Brussels merely show that England was prepared to resist a German invasion of Belgium; and in the spring of 1913 Sir Edward Grey officially assured the Belgian government that England intended to respect the neutrality of Belgium if other powers did so. Until Germany can *prove* that an unprovoked attack upon her by way of Belgium was planned by Great Britain, we shall continue to hold the mistress of the seas guiltless of provoking the great conflagration and justified in taking part. As to her "bloodguiltiness" and "treachery" to the Teutonic race, it is enough to remember that Germany did not discover "the Slav peril" until two years ago, and that for more than a decade she has been practically the ally of the Unspeakable Turk.

With every desire, therefore, to do justice to Germany's

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appeal for a fair judgment, one can only admit that in the court of history she must bear the major responsibility for the greatest of all wars.

In conclusion, one cannot help feeling that behind the mazes of diplomacy and the ambitions of nations, there has long existed on the part of governments and peoples alike, or certain of them, a subconscious desire to make use of the colossal armaments accumulated during the last generation. Not that there was any murderous intent or willingness to be shot, but the battleships and the armies had produced no return as investments, and in spite of Norman Angell's argument that war does not pay in the long run, many millions of men were certainly disposed to have at least one more try before the world settled down to a monotonous and everlasting peace. The fighting spirit is not yet dead in the human race; on the contrary, modern democracies have often shown themselves more chauvinistic than the governments entrusted with the conduct of international relations. Nor are the hatreds and animosities engendered by centuries of conflict and aspiration to be killed off in a day, even by an appeal to the pocket-book. To the peoples of Europe Louis XIV and Frederick the Great, Napoleon and Bismarck still stand for great causes or great crimes; while the wars of the nineteenth century left behind them more problems than they solved. And so, just as the individual will often sacrifice his material welfare on the altar of an ideal, the embattled nations of Europe are willing to suffer infinite pains if only their several destinies, as they conceive them, may find opportunity of realization.

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COLONIAL ASPECTS OF THE WAR

In a recent speech Mr. Asquith declared that the greatest mistake that Germany had made in respect to the war was in her failure to recognize that there was a British Empire. Great Britain has long been regarded as a small, insignificant island off the European coast. She has been looked upon as a second-rate European power somewhat in the class with Italy and Spain. And such she is in fact if considered by herself alone. But the war has revealed, what the Empire has long since known, that England is an imperial rather than a European nation, that she is but the heart of a group of free autonomous states, that her strength lies not alone in her own people and resources, but in the loyal support of her children and children's children throughout the seven seas.

But this insular conception of England is not the mistake of Germany alone. It has been shared by the public in all the American and European states. It has been taught in our schools and universities; it has been accepted by the chancelleries of Europe. Pick up the first geography which comes to hand and what do you find? Other countries are studied as political units; the British Empire, on the contrary, is treated as a philosophic abstraction. France we know, Germany we know, England we know; but the Empire, that vast aggregation of outlying territories and dependencies, we know not or but faintly understand through the association of its parts with some other state or continent. Canada is a misplaced portion of the British Empire, closely attached to the northern boundary of the United States. Australia is a long-lost island in the South Pacific. India is the distant seat of a great Asiatic civilization. But nowhere in our histories, geographies, or public documents do we find a British Empire. It is like the English constitution; it does not exist.

This misconception of the Empire enters into almost all our ideas of international relations and policies. Turn, for example, to the vast array of statistics prepared by our Department of Commerce and Labour. There we shall find comparative tables of the population, revenue, imports, and exports of all the leading countries of the world. But the statistics for England are set

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off against the figures for other countries. India and the self-governing colonies are treated as independent states. But how misleading must be the conclusions in respect to the wealth and resources of the Empire when based upon such misleading data! Let us glance for a moment at the growth of foreign trade by way of illustration. To those of the public who are accustomed to look upon England as an ancient and somewhat decadent state, it may come as a surprise to learn that during the past five years her import and export trade has developed more rapidly than that of any European country. And if the trade of the whole Empire is taken into consideration, the statistics are even more surprising, for it will be found that that trade has not only greatly exceeded in amount the foreign commerce of any other nation, but has also grown almost twice as rapidly as that of Germany, the most prosperous of the European states. To convert the matter into figures: the foreign trade of the Empire has increased by approximately £625,000,000 since 1908, and at the close of the last fiscal year reached the stupendous total of £2,648,537,000. These figures lend small support to the theory of a decadent England or of a moribund Empire. It is only too true that the commerce of England cannot hope to expand in the future at the same rapid rate as in the past, but the trade of the Empire of which England is only one of the component members, is destined to surpass even the fabled wealth of Ormuz and of the distant East.

A hasty examination of the relative strength of the British army and navy will afford us an even more interesting basis of comparison. We in the United States are accustomed to point to our small but efficient military force as the most convincing proof of the peaceful character of our foreign policy. And such in fact it is. The 250,000 men of the British standing army look like a formidable force for the tight little island; but if that army is considered, as it ought to be considered, as an imperial force for the defence of the vast possessions of the British Crown, it appears in its true light as little more than a large police force. It is in fact not any larger proportionately than the army of the United States and insignificant in comparison with the mighty hosts of Europe. The British navy affords us an even better illustration of our provincial misconceptions. The huge preponderance of that navy has long been regarded as a danger to all other states. Its size seems to be altogether out of comparison

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with the economic and political needs of the country. And yet if it is distinctly understood that that navy is an imperial navy, the connecting link or arterial system of the whole British Empire, it will be seen that it is not so formidable as might at first appear. It is, in reality, relatively smaller than the American, French, or German navies. If the British navy, for example, were placed on the same population basis as the German navy, the ratio of strength between the two fleets would not be the present standard of ten to six, but of approximately four to one. In view of these facts it is somewhat difficult to believe that the British Government has set the pace in the senseless race of naval and military armaments.

It is time that the public enlarged its outlook and commenced to think imperially. There is, in fact, a British Empire, a huge, unwieldy agglomeration of territory and people monopolizing about one-fifth of the earth's surface and commanding the allegiance of about one-fourth of its inhabitants. It is the greatest hotchpotch under the sun, a nondescript collection of English, Irish, Scotch, Indians, Canadians, Australians, Fiji, Malays, Zulus, and Fuzzy Wuzzies of all ranks and conditions of men, of all races and religious creeds, of all gradations of barbarism and civilization. The British Empire is running a certain American manufacturer a close race for the lead in the variety of the products it can turn out and every race as every product with a distinctive flavour of its own. Yet here it is, a vaster Empire than has been, territorially the most sporadic, socially the most irreconcilable, constitutionally the weakest, yet politically one of the strongest of modern governments. The Empire is in truth the greatest contribution that England has made to the science and art of government.

But great as has been the misconception as to the existence of the Empire, still greater has been the mistake in regard to its real character. It has been represented as a colossal sham, as an Oriental despotism, living upon the spoils of its subject races. Day after day we have been assured by a portion of the press that on the first defeat the Empire would fall asunder, that the colonies would rise and throw off the yoke of their oppressors. The dispatch of the colonial troops to the front has been interpreted as an evidence of English weakness and tyranny; it has been condemned as a betrayal of the civilization of Europe. But how different have been the results from those anticipated by the

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outside world. Prior to the outbreak of war the Empire was indeed in deep commotion from Ulster to India; but on the declaration of war political discontents were largely stilled, economic and racial differences were almost forgotten. In the face of foreign danger all the colonies and dependencies have promptly rallied to the support of the mother land. At once the war became more than a racial issue between the Slavs and the Teutons, more than a continental struggle between allied states, more than an international issue over the neutrality of Belgium and the moral obligation of treaties; it became, in fact, a great imperial conflict in which the very principles of colonial government were at stake.

But the question arises how can we account for this anomalous Empire, this apparent anachronism in an age of intense nationalism. To a large extent it is the product of English political traditions. The British constitution has been built up on the twofold principle of personal and political liberty. The Englishman is essentially an individualist. The long course of English history is a record of his struggles against arbitrary government. He has worked out his own salvation by his own efforts. He has developed his own civilization, and in so doing has gained that strength and self-sufficiency which the possession of immemorial rights alone can afford. He does not look to the government for the protection of his liberty; he looks after that for himself. The very isolation of England has made this characteristic more pronounced. To this exaggerated individualism is largely due the general unpopularity of Englishmen. We have all suffered at some time or other from a certain condescension on the part of nameless foreigners. As Thackeray has wittily observed, the Englishman is the most objectionable of all travellers because he will insist upon treating the inhabitants of the country in which he is as though they were foreigners. The Englishman usually succeeds in giving to his national pretensions a certain personal character. And this it is that chiefly grates on our sensibilities. We can readily overlook a claim to national superiority, but we are scarcely prepared to admit a personal inferiority on our part. True, the Englishman does not positively assert such individual superiority; but what is much more annoying, he calmly assumes it, and that settles the matter so far as he is concerned.

But in this very quality is to be found the secret of English colonization. It is the individualist, the self-reliant man, who is

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the successful pioneer. He does not need nor desire the eternal supervision of the government; he is prepared to go out and face the world alone. The history of all the self-governing colonies is a history of individual efforts and achievement. The colonies have worked out their own social problems. They have thrived most when left to themselves. And what has been true in the autonomous colonies has been equally true in the less favoured dependencies of the Crown. The great proconsuls of the British Empire are the supreme example of triumphant individualism. It is the character of the individual Englishman, said the late Count Ito, not the army or navy, that makes the British Empire what it is. His calm self-possession is the source of his authority. He is born to the purple; he rules by the force of his own personality. He is assured of his own position; he holds himself responsible to his own conscience. He is sometimes stupid and often arrogant and self-willed; but he has a high sense of duty, a keen sense of justice, and an unswerving resolution to carry through whatever is committed to his care. Into the hands of such men England has entrusted the governance of her possessions. And but seldom have they betrayed her trust.

The very individualism of the English people has taught them to respect the rights of others. Every revolution in English history has been a compromise. The rights and privileges of the contending parties have been habitually preserved. The principle of liberty has found expression in the protection of the rights of minorities. To live and let live has been the political motto of English statesmen and people. No other nation has been so insistent upon the maintenance of its own peculiar usages and institutions, yet none has been so careful to recognize the laws and customs of foreign people. The policy of the government has often been cruel, selfish, and hypocritical; and yet there is but one case in English history where the government has systematically striven to Anglicize another race, and that is the case of Ireland. The recent adoption of the Home Rule Bill is an attempt to make amends for that injustice; it is a return to the historic principles of national liberalism. It is to the credit of English imperialism that it has tried to preserve the national life and institutions of all the subjects of the Empire. Strongly as the English Government believes in the superiority of its own civilization, gladly as it would see its institutions adopted throughout the Empire, it has not sought after an artificial uniformity or

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endeavoured to compel its citizens or subjects to accept a supposedly higher and better civilization. The armies of England have overrun a large part of the world, but they have come not to destroy but to fulfil. In the province of Quebec to-day the language, religion, and laws of the inhabitants are French; in South Africa they are Dutch; in India the Hindus and the Mohammedans retain their own social and religious institutions; and so on throughout the Empire. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is called upon to interpret and apply not only the common law of England but also the tribal usages of the Maori, Hottentots, Bornians, and many similar races.

It is this combination of the qualities of personal independence with the recognition of the principles of social and political liberty which makes the British Empire what it is. It is the secret of England's successful colonial policy. There is no love lost between the English, Scotch, and Irish; the relationship between the cockney and the colonial is scarcely that of the David and Jonathan type; the Hindu and the Anglo-Saxon are strangers to one another, for the "East is East and the West is West and never the twain shall meet, till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat." The relations of various parts of the Empire are often strained, yet these differences are essentially of the Irish domestic variety in which it is safer for the outsider not to interfere. The very variety of its life is the source of its unity; the very diversity of its organization the secret of its strength. The Empire is powerful because it is free. Throughout its length and breadth there is a sense of personal security, a certainty of justice and an assurance of political freedom that cannot be found elsewhere. The political faith of the Empire, like that of the Christian church, transcends all considerations of race, language, religion, nationality, and civilization. Its loyalty is a devotion to a political ideal, an ideal of freedom. In short the British Empire is the most liberal-minded of all democracies, in that it expresses the highest faith in humanity itself. The English constitution makes no distinction in respect to race, colour, or previous condition of servitude. It goes even farther than that of the United States in conferring full citizenship on all persons within its jurisdiction. There are no outlanders within the British Empire. The Zulu and Fiji, unlike the Filipino, are legally qualified to hold any office under the Crown from the pettiest municipal post up to the

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Premiership of Great Britain. That this right is not a mere theoretical right is evidenced by the presence of large numbers of colonists in the imperial service. To the colonial has been entrusted an ever increasing share in the government of the Empire.

In short, the superior civilization of the Englishman confers on him no special privileges; nor does it warrant him, according to the principles of English liberalism, in forcing his brand of civilization upon other races within the Empire. It was not without cause that the old English law laid down the rule that a man ought not to be judge in his own case. And which among the nations is placed above this principle of equity; which of them can forecast the future or rightly determine its own place or that of any other nation in history? It is, indeed, a dangerous thing to crush or destroy the soul of a nation. For this reason alone, if for no other, the policy of imperial expansion can be justified only in as far as it recognizes and respects the culture of subject races. It has been the glory of British imperialism that it has appealed to the national consciousness of the colonies and dependencies, that it has encouraged them to seek after a higher and more independent status, and that in as far as they have shown political capacity it has conferred upon them the full rights and privileges of self-government. Thanks to this liberal policy, the government of the British Empire is gradually being transformed into a great federation of free and autonomous states.

The history and spirit of German nationalism is fundamentally different. Germany is the cradle of a great civilization. Within her borders art, music, science, literature, and philosophy have found their highest expression. These have been her greatest gifts to humanity. She has accomplished in the higher realm of thought and feeling what England has in the lower world of politics—a true mastery of the souls of men. The civilization of Germany can boast a noble and ancient lineage. But Germany as a nation is a decidedly modern power. She can look back to a bare half century of national life. At a time when England and France had long since attained to full national consciousness and were fighting out their political differences in India and America, Germany was a backward, semi-feudal state. True, she had already attained to intellectual pre-eminence, but her greatest thinkers gave themselves over to the consideration of philosophical rather than political questions. The satire

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of Voltaire was only too true; France ruled the land, England the sea, and Germany the clouds.

The creation of a united Germany was not, as in England, the result of a long historical struggle on the part of the people; it was rather the sudden emergence of an ancient civilization under the genius of a few great statesmen. It was the product of autocracy, not of democracy; of blood and iron, not of constitutional agitation. Germany had won her way in the world by her own heroic efforts. She was conscious of her own mission in life. From the very outset she demanded and properly demanded her rightful place among the world's great powers. But she did not receive the generous welcome that she had hoped for. England, in particular, was inclined to look upon the newcomer as a *parvenu*, a political upstart in an old established society. Germany very naturally objected to such cavalier treatment. She was intensely proud of her new nationality and she soon made England realize that fact. The long period of German humiliation was over. German civilization had at last come to fruition; it had attained a national life of its own. For the future the development of German culture was identified with the progress of the German state.

But in this very identification there lurked a danger. The sacrifice of individual liberty to the demands of high state policy is only a part of the price of German nationalism. What is even more significant for our purpose is the exaltation of German civilization at the expense of lesser races and people. In the mind of the nation at large the maintenance and extension of German culture is inseparably bound up with the ascendency of the Teutonic race. This conception is, perhaps, best set forth in the well-known declaration of Treitschke, "that just as the greatness of Germany is to be found in the government of Germany by Prussia, so the greatness and good of the world is to be found in the predominance there of German culture, of the German mind—in a word, of the German character." Herein may be seen the dominant idea of Roman imperialism, the idea of a superior world-civilization. Germany has succeeded, in theory at least, through the Holy Roman Empire, to the place and traditions of ancient Rome. She has inherited the splendid ideals of Roman culture and organization, of the supreme but beneficent rule of a superior race. In this imperial conception there is no room for a competing civilization. Herein is to be found the justification of

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the efforts of the German Government to proscribe the language, expropriate the land, and suppress the political agitation of the recalcitrant inhabitants of Posen and Alsace-Lorraine. It is a policy of compulsory assimilation. The justification of the present war rests upon the same sure foundation. By reason of her situation in the centre of the armed camp of Europe, Germany is obliged to take the strongest measures for the preservation of all that is nearest and dearest to her. Her very existence apparently is at stake; and necessity knows no law but the primitive law of force. Under these circumstances it is little wonder that the political and intellectual leaders of the country have laid down the principle that the national aspirations of an alien race, however justifiable they may be in themselves, must needs give way to the paramount demands of a higher civilization. From this standpoint the European war is but one phase of the age-long struggle for the survival of the fittest. In taking up the Slavic challenge, Germany is fighting not for her own interests alone but for the civilization of the world. But the very strength of this conviction bodes ill, in case of a German victory, for the vanquished party.

The ideals of Germany are not, as many Englishmen would have us believe, those of material advantage or political ascendency alone. These national aspirations are but another aspect of German idealism. They are a manifestation of the firm resolution of both rulers and people to live worthily of the high station whereunto they are called; they are an evidence of the same nobility of spirit that finds expression in the beauty and strength of a Wagnerian chorus. For the national ideals which Germany cherishes in her heart are those of a spiritual dominion. In the words of the late Professor Cramb:

> "Force alone, violence or brute strength by its more silent presence or by its loud manifestation in war may be necessary to establish this dominion; but its ends are spiritual. The triumph of the empire will be a triumph of German culture, of the German world-vision in all the phases and departments of human life and energy, in religion, poetry, science, art, politics, and social endeavour. The characteristics of this German world-vision, the benefits which its predominance is likely to confer upon mankind are, a German would allege, truth instead of falsehood in the deepest and gravest preoccupations of the human mind."

This supremacy of the German spirit has become almost a religious tenet of the German people. This is, indeed, the soul

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of the Pan-Germanic movement. It has taken possession of the German heart with all the force of a master passion. These ideals constitute for them the supreme good not for Germany alone but for the world at large.

Two conflicting ideals of government are thus brought face to face. The genius of the British nation has expressed itself in the form of political liberty; the genius of the German people in the form of national culture. And between these two ideals there is a great gulf fixed, not of race but of tradition. The conflict is, in truth, a conflict of ideas rather than of nations.

But it is time for me to turn from theoretical considerations to questions of practical politics. For after all it is the specific grievance rather than the political principle that sticks in men's minds and causes trouble. We must face the questions how has the colonial antagonism of Great Britain and Germany arisen, and what have been the chief points at issue?

The three successful wars of Prussia against Denmark, Austria, and France gained for Germany a marked ascendency in European affairs. But Germany was not long satisfied to remain a continental power only. Political and economic considerations alike prompted her to aspire to a colonial domain. It had grieved the hearts of German patriots to see so much of the best blood of the country drained off to foreign lands, to see rival nations developing at her expense. It was small satisfaction to know that German civilization was making its influence felt throughout the world. The rapid industrial development of the Fatherland demanded new sources of raw material and new markets for manufactured products. The success of England's colonial policy appealed to the imagination of the German people. Why should Germany not enlarge her dominions and become a world-wide power? Had she not also an imperial tradition; and what other nation could more rightfully claim a place in the sun? For "in the German race," as Bernhardi has said, "the instinct for empire is as ancient and as deep-rooted as it is in the English race; and in the Germany of the present time, above all, this instinct, by reason of the very strength of Germany within herself, her conscious and vital energy, her sense of deep and repressed forces, is not a mere cloud of the brain, but is almost an imperious necessity." In the face of these demands, Bismarck at last gave way and consented somewhat

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reluctantly to enter upon a policy of colonial expansion. But the object of such a policy was, he declared, purely commercial, for the protection and promotion of German trade. This decision marks a new era in the history of Germany. She assumed her place among the world powers.

The colonial aspirations of Germany, it must be admitted, were perfectly legitimate. It is doubtful whether any other state could put forward such strong claims for an extension of territory. Least of all could Great Britain, with her vast undeveloped areas, properly object to the enterprise of her neighbour. But the practical question at once arose; admitting the right of expansion, where should Germany expand, what quarter of the globe should be considered open for occupation and settlement? This was a political rather than a commercial question. The natural and most suitable region for colonization was to be found in the temperate zone of South America, where a considerable number of Germans had already established themselves in thriving communities. But unfortunately for Germany the Monroe Doctrine blocked the way. According to this well-known doctrine, the American continent is expressly reserved for the American people. The European powers are generously allowed to encroach on one another's territory in all other portions of the world, but they are distinctly informed that their presence is not desired on this side of the Atlantic no matter how high and exalted their civilization may be. Germany had no desire to question the validity of the traditional policy of the United States and wisely determined to seek other fields for colonization. Unluckily for England, the districts selected lay alongside some of the British colonies and in certain cases were regarded as falling within a British sphere of influence. To the Monroe Doctrine is thus due in a measure the colonial rivalries of Germany and Great Britain.

In 1884 the German flag was hoisted over Angra Pequena on the southwest coast of Africa, in the face of the protest of the government of Cape Colony. The Australian colonies in turn were filled with alarm at the rumour of a German expedition to the neighbouring islands to the north of Torres Strait. The Queensland Government hastily took possession of a part of the island of New Guinea but the act of annexation was disavowed by the Colonial Office. In the hope of forestalling foreign aggression the Australian colonies united in formulating a Monroe Doctrine

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of their own, in which they solemnly warned all foreign states to keep away from the Australian coast. At the same time New Zealand was begging the English Government to annex the Samoan Islands in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of a foreign state and being used as a naval base. The Australasians were quite willing to reciprocate the courtesy of the United States by permitting the Germans to settle anywhere on the American continent provided that the Southern Pacific were left undisturbed.

But Bismarck paid small heed to British colonial opinion. He knew the man with whom he had to deal. The British Foreign Office at this time was occupied by Lord Granville, an aristocratic radical of the Manchester School. Bismarck knew there was nothing to fear. The colonies were weak and helpless. The English Government would not show fight; at most it would content itself with mild representations together with certain pious observations on the wisdom of respecting the rights of the natives. Accordingly Germany promptly raised her standard over several of the principal island groups of the Pacific and followed this up by the annexation of important areas in Africa. By a sudden *tour de force* Germany had become a great colonial power. In pursuing this policy she had undoubtedly acted well within her legal rights, but in so doing she had sacrificed the good will of the British colonies. From the standpoint of international law her conduct was perfectly legitimate, but from the standpoint of international comity it was of doubtful expediency. It was, indeed, no small thing to outrage the sensibilities of a group of ambitious young colonies. A question commercial in its origin had been converted into a serious political issue. Bismarck had taught the colonies that their protests were useless, that the only language which Germany understood was the language of force.

So far, it seems to me, Germany has a reasonably sound case against the colonies, notwithstanding their appeal to the principle of the Monroe Doctrine. In order to justify, however, an aggressive colonial policy, it is not sufficient for a nation to demonstrate its pre-eminent right to enlarge its territory; it must likewise show an aptitude for colonization in the case of settlement colonies or a capacity for administration in the case of possessions with a large native population. But a glance at the statistics of the German colonies will reveal that after thirty years of

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propaganda the government has succeeded in inducing only about twenty thousand of its citizens to settle in the colonies. The host of German emigrants have preferred to seek the protection of any other flag rather than their own. And in respect of the government of native territories the German Colonial Office has made even a sorrier showing. From the very outset the government declined to learn anything from the experience of English colonization. It believed that its own scientific organization and military efficiency were greatly superior to the rough and ready methods of English administration. So expensive, however, has been the bureaucratic régime in the German colonies that but one of these dependencies up to date has paid the full cost of administration. This is the penalty for the loss of political individualism, the price which the country has paid for the attempt to apply a rigid administrative system to the divergent conditions of distant territories.

But there has been an even more serious defect in German colonial policy. The right of expansion carries with it as a necessary corollary a reciprocal responsibility as to the use to which the right is put. Permit me to use a homely illustration. As a private individual I have no right to object to any decent and respectable member of society acquiring a piece of property alongside my own, however personally objectionable the latter may be to me; but I can properly object to his using that land for purposes which are dangerous or deleterious to me. In other words, the right of acquisition is conditioned upon the property's being put to a social use. The same principle, it seems to me, should be equally applicable to the relations of states. The right of conquest or territorial sovereignty is not, as is sometimes assumed, an absolute and unqualified right; it is subject not only to "a decent respect for the opinion of mankind" but also to the moral obligation of respecting as far as possible the social and political institutions of friendly neighbouring states. Upon the recognition of this principle depends in fact the social progress of mankind.

I can still remember distinctly my surprise when on appearing at my first lecture on Colonial Government at the University of Berlin, I saw a splendid group of young military officers in full uniform occupying all the front rows of the room, the mere civilian members of the class being seated very modestly some distance in the rear. In this little incident I saw clearly

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revealed two of the most characteristic features of German society—the marked pre-eminence of the military class and the superior scientific training of all officers of state. At the same time there was brought home to me the equally significant fact that the Prussian military system was being introduced in full force throughout the German colonies. The administration of the German possessions was to be placed in the hands, not of civil officials, as is the case in the British and American colonies, but of military men whose ideas of government were almost necessarily those of the barracks and mess room. The divergent character of the political systems of the three great colonial powers now at war has been happily summed up in the statement that whenever England establishes a colony she sets up a customs house, Germany builds a fort, and France a road. The German colonies were doomed from the outset to an essentially autocratic régime. From their very location within the tropics they were not suitable for settlement purposes; they could never become the actual or prospective home of thousands of the loyal sons and daughters of the Fatherland. They were, on the contrary, commercial prospects or military outposts for the protection of German interests in different parts of the world. That Germany was legally entitled to set up a military administration in her colonies cannot be questioned. It is inherent in the very nature of sovereignty that a state shall be free to choose its own form of government. But the question now at issue is not one of legality alone. The attempt of the English parliament to tax the American colonies has been rightly considered as one of the greatest crimes of history Yet from the constitutional standpoint the action of the English Government was perfectly valid. It is only when we consider the question from the higher standpoint of human liberty that the revolt of the American colonies is entirely justified. There is a higher court of appeal than to the throne of Cæsar or to the decisions of a supreme court. The judgments of history are not juristic in character; they are based upon the eternal principles of justice and liberty. And it is to this higher test that Germany must submit her colonial policy.

But the problem was even more serious in its international bearings. The policy of the German Colonial Office reacted powerfully on the British colonies. For many years the latter had been living in a state of happy isolation. They had been busy working out their own social and economic problems with

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but a passing thought to the political complications of Europe. Now for the first time they found themselves face to face with a military danger. They had no direct interest in foreign politics and had no desire, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier said, "to be caught in the maelstrom of European militarism." But through no fault of their own the menace was brought to their very shores. Instead of holding out to them the right hand of fellowship, Germany had greeted them with the mailed fist. She had not only forced herself upon them as an unwelcome neighbour, but had also proceeded to set up a military establishment incompatible with their political and social ideals. In the judgment of the colonies Germany had abused the rights of territorial sovereignty by endangering the peace of her neighbours. To them the dominion of Germany appeared in the light of a revival of the principles of Roman imperialism.

The lesson was not lost on the British colonies. Probably no other factor has contributed so much to develop the spirit of colonial nationalism particularly in the Australasian colonies. From this time dates the movement for the organization of a distinct army and navy for the self-governing colonies. The latter were no longer content to rely upon the protection of the mother land, but proceeded to develop their own means of self-defence. Germany sowed the wind; she has reaped the whirlwind in the loss of many of her colonies and in the dispatch of 150,000 colonial troops to the battlefields of Europe. This is the colonial answer to General Bernhardi's declaration that the "colonies could be completely ignored so far as concerns any European theatre of war."

We must now turn to the fiscal aspect of the question. The adoption by England of the free-trade principles of the Manchester School had a most important effect upon the commercial relations of the colonies with the mother land. The colonial legislatures were now entrusted with the power of determining their own tariff policies according to their respective needs. But they were not entirely free to do as they wished. The government at Westminister no longer attempted to interfere with the fiscal schedules of the colonies, but it did indirectly place an important restriction upon their economic freedom through the exercise of the treaty-making power and the royal veto. There was still an imperial commercial policy; only its name and practice had been changed from protection to free trade. In furtherance of

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this policy Great Britain had entered into commercial treaties with Belgium and the North German Bund under the terms of which the colonies were prohibited from levying discriminatory duties. On the advent of the Liberal party to power in Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier called upon the English Government to terminate these treaties with a view to the adoption of a policy of imperial preferential trade. The British Government acceded to the demand and formal notice of the termination of the agreement was soon after conveyed to Germany. Sir Wilfrid Laurier at once proceeded to put his policy into effect by granting a 25 per cent. preference to Great Britain and most of the British colonies. This preferential policy opened up a new era in imperial politics. It was intended to give notice to the world at large of the growing sense of imperial unity. This policy was accepted by all the powers save one as a natural and legitimate expression of colonial loyalty. That one exception was Germany. She alone refused to treat the British Empire as a commercial unit and demanded that she should be put upon a fiscal equality with the mother land in the Canadian market upon pain of levying retaliatory duties. Sir Wilfrid Laurier refused to back down, whereupon the German Government promptly imposed countervailing duties and Canada retaliated in turn. A sharp tariff war ensued. England declined to interfere but the other self-governing colonies took up the challenge and ranged themselves by the side of the Dominion. Germany got the worst of the petty fiscal squabble and at last agreed to withdraw her discriminating duties and accept the policy of imperial preferential trade.

In taking such drastic measures Germany had acted well within her rights. She was entitled to treat the British self-governing colonies as fiscally independent, for such in fact they were; but it was none the less inexpedient for her to do so in view of the intensity of colonial feeling in the matter. On a previous occasion she had appeared to challenge the principle of colonial nationalism; she now appeared to attack the ideal of imperial unity. The colonies could not overlook the fact that the British colonies alone had been singled out for attack whereas the preferential policies of other nations including France and the United States had been accepted by the German Government without question, and apparently without thought of retaliation.

Throughout all these early controversies Great Britain had remained a passive spectator. She had left the colonies to fight

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their own battles. So far as she had ventured to interfere it was rather with a view to modify than to support the pretensions of the colonies. The present anti-German feeling throughout the British Empire did not arise in England but in the colonies. The imperialistic spirit had gained the ascendency in the latter long before it succeeded in making much of an impression upon English politics. The colonial policy of England was still conducted according to the tenets of the Manchester School. At the same time her foreign policy was marked by a careful withdrawal from active participation in European politics. There was little occasion for international complications. As late as 1899 Lord Salisbury declared that the relations of Germany and Great Britain were "everything we could desire." But colonial suspicions of Germany's imperial designs had already spread to England, and with the growth of colonial influence in English politics that suspicion became more strongly confirmed. The Kruger telegram and acrid German criticisms of the Boer war added fuel to the flames. Many of the leaders of English public opinion came to believe that Germany harboured designs on the British Empire, and the Foreign Office began to assume a more critical attitude towards Wilhelmstrasse.

But the political controversy was destined to take on a more materialistic character. The economic rivalry of the two countries added to the flame of international suspicion and misunderstanding. A part of the commercial interests of the two countries were quick to play upon national sentiment to further their own selfish interests. It was no mere accident that the tariff-reform agitation and anti-German sentiment developed side by side in England. They were, in truth, but different phases of the same movement. Protection, according to its wont, robed itself in the false garb of patriotism and set forth to sow discord between the two peoples. The big armament firms in turn played and preyed upon the fears of the public. The history of this agitation reflects no little discredit upon a considerable portion of the Conservative press and party. The peace propaganda of the Liberal leaders checked for a time this campaign of malevolence, but the refusal of the German Government to agree to any of their proposals for a limitation of armaments defeated their well-intentioned efforts to bring about a happy solution of the points of issue. In both countries the seed of national hostility had been well scattered. The asperities of the

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press, the agitations of the Navy Leagues, the programmes of the Admiralty and War Departments were the immediate result of this insidious campaign. And Europe is now reaping the full harvest.

For the beginning of this international antagonism Great Britain cannot be held primarily responsible. She did not afford the occasion for the first offence. The aggressive policy of Germany, as we have seen, stirred up a hostile spirit in the colonies and this reacted strongly on English public opinion. The foreign policy of England had in truth become a colonial policy. It was in reality, as Lord Rosebery declared, "more dictated from the extremities of the Empire than from London itself." But for the subsequent development of England's foreign policy, for the entangling European alliance, for the policy of the political isolation of Germany, for the Moroccan imbroglio, the British Government must bear its full share of responsibility. For many years Great Britain had been content to be an imperial power; she had consciously withdrawn from continental politics. She did not object to the ascendency of Germany on land, provided that she ruled the seas. But with the advent of Germany as a colonial power England resumed her former place in the councils of Europe; Germany had apparently challenged her position as an imperial power. England replied by questioning her rival's supremacy in Europe. Not that England essayed to be a great European power, but that she endeavoured to adjust or readjust the balance of European power so as to secure a free hand for carrying out her imperial policy. The policies of both nations were avowedly patriotic but at the same time essentially selfish. A spirit of exaggerated nationalism has dictated the policies of the chancelleries of Europe. And this, after all, as far as the chief European states are concerned, is the deep underlying cause of the present war.

The British colonies have not gone into the war blindly or from compulsion but of their own free will. They were kept well informed as to the course of negotiations and they heartily approved of the policy of Sir Edward Grey. The war is of their own making as far as their participation is concerned. The English Government has not the right to levy a single man or impose a single penny of taxation in any of the self-governing colonies for the support of the war. The Canadian, Australian,

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and Indian troops can be employed outside their respective dominions only at the instance of these governments themselves. In fact, in both fiscal and military matters the self-governing colonies enjoy what is practically an independent status. And even in respect to foreign affairs they have developed in some cases a distinct policy of their own, as for example in respect to relations with Japan. They carry on their negotiations through their own officials and determine for themselves what imperial treaties shall be made operative within their territories. According to the conventions of the constitution neither the imperial government nor parliament can bind them without their own consent. "Daughter am I in my mother's house, but mistress in my own."

In joining in the war, the colonies have no desire to wreck the German Empire, to impair its civilization or subject it to an alien race. They seek but the removal of the dark threatening cloud of militarism which has hung over them since 1884. The war to them is a defensive war, a war for the preservation not of the British Empire alone but of the constitutional principles of national liberty on which that empire is based. It is a struggle not of rival races or of competing civilizations, but of contrasted forms of government, of political ideals, of democracy *versus* autocracy. And in that issue they feel that they have as great an interest as England herself. They are convinced of the justice of their cause. Out of this war they hope to see a better and more liberal-minded empire arise.

"Nobody doubts," said a prominent Hindu, "whatever may be the temporary difficulties we shall emerge victorious out of this terrible war; and we Indians feel that it will open a new chapter in our history, and if I may say so, in the history of England, brighter and nobler than any in the past, for now and henceforth, England, India, and the oversea dominions will stand and grow together in bonds sanctified on the field of battle."

But more than that, they hope to see, in the words of Gladstone, "the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics." In place of the rule of force the colonies would set up the ideals of the gospel of universal peace, a peace not dependent upon the supremacy of the single state or on the uncertain balancing of selfish interests, but broad-based upon the public opinion of the whole community of nations.

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In this spirit of liberalism the colonies appeal with the same high confidence as does Germany, to the judgment of history. Their prayer is the prayer of Ajax in the Battle of the Ships:

"'And now deliver thou, O Father Zeus, the sons of the Achaians from under this cloud and make clear sky above them and grant to their eyes to see; that so if it be thy will to slay them, thou slay them in the light.' Thus spoke he and Father Zeus looked down upon him in his sore travail. And forthwith he smote the mist and drove away the murk from Heaven and the whole face of the battle was made plain."

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GERMAN *VERSUS* ENGLISH AGGRESSION

The present state of public opinion is quite inexplicable unless we remember that great wars are periods of the abnormal, not only in the political, the industrial, and the commercial, but in the intellectual sphere as well. The mental chaos that confronts us on every hand can be accounted for only on the theory that wars are days of sickness in the life of the human race. The bold assertions, wild speculations, fanciful prophecies which one hears on every hand must be regarded as the incoherent prattle of a delirious public mind. Not only the unthinking public but men of learning have thrown cold reasoning to the winds and are swayed by feeling and passion. The scholar vies with the man of the street in seizing upon vague and conflicting newspaper reports to bolster up his whims and prejudices. Facts are ignored and principles of thought which were formerly deemed fundamental are now utterly disregarded. Personal bias has replaced the desire for truth, with the result that there is found among all classes a decided tendency to represent things not as they are but as people would have them be. The time-honoured and sound principle of historical thought, to subordinate the immediate to the remote cause, is at present generally rejected, and people hasten to fix the responsibility for war on the strength of the conflicting reports that have reached them since the outbreak of the struggle. Instead of judging current events in the penetrating light of the historical past, the public views them in the flickering gleam of a confused present.

Nor do people stop here. They even attempt to reconstruct the past so as to have it conform to their biased notions of the present. They adopt current reports in all their unreliability as a standard of judgment even in regard to those matters that have been firmly established by impartial historical investigation. Even such permanent elements as national characteristics are ascribed to one people or another on the basis of current reports. Is it not utter folly, for example, to assert that Russia is the champion of liberty and the protector of weak states, just because she has issued a proclamation of autonomy to the Poles and happens to be fighting on the side of Belgium? And is it not

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equally absurd to call England the guardian of the rights of nationality because she professes to have entered the conflict on the part of a weak neighbour? Are we no longer able to distinguish between occasion and cause, between incidentals and fundamentals?

By such indiscriminate and reckless bestowal of praise upon the one party public opinion lays itself open to the suspicion that its vehement accusations against the other rest upon an equally insecure foundation. At all events, the excited state of the public mind makes an investigation into the charges preferred against Germany, chief among which is that of aggression, most timely.

If we indulge in a little reasoning of the kind that was in vogue before the war, we shall agree, I think, that such a fault as aggressiveness cannot be regarded as a mere spasmodic impulse by which a great nation would allow itself to be plunged into a hazardous conflict but must rather be viewed as an inherent national characteristic. And when we bear in mind that the lives of peoples are not measured by years but by decades and centuries, we naturally expect such a trait as aggressiveness to manifest itself repeatedly in the life of a nation. To determine Germany's aggressive spirit, therefore, we may ignore what people say or think of her present course of action and be guided solely by her past as established before the impartial tribunal of history. And since it is becoming more and more clear, even to the less discerning, that the issue in this tremendous struggle is a trial of strength between Germany and England, and moreover since the English are the people who first attributed this incriminating trait to the Germans, it seems but reasonable to compare England's acts of aggression in her past with those of Germany during the same period.

In discussing the aggression of a nation, however, we must be careful not to confuse the internal affairs that made for consolidation with those acts that were encroachments upon the integrity or independence of foreign peoples. Every united country which has emerged from the remote past has its own history of consolidation, in which one tribe assumed the leadership and encroached upon the presumable rights of its brother tribes. Without such aggression on the part of one state the unification of a whole people would have been impossible; and what we have called aggression in this case is in reality nothing

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but a *rapprochement* between the various factions and subdivisions of a homogeneous people. The expansion of Prussia under Bismarck which brought about the unification of Germany can not therefore be called aggression, certainly not more so than the acts of certain portions of the English people which created a united England or the activities of the Capetians which led to the unity of France. If Prussia is condemned, as she has been in certain quarters, for coercing the smaller German states to help her found the Empire, then the Northern States were likewise at fault in taking up arms against the South to preserve the American Union.

Further, to understand the nature of aggression more fully we must not only exclude the internal affairs of a nation but also distinguish between the annexation of regions inhabited by savage tribes and the seizure of lands occupied by organized states representing a modern or an ancient civilization. In the former case the aggressor lays claim to what he has seized by the so-called right of discovery or exploration; in the latter his acts must be designated by the more opprobrious term of conquest.

In the light of these distinctions let us now consider English and German expansion during the period prior to the formation of the German Empire, and secondly from 1870 to the outbreak of the present war. It is common knowledge that the earlier acquisitions of England are scattered over all parts of the globe. No other modern nation has been either so enterprising or so successful in colonization. To provide room for the surplus or the discontented elements of her population England as early as the seventeenth century established colonies in North America. Other territories occupied by England in the same manner are Australia and New Zealand. All these portions of her extensive empire Great Britain accordingly holds by the legitimate right of colonization. In none of these places has she violated any civilized man's rights. But such acquisitions constitute only a minor part of Great Britain's vast over-sea possessions. A far greater portion of her empire has been obtained by encroaching upon the rights of other peoples. From France she took the greater part of Canada, territory which had been discovered, explored, and settled by the French and to which they had a more inherent right than they ever had to Alsace or Lorraine. From Spain she captured Gibraltar, while from Denmark she wrested Helgoland, at the same time destroying the fleet of this kingdom

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in an action which for treachery is, perhaps, without a parallel in the annals of modern history. In seizing Hong Kong from China England extended her conquests to the Far East and thereby paved the way for future encroachments in this corner of the globe. While there stands as the climax to this series of aggressions the subjugation of India, in which the conqueror not only violated the territorial integrity but completely destroyed the independence of a nation possessed of an ancient civilization. The question whether the civilization of India was not inferior to that of England is here quite impertinent.

The only incident in German history in any way comparable to England's conquest of India is Prussia's incorporation of a part of Poland. Although this conquest was partly thrust upon the Germanic power by the aggressive initiative of Russia and is to a certain degree excusable on the plea that Poland with its quite impossible internal conditions was, as a next-door neighbour, a constant source of menace to the security of the Prussian state, we shall not endeavour to extenuate the destruction of the integrity and the independence of Poland by calling it anything more palliating than an act of outright aggression. The other German acquisitions of territory before the founding of the Empire were Schleswig-Holstein and Alsace-Lorraine. In both of these instances the causes and circumstances leading up to the annexation were, however, quite different from those which obtained in the case of Poland.

The Schleswig-Holstein question was one of the most involved in the history of European diplomacy. Lord Palmerston once said that only three persons had ever understood it; one was dead, one crazy, and he himself, the third, had forgotten what it was all about. Fortunately for us the intricate details of this question do not concern us here. To determine the degree of Germany's aggression we need understand only the main issues. They are comparatively simple, although they take us back as far as the tenth century. In the Middle Ages Schleswig was a fief of Denmark, while the duchy of Holstein owed allegiance to the Holy Roman Empire. During the tenth and eleventh centuries the greater part of Schleswig was populated by Germans and soon formed a close union with Holstein. In 1460 the two provinces elected the Danish ruler—not as their king, however, but merely as their overlord. In return the Danish ruler had to grant a charter of privileges, in which he solemnly promised that the two

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provinces should remain united for all time and never be incorporated in the Danish monarchy. Every new ruler in Denmark on ascending the throne reconfirmed the special privileges of the two duchies, and for centuries this purely personal relationship between the rulers of Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein continued in force. The distinctive character of Holstein was moreover emphasized by the fact that this duchy was one of the Confederation of German States and the Danish king in his capacity as Duke of Holstein a member of the German Diet. As such his rights in the provinces were naturally more limited than in his own kingdom. Although nominally commander-in-chief of the Schleswig-Holstein forces he did not possess the right to command these troops without the consent of the estates of the two duchies. The army of Schleswig-Holstein was quite distinct from that of Denmark, having not only separate regiments but also its own national colours. The same distinctive character of the provinces is also seen in the rights of their estates to refuse taxes to the Danish government. Then, again, a different law of succession obtained in Schleswig-Holstein from that in the kingdom proper. Whereas succession in both the male and the female line was in force in Denmark, the two provinces in accordance with the old German Salic law recognized succession only in the male line.

Over against this loose connection with Denmark the duchies had ever since 1460 maintained a most close and intimate union with each other. Not only did they have a common army, common executive officials, common courts; but all state establishments, such as the University of Kiel, and all penal and philanthropic institutions were owned and controlled conjointly. And although the changes of centuries had affected, in some respects, the relation between the provinces and Denmark, the two fundamental rights of Schleswig-Holstein, that they should remain one and inseparable and should never be incorporated in the Danish monarchy, were never tampered with by the Danish crown. Schleswig and Holstein were accordingly, to all intents and purposes, independent provinces under the suzerainty of Denmark.

The first attempt to change the political status of Schleswig-Holstein was made in 1807, when the Holy Roman Empire, of which Holstein was a member, had come to an end. Denmark regarded this as the opportune moment to incorporate both provinces; but this attempt to encroach on their autonomy was resisted by the Schleswig-Holsteiners with so much determination

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that it was doomed to failure. This Danish scheme of aggrandizement, however, was revived in 1849, when under the impulse of constitutional government a strong party, the so-called Eider Danes, was formed with the avowed purpose of incorporating at least the province of Schleswig in the Danish monarchy. That the ambition of the Eider Danes did not embrace Holstein as well is explained by the fact that this province had in 1815 become a member of the German Confederation. When it became clear to the duchies that Denmark was bent on tearing Schleswig from Holstein and making it an incorporate part of the Danish state, they forthwith took up arms to defend their liberty. This war resulted in the intervention of the powers and the Conference of London. In the London Protocol, drawn up by this conference, the ancient right of the two provinces to remain inseparable was again reiterated, and it was further stipulated that the relation between the duchies and Denmark could not be changed unless by common consent, the *status quo* being thus guaranteed for the future. In spite of this international agreement the Eider Danes continued their agitation for a greater Denmark and in 1855 went so far as to promulgate a new constitution for both the kingdom and the duchies, without the consent of the latter. When the German Confederation protested on behalf of Holstein, the Danes declared that they would annul the constitution for Holstein but retain it for Schleswig. This meant of course incorporation of the latter province and was a flagrant violation of the rights of the duchies as they had existed since 1460 and had been confirmed time and again by Denmark herself and only recently by all the Great Powers. The provinces now appealed to Germany for assistance, and the well-known result was their complete separation from the kingdom of Denmark. The Eider Danes, thanks to their aggressive attempts to change the right of suzerainty to that of complete sovereignty, destroyed even that loose personal relation which had existed for centuries between Schleswig-Holstein and the Danish kingdom.

But if the political phase of the Schleswig-Holstein question seems favourable to the German side, its racial aspect is even more so. The most important point to remember in this connection is that Holstein had from time immemorial been German, and that fully two-thirds of the population of Schleswig were also German, so that over 85 per cent. of the two provinces considered as a unit were of German stock. Only that part of Schleswig

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which borders on Denmark was inhabited by a mixed population, the Germans living in the cities and the Danes occupying the country districts. In these districts the Danes used the Danish language in church and school, but employed German in commercial life and in official court proceedings. In Holstein and in the greater part of Schleswig the people read only German newspapers, and from all parts of both provinces the young people flocked to the German University of Kiel for their higher education. In his national characteristics the Schleswig-Holsteiner also differed from the Dane and had a national consciousness quite his own. And this feeling that the inhabitants of the duchies had a distinct nationality was fully shared by the Danes of the kingdom, who regarded their German neighbours of the two provinces as phlegmatic, awkward, narrow-minded, pedantic beings, who were destined to be governed by a superior race and owed their independence entirely to lack of aggressiveness on the part of Denmark.

With such sentiments as these towards the inhabitants of Schleswig-Holstein it is not surprising that during the awakening of Danish national aspirations a reign of oppression and tyranny should have been instituted in the provinces with the object of making Danes of recalcitrant Germans. The freedom of the press, which was safeguarded by the constitution in Denmark, was abolished in the German duchies and political meetings of any kind prohibited; not even gatherings of three persons for the purpose of petitioning the king were permitted. Everywhere German officials were removed and Danes appointed in their place and in the districts of a mixed population German teachers and divines were banished. In spite of such oppressive measures the powerful states of the German Confederation refrained for fully ten years from intervention. In view of all these facts it would seem as though the real aggressor was not Germany against Denmark but Denmark against the two weak German provinces.

The Alsace-Lorraine problem, like that of Schleswig-Holstein, must likewise be examined in the light of the past. To determine the degree of aggression of the two nations involved it is by no means sufficient merely to state that the two provinces had belonged to France before 1870 and were then conquered by Germany. The problem arose no more through Germany's annexation of the provinces than it seems to be settled thereby

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in our own day; just like any similar case, it must be judged in the light of its origin and development during centuries.

Originally, centuries before either modern Germany or France came into existence, the country along the Rhine known as Alsace and Lorraine was settled by Germans and later formed a part of Charlemagne's empire. When at the death of Louis the Pious this empire was divided among his three sons, the boundary line between France and Germany was established for the first time. This line extended almost due north and south some distance west of Verdun so that this city as well as Metz and Toul belonged to Germany. By the treaty of 887 this line of demarcation was again confirmed and continued to form the boundary between France and Germany for more than seven hundred years. In the fourteenth century French ambitions were directed toward Lorraine, though no serious attempts at conquest were made until 1552, when Henry II seized the cities of Verdun, Toul, and Metz. Later, during the Thirty Years' War, when the various German states were arrayed against each other in civil strife, French armies began to overrun German territory west of the Rhine. Many cities were occupied, some by force of arms, others through negotiations with the Catholic bishops and counts, who ceded some of their territory to France, a Catholic power, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Swedes or other Protestants. At the close of the Thirty Years' War France retained a part of Alsace, asserting that she had conquered it from the Emperor, although this province did not belong to him at the time but to a side line of the House of Hapsburg. In the treaty of Westphalia the clauses relating to the new French conquest were so indefinite and ambiguous that France at the time took possession of only a small portion of what she claimed on the basis of this same treaty thirty years later. Only when Germany was involved in a new war against the Turks and was thus unable to resist an invasion from the west did France dare to place her own construction on the treaty of Westphalia and begin to conquer the whole of Alsace and Lorraine. Louis XIV in a ruthless manner now seized the ten free imperial cities west of the Rhine, chief of them Strassburg, and incorporated them in his monarchy despite the protest of the inhabitants and the Empire. Germany was so exhausted by her campaigns that in the peace of Ryswick she was compelled to cede Alsace and Lorraine and the ten free cities to the conqueror. At the end of the seventeenth century

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Alsace and Lorraine had accordingly through conquest become a part of France; and this political status continued till 1870, when after a campaign unparalleled in its successes Germany decided to take back, as the prize of victory, the two provinces, which in her days of weakness had been wrested from her.

This brief survey of the history of Alsace-Lorraine is sufficient to show how mistaken those people are who imply that the two provinces were territory to which France had originally an inherent right. But even if in spite of historical facts we should concede that France had as much right to these provinces as Germany, the balance of race in this case, as in that of Schleswig-Holstein, is preponderantly on the side of Germany.

As was stated before, the Germans settled in Alsace-Lorraine as early as the fourth century of the Christian era. After the division of the Frankish empire Alsace was held by the dukes of Swabia and later by the Hapsburgs. A number of free cities sprang up, and the two provinces participated as fully in the intellectual and spiritual life of the German people as any other part of the Empire. After the French conquest systematic attempts were made to assimilate the inhabitants to the French, but without success. The people of both provinces clung tenaciously to their German language and to the traditions of their Teutonic forefathers. How deeply the life of the people continued to be imbued with German ideals is illustrated by the fact that a hundred years after their conquest Herder and Goethe could collect the choicest treasures of German *Volkslieder* among the Alsatians. Not until the time of the French Revolution, when French and Germans were more closely drawn together by the common ideal of democracy, did the French spirit penetrate even the higher classes.

But the defenders of France usually condone her seizure of these German provinces by a reference to the spirit of the times. It is true, they tell us, that the original fault lay with France; she conquered German territory and incorporated it in her kingdom, but this happened at a time when the feeling of nationality was not so strongly developed as it was when Germany reclaimed these provinces. Viewed from the political standpoint this is undoubtedly true. When France conquered Alsace-Lorraine the integrity of large states and the political status of small states were much less secure than in 1870. Border provinces of larger states were frequently exchanged as though they were mere

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chattels of barter. Furthermore, it must be remembered that the German Empire was at that time a mere confederation of states, and accordingly a much looser union than France was two hundred years later. But if these considerations help us to extenuate France's aggression, they can hardly justify it. However one may look at it, the fact remains that France in annexing Alsace and Lorraine obtained possession of two German provinces by aggression and conquest, and that she is therefore responsible for originating one of the most difficult problems of European politics. A point that we are apt to lose sight of when considering that the political connexion of these provinces was less close when France seized them than their union with France in 1870, is that the spiritual ties such as language and tradition were originally much more intimate between Alsace-Lorraine and the remainder of Germany than they were later on between these provinces and France. People generally forget that the separation from Germany in the seventeenth century was felt more keenly by the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine than their separation from France in the nineteenth century. It seems but little known that for a hundred years after the conquest the conquerors failed completely to win this German people over to French ideals. Do those who condemn Germany by pointing to the French sympathies of the modern Alsatians know that their forefathers were for a hundred years even more bitter against France? And if Germany has as yet not fully succeeded in conciliating the provinces, who knows but what they will be more completely in sympathy with German ideals seventy years after their return to the original possessors than they were with Gallic ideals during their two centuries of French rule? And this would be quite natural, for fully eighty per cent. of the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine are and always have been of German stock. They speak the German language as their mother tongue; only twenty per cent. speak French or a *patois* of French.

The history of Schleswig-Holstein and of Alsace-Lorraine in its political and racial aspects is sufficient to show that in annexing these provinces Germany cannot be accused of unjust aggression. She merely took back what had been unjustly wrested from her in the days of her weakness. Had Germany been united and able to defend what was hers, neither Denmark nor France would have dared to encroach upon her territory, and

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there would never have been either a Schleswig-Holstein or an Alsace-Lorraine question.

There are, perhaps, but few defenders of English policy who would not admit that England has been aggressive in the past—much more so, if anything, than her present enemy. England's aggressiveness is, however, generally palliated by the name of opportunism and her conquests, as well as those of France, extenuated by a reference to the spirit of the times in which they were perpetrated. England and France, we are told, aggressed when modern civilization was still in its boyhood; they, as it were, sowed their wild oats when modern civilization was in its youth, and that is why the world is overlooking their sins. Conquests, we are reminded, formerly belonged to the established order of things, which England with the rest of the world has happily outgrown. Only Germany, we are assured, preaches barbaric principles and puts them into practice in our enlightened age. And so Germany's sins, though they may be far less than those of either England or France, become far greater by virtue of the higher moral standard of the world now prevailing.

But is it really true that the leopard has changed his spots? Has England actually experienced the change of heart ascribed to her by her friends? Is she now actuated only by the highest sentiments of international justice? Does she stand ever ready to defend the independence of weaker states, even when her own interests are not involved? And what on the other hand are the recent aggressive acts of Germany which are so discreditable to her when viewed in the light of our own times? To answer these questions we must compare the expansion of the two countries in our own day since the founding of the German Empire to the outbreak of the present war. Why we should not include the present war also has been explained before. Only after matters have been cleared up by the historian, shall we be able to determine in how far one nation or the other was the real aggressor.

Since the only lands remaining to be occupied by civilized nations in 1875 were the islands of the Pacific and the African continent, we must turn to those parts of the world. On the African continent England in 1875 possessed only 250,000 square miles. At present her African possessions comprise 3,700,000 square miles. During the last forty years England has accordingly taken possession of 3,450,000 square miles of territory in

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Africa alone. Add to this her recent acquisitions of 112,000 square miles in Oceania and New Guinea, and you have a total of 3,562,000 square miles. With these figures let us compare the German acquisitions in Africa, Oceania, and New Guinea, and we have respectively 910,150 square miles, 24,200, and 70,843, or a total of 1,005,193 square miles. Is it not strange that the country which is denounced as the most unscrupulous aggressor of our day should have seized not even one-third as much territory as England during the period when the latter is lauded for its unselfishness? The disproportion becomes even much greater when we consider that England's new acquisitions are of vastly superior commercial value on account of their superior natural resources and more favourable climatic conditions and their infinitely greater strategic importance.

Figures like the above become even more significant when we consider the motives by which the two nations were actuated in their new acquisitions. When in 1871 Germany took her place among the nations as a new world power, she found that the choice lands of the world were claimed by others. Russia, whose home territory comprises half of Europe, possessed also half of the Asiatic continent. France had her colonies in northern Africa, and Great Britain could boast that the sun never set upon her empire. Even the smaller nations, like Holland, Portugal, and Belgium, had their colonial domains. All these nations and especially England had territory enough and to spare, Germany alone was in bitter need of new lands. Confronted as she was by the problem of an evergrowing population with not a square foot of outside territory, her longing for new lands was natural, pathetic, almost tragic. Her desire for expansion was dictated by grim necessity. Yet in spite of this national exigency Germany took merely what had been discarded by others and thus by her African and insular acquisitions did not infringe upon the rights of any other power. This fact explains why Germany of all the Great Powers was the only one that did not wage a war of aggression. France, in spite of her stationary population, has indulged in "peaceful penetration" of Morocco. Russia, which owned half of Europe and Asia, could not resist the *Drang nach Osten* and clashed with Japan. And peaceful England, which possessed millions of square miles of the richest land that was still waiting to be inhabited, did not hesitate to make war upon the Boer Republics and upon Egypt. In each of these cases the

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present allies attacked weaker states. All these wars must accordingly be rated as wars of aggression. Only Germany, which was in bitter need of new territory, kept the peace although her offensive strength was admittedly as great as, if not greater than, that of any of her rivals.

From whatever angle we regard the records of expansion in Africa, they result greatly in Germany's favour. Great Britain's acts on the continent of Africa have been immeasurably more aggressive than those of her rival. But what of the acts of the two nations in China? No nation has ever been more denounced, especially by England, than Germany for the seizure of Kiao-Chau. The seizure of Kiao-Chau was no doubt an act of aggression, and Germany's reputation for fair play has suffered much through her conduct in China. But is it not strange that whereas we criticize Germany so severely for Kiao-Chau, most of us do not seem even to know of the British seizure of Wei-Hai-Wei, although England holds this territory under like conditions to those under which Germany held Kiao-Chau, and its occupation is in every regard as much an encroachment upon the integrity of China.

In view of England's professions of unselfishness and her denunciations of Germany's aggressiveness in our day, it is fairly startling to find that Great Britain has annexed fully three and a half times as much territory during the last forty years and has in general employed far more high-handed methods than Germany. While as though determined not to be outdone by any other power, England brought her record quite up to date when only three years ago she ousted the American financier from Persia and to all intents and purposes established a protectorate over that country, an act which, if we may judge by precedent, will soon be followed by complete annexation.

But all this aggression on the part of England is in keeping with her time-honoured international policy. As history indicates, a double relationship is the guide of her statesmen—balance of power and supremacy. The former is insisted on as her guiding principle among the other powers, the latter is claimed as the innate right of Great Britain herself. There must be balance of power on land, that is the imperative demand of international fairness and justice; yet England must be mistress of the seas! But if there is to be balance of power, why not make it pertain equally to all, both on land and sea? How can any one profess to be guided by the sense of fairness when laying down rules of

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conduct for others which he refuses to obey himself? To one looking a little more closely, it is quite clear that Great Britain's one and only aim in her foreign policy is the preponderance of Great Britain. To England the balance of power is not an end in itself but merely the means to perpetuate her own supremacy. The history of international diplomacy for the last four hundred years demonstrates that England is satisfied to dwell not as one among equals but only as a superior among inferiors. That is why during the last three hundred years England's hostility was directed necessarily towards Spain, Holland, France, and Germany; that is, invariably towards that nation which at the time was next to her in power and hence most likely to threaten her supremacy.

Our examination of the remoter and immediate past proves one point beyond doubt: that the accusation of aggression against Germany can not be based on historical facts. This truth is also borne out inferentially by all newspaper and magazine articles written against Germany since the beginning of the present war. In nine cases out of ten, statements derogatory to the Germans are based on speeches of the Emperor, some of which he never made; on his alleged belief in the divine right of kings; or on doctrines of her philosophers, such as Nietzsche; or on the teachings of her professors, like Treitschke; and above all on the sayings and writings of German jingoes, such as Bernhardi, whose book is devoured by the wholesale in England and America while it is practically unknown in Germany. In lieu of facts people base their assertions on mere theories. In short, the accusations against Germany are founded almost exclusively on what people regard to be her doctrine of life. Germany is condemned to-day not for what she has done or is doing but for what people consider to be her intentions. Germany, accordingly, finds herself in the position of the heretic in the Middle Ages, who was persecuted not for his immoral deeds but for his distasteful ideas.

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CANADA AND THE WAR

Canada is a protected country and the Canadian people have given little thought to the danger of war. On the Atlantic and Pacific coasts she is protected by the sea; on the north there is a wilderness of barren land, a barrier of ice and the Arctic Ocean; on the south there is a good neighbour, with whom she has had no serious trouble for a hundred years. There are no enemies close at hand, and the danger from distant foes has always seemed remote and problematical.

Canada has not thought it worth while to be prepared for war. There are no fortifications, except a few obsolete block-houses, along the southern border. The walled city of Quebec, the "Gibraltar of America," with its noble citadel, its magnificent terrace, its frowning bastions and its ornamental gateways, is a picturesque relic of a glorious past, but not a modern fortress. Even the forts at Levis and Beaumont, commanding the river, are far from modern. There is a strong citadel at Halifax and a well-defended naval station at Esquimalt; but elsewhere both fortifications and equipment are sadly lacking, and could offer but a feeble resistance to an enemy commanding the sea. Before the defeat of the Laurier Government in 1911 plans were being made for the creation of a Canadian navy similar to that of Australia; but since that time the Borden Government has favoured the New Zealand plan of making contributions to the British navy, and because of strong political opposition nothing definite has yet been done. The old cruisers *Niobe* and *Rainbow*, with a few gunboats and ice-breakers, constitute the Canadian navy, and Canadians who give any thought to the question of defence know well that the country is safe from invasion only so long as the British navy commands the sea. As for defence against invasion from the south, no Canadian thinks it necessary to provide for that.

The Canadian army has been much improved in recent years, especially since the passage of the Militia Act of 1905, and numbers about 77,000 men, including 3500 in the permanent force and about 74,000 in the active militia. The permanent force is needed chiefly for garrison duty and is one of the smallest stand-

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ing armies in the world. The active militia is a respectable establishment and could be made the nucleus of a formidable force. Some of the units are neither well trained nor well equipped; but in a number of places there are crack regiments, like the Victoria Rifles and the Royal Highlanders of Montreal, the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto, the 68th Regiment of Halifax, the Fort Garry Horse of Winnipeg, and the 72d Highlanders of Vancouver, that are highly efficient in every way and would give a good account of themselves in time of war. Many of the officers and men, it is true, have scarcely thought of war, and have joined the militia for the sake of exercise, companionship, social prestige, or other unwarlike ends; but whatever their original motives may have been, at the call of duty there was a sudden change in the point of view and thousands of strong-hearted men were ready to play in earnest the game of war.

Before the dispute of Austria with Servia had reached its crisis, the people of Canada, far from the smouldering volcano of the Balkans, were busy with their own affairs and scarcely knew of the growing agitation and tension in the chancelleries of Europe. They were giving some thought to the home-rule controversy in Ireland, the review of the fleet at Portsmouth, the war in Mexico, the question of Hindu immigration, the celebration of the centenary of peace between the Anglo-Saxon nations, the temperance question, the late Ontario elections, the poor harvests in the North-West, the depression in stocks, the high cost of living, bad government in Montreal, political corruption in New Brunswick, silver-fox farming in Prince Edward Island—but most of all they were thinking and talking of the weather and the summer holidays. Summer is brief in Canada, but it is a joyous season, when all who can go for a longer or shorter time to the mountains, the rivers, and the lakes for a change of scene, for fresh air, boating, canoeing, swimming, fishing, and all the delights of country life. Toronto people go to Muskoka and Georgia Bay, Montrealers to the Laurentians and the Lower St. Lawrence, Quebecers to the Isle of Orleans and the Lake St. John region, Halifax people to Cape Breton and the "Island," Winnipeggers to the Lake of the Woods, Vancouverites to Alaska—for everywhere people go forth to play, and the holiday spirit is in the air. Tourists from the "States" join the gay throngs at hotels, boarding-houses, and camps, and all forget the world of work and strife and wish that Canadian summer days might last forever.

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Thus it was at midsummer when the word came after slight warning that England and all the British Empire had been involved in war. It was strange news, foreign to all the thoughts and feelings of the people, especially at that season of the year. They heard the news but did not understand its meaning. They read it in the papers but did not perceive its full significance; they talked about it, but in the quiet, remote manner of people who were not deeply concerned, the current of whose life could not be easily diverted from the accustomed channels. There was some little excitement in country stores and post-offices, at parish churches before and after mass, in the lobbies of hotels, on street corners and where war bulletins were posted; there were also some public meetings and patriotic parades; but otherwise business and pleasure went on much as before, and it was some time before there was a general recognition of the fact that the country was at war.

In certain quarters, however, there was full realization of the situation and instant response to the needs of the hour. Several days before the declaration of war the Cabinet was hastily called to meet at Ottawa and began to plan for the defence of the Empire. The Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, hastened back from the Rocky Mountains; Sir Robert Borden, the Premier, came from Muskoka; Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Leader of the Opposition, returned from Alberta; and other public men without regard to party or policy hastened to offer their services at this critical moment. A message was sent to the Secretary of State for the Colonies assuring him that Canada would put forth every effort and make every sacrifice to insure the integrity and maintain the honour of the Empire. Parliament was called to meet on August 18th to vote funds and to take other measures for imperial defence. Colonel the Hon. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, announced that an army division of about 22,000 men would soon be ready for the field, and that 100,000 men would be sent, if required. There was immediately great activity in military circles. In every part of the Dominion the active militia were called to their colours; many thousands of them offered their services for the war; and in some cases whole regiments volunteered. A mobilization camp was established at St. Gabriel de Valcartier, near Quebec, and within ten days the first contingent began to assemble there. The small garrisons at Halifax, Quebec, Esquimalt, and other places near the coast

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were reinforced. Troops were sent to guard cable lines, canals, railways, bridges, harbours, and other vulnerable points. Patrol boats ran up and down the St. Lawrence; search-lights played on the river by night from the forts at Levis and Beaumont; a habitant was shot by a sentry while crossing a bridge near Rivière Ouelle; shots were fired across the bows of ships to make them stop for inspection; there were rumours of German cruisers in the Gulf; H. M. S. *Essex* cleared for action in Halifax Harbour—Canada was at war.

The response of Canada to the unuttered call for help was at first instinctive in its character. The Mother Country, to whom she was attached by many ties of blood and friendship, was going to war, and Canada at once took her rightful place by her side. It was not primarily a question of the justice of the cause, and certainly not a question of Canada's interest in the outcome of the struggle, but rather an outburst of the old clan spirit that has brought kinsmen and allies together, shoulder to shoulder, on many a battlefield. Canadians are proud of their own land; they cherish a spirit of independence and nationality; they are jealous of any encroachment upon their chartered rights; they confess to a slight feeling of antipathy, even, toward a certain type of Englishman; but they have at the same time a growing affection for the Old Country, a feeling of satisfaction with the British connection, and a pride in the thought that Canada is a part, and a notable part, of the Empire upon which the sun never sets. So when the word came that England was at war, it was understood that Canada was at war; that England's quarrel was Canada's quarrel, for England and Canada were not two countries, but one; and that the place of Canada, with the other Dominions of the Empire, was by the side of the great Mother of them all.

It was an instinctive loyalty at first, and the people of Canada were strongly biased in favour of England, but when they were better informed as to the immediate and fundamental causes of the struggle, and understood more fully the significance of the conflict in all its bearings, they were more than ever convinced that England had taken up arms in a just quarrel, and that the British Empire, with all that it stood for of justice, liberty, and opportunity, was fighting for its life. The leaders of public opinion—editors, statesmen, clergymen, teachers, authors, business men,—unanimously agreed, not only in commending the diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey, but in contending that England,

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by standing in the path of German militarism and autocracy, had become the champion of democracy and was defending the liberties of all the world.

The Montreal *Weekly Witness*, the most pacific of all Canadian journals, said editorially, on August 4 and 11:

"All the appearances are that the war now in progress was deliberately planned by the German Emperor, and that it is a war of conquest. The episode of Austria's attack upon Servia was only a method of putting the torch to the fuse, with hardly the pretence of an excuse. The Kaiser has indeed plainly announced the purpose of the war. It is so to smite the other nations that Germany will rule. The daring aggressions of the war-lord and the perils of surrounding weak nations are arguments very difficult for the most devout pacificist to answer. The sober thought of England is aghast and horrified at the idea that having travelled so far on the highway of peace, the nations should be found involved in fratricide—in slaying and destroying neighbours as much horrified at the strife as themselves, and this as the result of forces apparently irresistible rising out of the nethermost pit."

The Toronto *Globe*, the editor of which is a Presbyterian clergymen and one of the foremost public men of Canada, said, on August 3 and 4:

"Of one thing let there be no cavil or question: if it means war for Britain it means war also for Canada. If it means war for Canada it means also the union of all Canadians for the defence of Canada, for the maintenance of the Empire's integrity, and for the preservation in the world of Britain's ideals of democratic government and life. When that issue is raised all differences of party and of race merge into one positive and unwavering unity. Before the world Canadians are not divided. With Britain and with all British Dominions we stand. In the day of testing the voice of Canada will be one voice."

"It is no longer Austria against Servia. It is not even the far larger struggle of the great Teuton power against the rising Slav power across the dividing leagues from Finland to the Adriatic. At bottom the war now involving all Europe and menacing the world is humanity's own life struggle. The struggle is for freedom, for national integrity, for free citizenship in a free democracy of the nations. It is the old struggle of the spirit of humanity, liberated, impassioned, against arrogant and privileged autocracy based on the assumption of divine right and enforced by the mailed fist of military power. It is a new stage in the world's fight for freedom."

"And in that fight all the democracies of the British breed stand shoulder to shoulder. Whig and Tory all agree. The Ulsterman and the Nationalist keep step; Royalist and Radical join hands. French-Canadian and English-Canadian and all the other races who feel the throb of freedom in their blood, stand up, some under the Southern Cross, some under other skies, and they too are counted. Even in Germany itself the millions in whose lives stirs the irresistible impulse of social democracy, though to-day they may be led by

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evil counsellors, will to-morrow find their true alliance in the world movement that dethrones all despots and establishes free citizenship in the democracy of all nations. Because it is the world's fight for freedom, Britain reluctantly but resolutely speaks the word, and Canada also answers Ay!"

In a letter to a local paper, Professor F. V. Riethdorf, of Woodstock College, expressed views very similar to those above quoted, with which a considerable number of German residents of Canada appear to agree. He said in part:

"We must deeply sympathize with the German people in the sufferings and dangers brought upon them by their ruling classes, by their oligarchic, insane, military government. It is the Germany of the 'clinched fist' and the 'drawn sword,' of the 'shining armour' and the 'sabre rattling in the scabbard' that calls for no sympathy on our part. It is the Germany that has precipitated the monstrous world struggle of the day that fills us all with horror and indignation. It is for the official Germany and her leader and soul, William II, that we have only detestation, not for the peaceable, kind, amiable, and sane German people. We are at war with the system of Germany, not with the German race."

"I am a native German and former German soldier. My own position in the struggle is perfectly clear. My loyalty to the British flag makes me stand against any and all enemies of Britain. If need be I should even fight against Germany, though with a bleeding heart. Furthermore, I desire disaster to the Germany army in this war, for the reason that it will mean restoration of fellowship among the western nations for one of the greatest peoples of Europe. A liberated, free, democratic Germany will start on a new and lasting era of prosperity, of peace, arm in arm with England and France. Germany's defeat will mean the establishment of a German republic and the elimination of William II and all that he stands for. Such things as 'Divine right' and 'mailed fist' are anachronisms, an insult to the intelligence of the people of the twentieth century. William II is the common foe of Europe, and he must be eliminated. Defeat of Germany in this war means ultimate salvation and freedom for her; Germany will be the greatest gainer through defeat. This is my consolation when I think of the terrible affliction which this war will bring upon her. Victory for the German arms would make William II the war-lord of the world. He would rule Europe with an iron hand. The militarism of the future would be far worse than the militarism of the past, and there would be no end to war and bloodshed."

The emergency session of Parliament, called the "Khaki" session was opened at Ottawa on August 18 by the Duke of Connaught, who, in the speech from the throne, stated the purpose for which Parliament had been called, and expressed his satisfaction at the patriotism and loyalty that had been displayed in every part of the Dominion. In reply, eloquent speeches were made by Mr. Donald Sutherland, Mr. D. O. L'Esperance, Sir

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Wilfred Laurier, former Premier of Canada, and Sir Robert Borden, the present Premier. The words of Mr. L'Esperance and Sir Wilfred Laurier were of especial significance as indicating the attitude of the French Canadians toward the war. Mr. L'Esperance said, in closing:

"The defeat of England, the dismemberment of the Empire, would involve for the Canadian the speedy loss of his power, his prosperity, the happiness of his home, his beloved language and his holy religion. The descendants of the brave Frenchmen who colonized Canada, with the Cross on their breast, holding in one hand a gun and with the other guiding a plough, have no fear of war when they come to defend the integrity of the vast empire which assures to them the greatest liberty and happiness that any people ever enjoyed."

Sir Wilfred Laurier said:

"It is our duty to let Great Britain know, and to let the friends and foes of Great Britain know, that there is in Canada but one mind and one heart, and that all Canadians stand behind the Mother Country, conscious and proud that she has engaged in this war, not from any selfish motive, for any purpose of aggrandizement, but to maintain untarnished the honour of her name, to fulfil her obligations to her allies, to maintain her treaty obligations, and to save civilization from the unbridled lust of conquest and power. It will be seen by the world that Canada, a daughter of old England, intends to stand by her in this great conflict. When the call comes our answer goes at once, and it goes in the classical language of the British answer to the call of duty: 'Ready, aye ready.'"

The war session of Parliament lasted only five days, but during that time it took important measures for enabling Canada to participate effectively in the war. It clothed the Governor in Council with war powers; provided for an increase in the issue of Dominion notes; granted power to suspend the redemption of Dominion notes in gold and to declare a moratorium; authorized advances of Dominion notes to the banks on deposit of approved securities; made bank notes legal tender and provided for an emergency circulation; passed a bill to incorporate the Canadian Patriotic Fund; and, finally, it voted a war credit of $50,000,000. There was not a murmur of opposition to any of these measures. On the contrary, members of the Opposition expressed their willingness to vote $100,000,000 if it should be required.

That the liberal grant by Parliament by no means exhausted Canadian generosity may be shown by an enumeration of some of the many contributions that poured in from every part of the country. The Canadian government itself sent 1,000,000 bags of

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flour for the British army and made a gift of money to the French government for a hospital of fifty beds. The Province of Ontario gave 250,000 bags of flour; Manitoba, 50,000 bags of flour; Quebec, 4,000,000 pounds of cheese; Alberta, 50,000 bushels of potatoes; and the other provinces made similar gifts. The city of Ottawa gave a battery of quick-firing guns. Mr. J. K. Ross gave $500,000 to be used as the government might see fit. Mr. Hamilton Gault raised a regiment, largely composed of veterans of the South African war, to be known as Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and gave $100,000 toward their equipment. Lady Strathcona gave $50,000 toward the maintenance of the Strathcona Horse, a regiment that had distinguished itself in South Africa. A band of seventy Manitoulin Indians voted $500 to the war fund. The Daughters of the Empire voted to raise $100,000 for the equipment of a hospital ship given by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The Canadian Red Cross Society called for gifts of various kinds, including knitted caps, socks, and mufflers for sick and wounded soldiers.

The Canadian Patriotic Fund, organized by the Duke of Connaught on August 18 to provide for the dependent wives, children, and relatives of the soldiers, soon enlisted the sympathy of people in every part of the country. Toronto raised $882,000 for this fund in a "whirlwind campaign" of four days amid scenes of great enthusiasm; and when it was announced at the final meeting in Massey Hall that $100,000 had been pledged by the American Aid Society, five thousand people rose to their feet in a tempest of cheers, waving arms, sticks, hats, and handkerchiefs, calling loudly for Mr. Carlos Warfield, the president of the society. Mr. Warfield said:

"I am sure the people of the United States are with you in this fight. Your feelings are our feelings. We can only pledge ourselves to collect $100,000, but I assure you that we have a million dollars' worth of sentiment to offer. This is a worthy cause and we American citizens resident in Toronto are proud to take part in this business and share the privileges we have of living among you."

Another interesting episode at this meeting was the selling by auction of a street-car ticket, the gift of a boy through the Salvation Army. Mr. Noel Marshall at once bid $500; Mr. Jack Eaton raised the bid to $800; and Sir William Mulock, the chairman, bought the ticket at $1000. On October 6 it was announced that the Patriotic fund amounted to over $5,000,000,

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of which Montreal had given $2,000,000; Toronto, $983,000; Winnipeg, $564,000; Ottawa, $371,000; and so on, including nearly $100,000 from Berlin, Ontario, the chief centre of German influence in Canada.

From the time of the declaration of war, enlistment and mobilization went on actively under the direction of Colonel the Hon. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, and before the end of August about 30,000 men were encamped on the slopes of the Laurentians at Valcartier. They were as fine a body of recruits as one could wish to see, not boys, but full-grown men between the ages of twenty and thirty, tall, athletic, clean-looking fellows with pleasant faces and friendly ways. It is said that more than a thousand of them were graduates or students of McGill, Toronto, Quebec, Dalhousie, and other Canadian universities, and all appeared to be alert, intelligent, and well-educated men who would need comparatively little of the training and whipping into shape usually administered to raw recruits. Indeed, they had already received a good deal of training as members of various militia regiments in the United Kingdom or in Canada; many of them had seen service in South Africa; and all could shoot, as was shown at the rifle ranges, where unusually high scores were made. They were gathered from all parts of Canada, from the Lower Provinces, from Quebec and Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia and the distant Yukon, all of them volunteers and all eager to go to the front. There were Canadians of various races, but chiefly British, Irish, and French, with some citizens of the United States. The most conspicuous of all, because of their dress and their inimitable swagger, were the Highland regiments; and as they marched along to the skirl of the bagpipes, with their kilts and tartans, their bonnets and bare legs, in all their pride and glory, it was evident that the MacDonalds, MacPhersons, MacGregors, MacIntoshes, MacFarlanes, Camerons, Frasers, Campbells, Gordons, and all the rest of the present generation, were worthy descendants of the clansmen who fought at Killiekrankie and Culloden. An amusing outbreak of the ancestral spirit occurred when the men from Nova Scotia, fearing that they were to be distributed among strange regiments, declared that they would go back home if they could not be organized in units of their own and fight shoulder to shoulder with their brother Scots.

There was some delay in getting the contingent ready to sail,

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for when the call came Canada was by no means prepared for war, and there was lack of artillery, rifles, ammunition, clothes, and other equipment. Besides, a large fleet of transports and convoys had to be assembled, which for a time were not available, presumably because they were being used for transporting British troops and for the Indian contingent. Then, too, there were rumours of German cruisers in the North Atlantic and even in the Gulf, and doubtless other difficulties were in the way. The Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, commanded by Colonel F. D. Farquhar, sailed from Montreal by the steamer *Megantic* on August 30, expecting to go direct to the front, but when they reached Quebec they were ordered ashore and sent into camp at Levis, and there was almost a mutiny when they heard the news. So the main contingent at Valcartier and "Princess Pat's Pets" at Levis were kept in camp for several weeks, where they got a valuable training in marching, drilling, shooting, digging, and other military duties, became accustomed to sleeping on the ground and all the other hardships of army life short of actual service at the front.

Soon after the middle of September active preparations for transportation were made, and by the end of the month the contingent had embarked at Quebec and sailed down the river to Gaspé Bay, where they were met by a strong fleet of warships under Admiral Wemyss, ready to convoy them across the ocean. On the afternoon of October 3 they sailed out of Gaspé Bay, thirty-one transports carrying 32,000 men and 7,000 horses, besides a complete equipment for the entire contingent. Not the least important part of the freight were a hundred nurses of the Canadian Red Cross Society. The Canadian troop-ships were joined at Gaspé by the steamer *Canada*, with the Lincolnshires, an English regiment from Bermuda, and at sea they were joined by the *Florizel*, with 650 men from Newfoundland. There were in all about forty ships with between 40,000 and 50,000 men on board, including the crews of both transports and warships. It was the largest force that had ever been moved across the ocean in a single convoy. They sailed in three columns a mile and a half apart, with a warship at the head of each column and the transports following in line at intervals of half a mile. Other warships brought up the rear and there were still others scouting in the distance. The greatest possible care was taken to conceal the movements of the fleet. No ships were allowed to pass

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near their course. At night all windows were blanketed and only sidelights and sternlights were showing. The weather was magnificent during the whole voyage, and the ships sailed all the way across the ocean without changing their order, except once, when a man fell overboard and there was a slight delay until he was picked up. The fleet was bound for Southampton, but shortly after sighting Eddystone Lighthouse the Admiral received sudden orders to steam full speed ahead to Plymouth. It is said that this order was given because of German submarines which had been seen lurking near the Isle of Wight. However that may be, the Canadian Armada sailed into Plymouth Sound on October 14, and the contingent was landed without the loss of a single man.

The first contingent did not go to the front at once, but went into training in Salisbury Plain under command of Major-General E. A. H. Alderson. Meanwhile, active preparations were being made in Canada for a second contingent of 22,000 men, which should include a regiment exclusively composed of French-Canadians, of whom about 2500 had already gone with the first contingent but had not been organized into units of their own. The proposal was received with great enthusiasm throughout the country. Dr. Arthur Mignault of Montreal made a gift of $50,000 toward the equipment, and offered his services as a surgeon. Enlistment was fairly rapid, and it was presently proposed to raise a brigade of at least 4000 instead of a single regiment. Very soon it was evident that a second contingent comprising an army division would not be the last of Canada's contributions, and that recruiting would be continuously carried on until the end of the war was well in sight. It was therefore decided that a considerable force should be kept in training and that reinforcements of 10,000 or 15,000 at a time should be sent abroad as fast as they were ready. If the war is prolonged for another year, there can be no doubt that Canada will send at least 100,000 men to the front, or even 200,000, if there should be urgent need.

The attachment of Canada to the British Empire, while it may seem extraordinary to outsiders, appears to Canadians to be the simplest and most natural thing in the world, so simple, indeed, as to be hard to explain. It is the same in kind, if not in degree, as the attachment of Californians to the United States or the affection of settlers in Siberia for Holy Russia. The fact that there are two races in Canada makes no essential difference in the

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situation. The English Canadians, it is true, have ties of kinship, language, tradition, and religion that bind them to the Mother Country, but the French Canadians have similar relations to France which count for comparatively little. There is absolutely no desire on the part of Canadians for a reunion with France, for it is France of the old régime that they love and the memory of the past which they cherish. While there is a certain sentimental value in the alliance between France and England in the present war, the French Canadians are not fighting for France, and certainly not for Servia, Russia, nor even Belgium; but for England, the protector of their liberties, their language, and their religion, and for the integrity of the British Empire. And the loyalty of the English Canadians even, especially the native-born, is not based chiefly upon ties of kinship and tradition, although these count for something, but upon the solid foundation of liberty and prosperity without which the beautiful superstructure of sentiment which all patriotic souls admire and love could never have been built. To change the figure, the British colonial policy adopted after the American Revolution is the good soil in which grows the full-eared corn of national wealth and independence and the gracious flowers of loyalty and love. In patriotism of this type both French and English share, with Germans also, and strangers from many lands; and they are loyal, not so much to England, Wales, Scotland, or Ireland, or the whole United Kingdom, as to the great Empire of which they are a part. Moreover, they no longer think of Canada as a colony, but as a full-grown member of a family of nations; and they do not think of themselves as colonials, but as Canadians and British citizens. Yet when they try to realize what the British family of nations is, and what British citizenship means, they turn instinctively to the Mother Land, the source and centre of the whole, even as the Jews of old, dispersed among the Gentiles, turned with longing and love to Jerusalem.

Canada is a fortunate country and has every reason to be strongly attached to the Empire. Under the British flag Canadians have enjoyed liberties unknown under the old French régime. Because of the British connection they escaped the horrors of the French Revolution and yet obtained all the benefits which the Revolution brought to France. No attempt was made to abolish the language and religion of the people; on the contrary, they were favoured in every way. The influx of settlers

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from the British Isles did much to develop the country, to make a more varied and interesting life, and to create opportunities of advancement for all the people. There was no taxation for imperial purposes, no interference with trade, and after a time such a degree of self-government was granted that Canada became what she is to-day—a republic in all but the name. England is a free-trade country; but Canada has a protective tariff, and imposes duties on goods imported from England and foreign countries alike, except where a slight preference is granted to British goods by favour of the Canadian Parliament. England maintains an army and a great navy at enormous expense; while Canada has made no regular contribution to imperial defence, but only free-will offerings, as during the South African War and at the present time. England has had many serious problems to solve since the fall of Napoleon, and many heavy burdens to bear; but Canada has had a hundred years of peace, has been able to devote all her efforts to the development of her vast resources, and has enjoyed so much of liberty, security, opportunity, and prosperity that it would be hard to find a country more favoured in all the world.

Besides all this there are considerations of sentiment that appeal more strongly to both French and English as the years go by, uniting them in their love for their native land, their pride in the Empire, and their glory in bearing the British name—sentiments which interfere not at all with racial or religious sympathies and are quite consistent with a reasonable amount of local jealousies and factional disputes. French and English may have their racial points of view; Catholics and Protestants their religious differences; Conservatives and Liberals their political quarrels; there may be protectionists and free-traders, single-taxers and socialists, capitalists and labourers; but when the Mother Country is at war and the Empire is in danger there are neither races, sects, parties, nor factions any more, but only loyal Canadians and citizens of the Empire ready to fight to the death for their liberties and their name, in the hope that tyranny may be overthrown, that freedom may be established, and that the *Pax Britannica* may come again.

It was not the cause of Servia that enlisted Canada in the war. It was not the invasion of Belgium, the destruction of Louvain, or the sufferings of the Belgian people that aroused the fighting spirit of Canada. It was not even the fear that France

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would be invaded by German armies, although the thought of that deeply stirred many a Canadian heart. But when it was perceived that England was menaced by a powerful enemy and that the blow long deferred was about to be struck at the heart of the Empire, the thought of that danger passed in a wave of sympathy and indignation from the centre to the remotest bounds, and everywhere the vital forces of the Empire gathered to resist the shock. Fifteen years before, the minor danger of the South African War brought Canada to England's aid, and six small contingents were sent to the front; but now it was not a question of the loss of a single colony but of the very existence of the Empire, and Canada instinctively felt, not only that England was in peril, but that her own life was at stake.

The fate of Belgium was an object lesson that Canada quickly took to heart. The disaster that had come to Belgium to-day might be the fate of England to-morrow, of Canada the day after. The calamity, so often foretold by prophets of evil, that once seemed remote and improbable, was now very close and threatening. Few dared to look into the black depths of the war cloud, but those who did saw a vision so terrible that their souls were filled with sadness and dismay. They saw England invaded by a hostile army, England, that had scarcely seen the face of an invader for eight hundred and fifty years. They saw her fleet destroyed, her soldiers killed, her cities burned, her temples ruined, her shrines desecrated, her wealth confiscated, her prosperity gone, her Empire broken, her liberties crushed, her name despised, her pride humbled in the dust. And after that; yes, and before the final act of the tragedy they saw Canada with all the British dominions fall to the victor as the spoils of war. A foreign flag was flying over the citadel of Quebec; the warships of a foreign power were riding at anchor in the harbour; foreign garrisons were in all the cities from Halifax to Vancouver; a foreign government was enthroned at Ottawa; a foreign bureaucracy ruled throughout the length and breadth of the land; foreign judges administered a foreign law; a foreign language was taught in the schools; foreign ideals were set up in high places; foreign taxation, conscription, and the curse of militarism were established on Canadian soil. Germany had found her place in the sun, but the light of Canada was extinguished forever.

Even those who saw most clearly the terrible possibilities of the war could not dwell upon them, but set themselves with all

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their might to remove the menace by taking up arms against it. But the majority of the people, who give little thought to such questions, were slow to realize the danger and could hardly understand why they were asked to make great sacrifices to avert it. There were those, it must be confessed, who would have had Canada stand aside and let England fight the battle alone, but fortunately these were few in number and had but little influence at the time. What they had in mind as to the probable future of Canada in the case of the defeat of England it is hard to say. Independence, which they had formerly advocated, would not then be possible, and it is a question whether the United States would or could step between the victor and the spoils of war.

It is to the everlasting credit of Canada that there was little of that sort of talk at such a time. If there was any holding back, it was on the part of those who did not understand and could not believe that England and the Empire were in serious danger, or who had such confidence in the wisdom and power of England that they could not imagine that her plans might fail and her defences be broken down. Before the beginning of the conflict they trusted that the superb diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey would avert the war. When England threw her sword into the scales, Belgium would be saved and the enemy driven back. When the little English army reached the battle line at Mons the tide of invasion would begin to ebb. When the Germans were hacking their way toward Paris it was only a question of time when the English would take the offensive and crumple them like a piece of paper. When it seemed that Paris must fall, that would be only a temporary reverse, for England had not yet begun to fight. When the enemy was forced back in the battle of the Marne, that was to be expected with England in the game. And now that winter is over and the end is not yet there are a million men in training in England, and the army that will take the field in the spring of 1915 will sweep all before it. Such faith is magnificent, sublime, if supported by the power and the will to bring strong and immediate aid; but if it implies that England can win without the help of Canada and the other dominions of the Empire it is the height of fatuity and folly.

Canada, like England, is hard to arouse. She is courageous, but not warlike. She has enjoyed so many years of peace that she has well-nigh lost the power to think in terms of war. She is so prosperous that she cannot imagine that her wealth may be

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taken away. She is so peaceful in all her ways that she does not know what militarism is. She has such faith in the goodness of humanity that she cannot conceive that any nation should wish to do her harm. In the shade of her oaks and maples, or floating on the placid bosom of her lakes and rivers, she has been dreaming of universal peace, forgetting that there are warlike nations in the world and that the most peaceful and happy country may be trampled by the invaders' feet unless her sons arise to defend their native land. But now these dreams are gone, and Canada, awake to her duty and her danger, is prepared to make the greatest sacrifice and to put forth the utmost effort for the sake of all that she holds most dear and for the sacred cause of peace.

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SOME LEGAL ASPECTS OF THE INVASION OF BELGIUM

In the fifth century before the Christian era the two powerful states of Greece, Athens and Sparta, were at war. Greek culture was then at its highest level, and Athens was the centre—in the phrase of Pericles, "the school of Hellas." Its attainments in art, letters, and government were a source of pride and the basis of the Athenian claim of superiority. During the progress of that long and terrible war, the Athenians conceived that the neutrality of a small colony on the little island of Melos was a military disadvantage, and an army was sent to reduce it to subjection. An embassy was dispatched to acquaint the settlers with the purpose of the invading army. A delegation representing the Melians met the embassy and a conference was held in which the views of the strong and the weak were exchanged. Recent events in Europe give the story of this interview, as related by Thucydides, a new interest. The following extract from the history of the Peloponnesian war contains the main points:

"Athenians: 'Well, then, we Athenians will use no fine words; we will not go out of our way to prove at length that we have a right to rule because we overthrew the Persians, or that we attack you because we are suffering any injury at your hands. . . . Nor must you expect to convince us by arguing that although a colony of the Lacedæmonians, you have taken no part in their expeditions or that you have done us no wrong. But you and we should say what we really think and aim only at what is possible, for we both alike know that into the discussion of human affairs the *question of justice enters only when the pressure of necessity is equal, and that the powerful exact what they can' and the weak grant what they must.*'

"Melians: 'Well, then, since you set aside justice and invite us to speak of expediency, in our judgment *it is certainly expedient that you should respect a principle that is for the common good:* and that to every man when in peril a *reasonable claim should be accounted a claim of right.* . . . Your interest in this principle is quite as great as ours, inasmuch as you, if you fall, will incur the heaviest vengeance and will be the most terrible example to mankind.'

"Athenians: 'This is a danger you may leave to us. . . . We want to make you ours with the least trouble to ourselves.'

"Melians: '*It may be to your interest to be our masters, but how can it be to ours to be your slaves?*'

"Athenians: 'To you the gain will be that by submission you will avert the worst.'

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"Melians: 'But must we be your enemies? Will you not receive us as friends if we are neutral and remain at peace with you?'

"Athenians: 'No, your enmity is not half so mischievous to us as your friendship, for the one is in the eye of our subjects an argument of our power, the other of our weakness.'

"Melians: 'But do you not recognize another danger? . . . Will you not be making enemies of all who are now neutrals? When they see how you are treating us, they will expect you some day to turn against them.'

"Athenians: 'We do not consider our really dangerous enemies to be one of the peoples inhabiting the mainland, who, secure in their freedom, may defer indefinitely any measure of precaution they may take against us, but islanders, who, like you, happen to be under no control.'

"Melians: 'We know only too well how hard the struggle will be against your power. Nevertheless we do not despair of fortune for we hope to stand as high as you in the favour of heaven because we are righteous and you, against whom we contend, are unrighteous.'

"Athenians: 'As for the Gods, we expect to have quite as much of their favour as you; for we are not doing or claiming anything which goes beyond common opinion about divine, or men's desires about human, things. For of the Gods we believe, and of men we know, *that by a law of their nature, whenever they can rule, they will.* The law was not made by us and we are not the first who have acted upon it. But do you not see that the path of expediency is safe, whereas justice and honour involve danger in practice?'

"Melians: 'Men of Athens, our resolution is unchanged, and we will not in a moment surrender that liberty which our city, founded seven hundred years ago, still enjoys; we will trust to that good fortune which by the favour of the Gods has hitherto preserved us, and for human help, to the Lacedæmonians, and endeavour to save ourselves. We are ready, however, to be your friends, and the enemies, neither of you, nor the Lacedæmonians.'"

The strong prevailed and Thucydides closes the narrative with the brief statement that "the Athenians thereupon put to death all who were of military age and made slaves of the women and children. They then colonized the island, sending thither five hundred settlers of their own."

Coming on the eve of the disastrous expedition to Sicily, the first of a series of defeats, after which the greatness of Athens lay in the past, the fate of Melos made a profound impression on reflecting minds. While Thucydides confines himself to a bare narrative of events, the space given to the incident is suggestive. To it is attributed one of the most tragic of Greek dramas, Euripides' *Trojan Women*, in which the glorious feat of arms related by Homer is seen from another angle—the angle of cities in ashes, of dead bodies polluting the air, of children slain before the eyes

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of mothers, of the flower of Trojan womanhood condemned to lives of degradation and dishonour.

Twenty-three centuries have elapsed since Melos was punished for asserting the doctrine of the rights of man. Again war is raging between great powers. One of them is the school of western civilization, to whose universities students flock from all quarters of the globe. Her contribution to art, letters, science, industry, government, is so distinctive that the phrase "German culture" has passed into current use. The neutrality of a small state was an obstacle in the execution of her military plans, and an army was assembled on its borders. The plea of the neutral state that it desired to be at peace, that it owed the duty to be neutral under treaty obligations, was rejected. When it was suggested that she could not without dishonour permit the use of her territory for the benefit of another, the answer was returned, as on a former occasion, that "the path of expediency is safe, whereas justice and honour involve danger in practice." The little state chose the course of the Melians. Not all of her male citizens of military age have been put to death; but thousands have been slain, cities are in ashes, homes burned, women and children in exile, and finally, under the guise of war exaction, fines amounting to millions of dollars have been imposed on a people whose sole offence is that it attempted to perform a plain duty.

Belgium was invaded because she had the best military road to France. When it was suggested that the Belgian treaty might involve other nations in the war, the German Chancellor, if correctly reported in the press, expressed surprise that "a piece of paper" should be taken so seriously. No explanation of the language used has been given to the public and the meaning must be inferred. The phrase suggests that the breach was technical, that it involved form rather than substance. As a direct result of the breach, a country once prosperous is now desolate, and thousands are without food or shelter. The purpose of the agreement was to prevent the ravages of war, and the defeat of the purpose is not in a legal sense a technical breach.

Perhaps the German Chancellor meant that the duty to observe the treaty rested on the rules of conventional law—the lawyers' code—and that a higher law justified the invasion. If this is the defence, the method is sanctioned by legal procedure, for every rule of conventional law may be attacked on the ground that it

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is in conflict with fundamental and controlling principles. The act of Germany involves relations between states, collective standards of conduct, and she is entitled to the benefit of established principles governing them. She has a right to invoke the philosophy of law in the determination of the question presented. This is a field in which German scholars have recently won distinction. One of the most eminent of the group, Josef Kohler, expresses his conception of the basis of international relations as follows:

"The division of mankind into states was indispensable; it had this great advantage, that the members of the different states could develop their qualities and talents without being hindered by the contradictory views and endeavours of others who were dominated by an entirely different view of life. Such a national formation is of special value because it is the only way in which a uniformly gifted national group can develop its own life, its own talents, and abilities to the utmost. . . . In this way state confronts state, each for itself, but each dependent on the other for certain cultural purposes. This constellation led originally to a kind of anarchy, for among the states, in conformity with the principle of sovereignty, no law is known. . . . *This condition is unendurable and cannot exist alongside of the great cultural mission of humanity. . . . When once the idea has arisen in this way that there is some law above the state, a so-called super-national law, we have gained a new plane of culture.* . . . Of course such international legal customs always mean an interference with the power of the individual state; hence we have to struggle against very strong counter-currents of individualistic national nature. . . . Nevertheless the idea must gradually penetrate, and when it has become fully developed, the chief step towards the peace of nations has been taken. . . . Agreements between states have a double significance: (*a*) they create rights, either of the parties, or of individual persons, so that the latter can refer directly to the treaty in demanding their rights; (*b*) in addition they *have this significance, that they establish international legal principles;* thus they contribute to the growth of the law as an international customary law."

The view that the cultural mission of law halts at national boundaries finds little support in this statement. Nor is the treaty that paves the way for the advance of social justice into international relations, defined as a "piece of paper," whose violation is of trifling consequence. That the preservation of the independence of Belgium, as one of a group of cultural states which in living its own life, serves all, is imperative is implied in his analysis of the function of states.

The history of the origin and growth of legal conceptions confirms Kohler's view. In the final analysis the social progress of the modern state, in contrast with the progress of the ancient

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state, is not due to superior conceptions of social justice, but to the application of the conception to wider circles. In one sense the doctrine of "inherent and inalienable rights" is the product of the French and American Revolutions,—in the sense that through these movements the collective expression of these rights was achieved. There were Greeks in Aristotle's day who held that a human being could not become property because the status was contrary to natural law. The socialists of Israel—the prophets—saw clearly that any practice that destroys self-respect and the sense of dignity, violates the principle of social justice.

"No man shall take the nether or the upper millstone to pledge, for he taketh a man's life to pledge."

"When thou dost lend thy brother anything, thou shalt not go into his house to fetch his pledge. Thou shalt stand abroad, and the man to whom thou dost lend shall bring out the pledge."

In these provisions, and in the provisions for the redemption of a house within a year, for the seventh year of release, the modern exemption, redemption and bankruptcy laws are clearly outlined. In that famous passage in the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians, Paul declares that in human relations the spirit of good will is the foundation of the moral order, and that all other things are as "sounding brass." No higher level has been attained in modern days. The difference is that what was once a social ideal, an individual's standard of conduct, has been accepted in part as a collective standard, and passed into the group of rules behind which the collective will is operative.

Why does the collective standard lag so far behind the individual standard? No historical explanation is complete that does not take into account the whole past. Some of the fundamental causes are revealed in social psychology.

"It has become almost a commonplace," says President Lowell, "that the elder breed of political and economic philosophers erred in regarding man as a purely rational being, guided by selfish aims; whereas he is really, in the main, a creature of suggestion, whose strongest impulses are often generous. Later experience and modern psychology have started a new train of thought, have given us a different standpoint from which to study mankind."

Our ancestors began the ascent with the simple instincts shared by the higher animals. The conservation of life depended upon

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action and those instincts were the springs of action. Before invention and co-operation had multiplied human power, survival depended upon the resources of the individual. The instinct in this contest was of high value because warning and appropriate action were in effect simultaneous. When the instinct of flight, for example, was excited, the corresponding emotion of fear drove the human machine instantly at its maximum speed. When the combative instinct was stirred, the corresponding emotion of anger made the machine strike its hardest blow. Before the primary emotions were compounded, partly through the formation of sentiments, to arouse any one instinct was to arouse only its accompanying emotion. The savage whose combative instinct is excited by the presence of an enemy, experiences a thrill of delight in killing an infant before its mother's eye. That the tendency of the instinct to arouse emotion in the original form is not wholly suppressed is shown in the action of civilized white men who, under sudden and severe provocation, watch with pleasure the dying agony of the negro, burning alive. War is a powerful stimulus, and the twentieth-century soldier hurls bombs, not alone at armies, but into cities where defenceless women and children dwell.

How, in the evolutionary process, the emotions of the combative and self-assertive instincts were commandeered by the parental instinct as the family group broadened into the clan and tribe, is a long story. It is enough to say that when the wrong done to another came to excite anger in the higher phase of righteous indignation, when the sense of fellowship led to the conception of a universal fraternity held together by rules based upon social justice, the attainment of these ideals has been obstructed at every turn by the reversion to original forms of the emotions of the combative and self-assertive instincts. In the range of intellect, the ancient Greek is not inferior to the modern European. Nor was he lacking in moral standards. Yet the effect of war upon a race highly civilized was so striking that the Greek historian Thucydides was profoundly impressed with its lesson. A brief quotation may be pardoned:

"Revenge was dearer than self-preservation. Any agreements sworn to by either party, when they could do nothing else, were binding as long as both were powerless. But he who on a favourable opportunity first took courage and struck at his enemy when he saw him off his guard, had greater pleasure in a perfidious, than he would have had in an open, act of revenge; he congratu-

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lated himself that he had taken the safer course, and also that he had overreached his enemy, and gained the prize of superior ability. . . . Thus revolution gave birth to every form of wickedness in Hellas. The simplicity which is so large an element in a noble nature was laughed to scorn and disappeared. An attitude of perfidious antagonism everywhere prevailed; for there was no word binding enough, nor oath terrible enough, to reconcile enemies. Each man was strong only in the conviction that nothing was secure; he must look to his own safety, and could not afford to trust others. . . . At such a time the life of the city was all in disorder, and human nature, which is always ready to transgress the laws, having now trampled them under foot, delighted to show that her passions were ungovernable,—that she was stronger than justice, and the enemy of everything above her."

In that war which Thucydides observed, the parties marched to battle under the banner of a principle, Athens, "upholding the constitutional equality of the many," Sparta, the "wisdom of an aristocracy." Change the names of the cities and of the banners, and the passage quoted applies to the Italian cities of the Middle Ages, whose brilliant achievements in art, letters, and industry gave promise of world leadership. The primal combative instinct was excited by endless controversy, and the joy of revenge exceeded all other satisfactions. In the orgy of brutal passion the light of culture went out.

In the seventeenth century two religious parties in Germany, each asserting cultural superiority, appealed to the decision of war. When, at the end of thirty years, exhaustion terminated the struggle, it is estimated there were six million inhabitants left out of a population of twenty millions. Cities and villages were in ashes, churches and schools closed, large farming districts abandoned. The fundamental teaching of the professed religion, that faith of the power "to remove mountains," and fidelity that "gives the body to burn," are as "sounding brass" without the spirit of good will, fell on deaf ears when the environment aroused the primal combative instinct with its fierce, absorbing passion.

One excuse put forward for the invasion of Belgium is that France intended to violate the treaty. According to legal standards this is beside the point. The court of justice does not permit the accused to plead as a defence that another would have committed the robbery had he refrained. In this paper it is assumed that Germany in good faith believes her cause to be just. The siren song of superior culture in religion and politics rarely fails to elicit this belief, and it is not strange that France, Germany, Austria, England, and Russia, each in-

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vokes the same God to vindicate justice by the defeat of its enemy.

Professor Münsterberg misses the point when he complains that Americans, in judging the act of Germany, do not think, but feel. The American environment is such that the conception of justice expressed in the Declaration of Independence is not the subject of debate. International lines stretch across the western continent, guarded by no forts, no sentries. Energy is not directed to the invention of huge siege guns that will destroy the cities and homes of another nation. The sense of security in Canada and the United States rests not in armies and guns, but in the belief that the standard of social justice is not suspended at the border line. It is the presence of the German army in Belgium, the destruction it has worked, that arouses feeling in America. An innocent people is suffering. The guilty intent of France and England is another question. The wrong was done by Germany, and proof that the pot is as black as the kettle is not to the point.

Legal philosophy finds no middle ground in the analysis of the Belgian situation. At bottom the invasion admits of no justification save under the rule that "the powerful exact what they can, and the weak grant what they must." This rule is the highway to anarchy. In every instance the application of it has excited an instinct whose passions culture is powerless to control. That the passion is directed to the service of religious, political, or cultural ideals does not modify its fierceness as the history of religious inquisitions and political revolutions proves. The anathemas of hate that the philosophers, divines, scientists, and artists of Europe are hurling at opposing nations are an example. And yet Germany wonders that infuriated Belgians mutilate wounded soldiers. If the stimulation of mere patriotism causes the explosion of wrath in Hauptmann and Eucken, what must the pitch of frenzied emotion be in the Belgian peasant whose home is in ashes?

The exhibition of elemental passion in Belgium, the atrocities committed by the invaded and the invaders, are deeply significant. The meaning is that if the condition were universal, if every weaker state on the globe were simultaneously subjected to the same treatment accorded Belgium by a stronger neighbour, the volcanoes of passion would bury modern civilization deeper than plummet ever sounded. Legal philosophy cannot give its

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sanction to an act which, if it became a rule of action, would destroy the social order.

While the spoliation of Belgium is converting civilized men to savagery there are counter influences elsewhere. The effect of low collective standards of conduct is shown in startling colours. The world sees that oppression is equally hateful whether committed by individuals or nations. If America continues to feel deeply, in spite of Professor Münsterberg's criticism, a public opinion may form of such power that no nation will hereafter dare to override the law of social justice.

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THE IDEAL OF PEACE

The present temper of peace-loving America is very close to that of a nation on the brink of war. There is something in it almost baffling to one who has thought of his countrymen as a people to be saved from excess by a cool humour. No doubt their moral sympathies have been deeply stirred by the present conflict. Many of their prepossessions have been shocked, and one at least has been quite shattered. It had been hoped in many quarters that the age of war had passed, that international understanding and economic interdependence had made an open breach between the Christian nations of Europe an improbability if not an impossibility. There is small doubt that it is the violation of this recently cherished ideal of peace that has stirred America. Nothing else could account for the eagerness with which she has overlooked the remoter and more real causes of the war, ignored its justice or injustice, and sought for the immediate aggressor. Whether her findings even in this matter have been based on unprejudiced information is beside the present point. She has looked for the aggressor with honest intentions; and believing with a fair degree of unanimity that Germany was guilty of breaking the peace, she has, as a people, centred her surprising animosity upon that nation.

It is not only surprising but perhaps a little inconsistent for America to have felt animosity at all. Our case is different from that of any of the belligerent peoples in just the essential fact that our feelings are beside the point. With them it is a matter of love of country, of national honour, of the defence of national policies and ideals. The animus that possesses them has use in the temper of their defence or their aggression. But in America all such passion is wasted. It results in no action. It results only in the curious spectacle of a militant spirit in behalf of peace, and a windy partisanship in behalf of one of the warring parties.

Since our feelings can be to so little purpose, the logical attitude would seem to be to keep our thinking clear and right. No other exercise of our faculties can be of any service to the world or

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to ourselves. But just this clear and right thinking that might have been so valuable seems to have been perverted by the very animosity that is so futile. Instead of first establishing a principle and proceeding to weigh all the nations by it impartially, we seem first to have established a prejudice and proceeded to lay about us for every semblance of ground to support our partisanship.

We have grasped, for example, at the idea of militarism; naturally enough, for militarism traverses our ideals of national life and our doctrine of peace. If that is really our principle of judgment there may be reason in it. But we have used it, not to support our judgment, but to feed our prejudice. In principle there is no difference between navalism and militarism; and yet we have taken England's armed dominance of the seas, and her navy bigger than any two foreign navies, for granted, even with a kind of pride, while German militarism, needed for identical purposes—to guard her own—we have held up to execration. We show, moreover, no abhorrence of Russian militarism, far more brutal than that of Germany, or of French militarism, which bites into the national life of France far more cruelly than that of Germany into German life. We hate German militarism for its temptation to aggression; and yet Germany is the only one of the fighting nations that since her formation in 1871 has not made aggressions. We concede without hesitation that Russia may go to the help of her Servian brothers, though she had more Slav brothers in Austria which she attacked than in Servia which she came to help; and in the same breath we decry Germany for going to the help of her Austrian brothers. We extol France for keeping to her treaty agreements with Russia; and we execrate Germany for not breaking her treaty agreements with Austria. The very efficiency of the German army, its readiness to act at the points of danger, at the moment of call, we have held against her, though the current phrase on all our lips, the shibboleth in every branch of our activity, is that same "efficiency."

Such laxity of thought is anomalous in itself in a country whose only vital function in relation to the war is to keep its thinking clear and right. But it is a more serious anomaly, though a more subtle one, as a side-light upon war in general and upon that current ideal of universal peace that was so brutally shocked by the outbreak of hostilities. It may be said that

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universal peace is an ideal to be pursued with faith and hope from afar; and it is, indeed, no reproof to an ideal that it is lodged in infinite distance, perhaps ultimately unattainable. But to claim our allegiance an ideal ought to be rational. It is logical to ask that it should conform to the nature of things. And it is just because this one seems not to conform that I question whether the thinking that lies behind it is any more clear and right than the thinking that is called up to the support of the current prejudice. I question whether there are not elements too deeply grounded in this "nature of things" to make it aught but ridiculous for us to have based our animosity on the breach of this recent ideal.

For in point of fact it is reasonable to doubt whether for all our late professions we really have a belief in peace as a sacred principle. That we love peace and its ease and comforts is unquestioned. That we abhor war for its own sake is a virtue that we may pray to preserve. But we have not as a nation or in any considerable numbers discredited either our Revolutionary or our Civil War. We thought differently from England on the subject of taxation, and we fought to free ourselves from her. We thought differently from the South on the subject of slavery, and we fought to keep her from freeing herself from us. In both wars we were successful. Who was right is immaterial. Both instances exemplified the principle of war—the failure of two peoples to think alike, the extreme certainty of justice on both sides, the unwillingness to compromise, the willingness to die that the idea might prevail. In both cases we violated the ideal of peace, and made our ideas of right prevail by force of arms. And we have not repented either our separation from England or our abolition of slavery.

Indeed, to be believers in the principle of peace we should have to go much farther than to profess a regret at past wars. The principle of war is the principle of force. If we disbelieve in that principle, as for example Tolstoi disbelieved in it, not shallowly, but with fearless, penetrating minds, we must disbelieve as he did in all manifestations of government. For all government is based on force. The whole sanction of governmental authority is the physical compulsion it can exercise—its armed power to seize property, to deprive of liberty, to kill. Someone disagrees with the established ideas of the powerful many; he acts on his own insurgent notions; and he is suppressed

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by the strong arm of the law. It is not absolute right that he has transgressed; it is changeable law, the recorded idea of the stronger party. The principle is the principle of war. That our government is a democracy is no escape; even more obviously than in other forms of government its sanctions are the arms of the powerful party. As long as a people believe in the divine right of kings, the king's law has the likeness of an absolute standard; but in a democracy the laws are avowedly but the impositions of the stronger by virtue of their strength, and the principle of war stands naked, unclothed with illusions. Nothing but anarchy, indeed, is consistent with the ideal of peace. That nothing has ever proved so inconsistent with the reality of peace throws, perhaps, an illuminating ray upon the human plight.

It is in the nature of this human plight that whatever ultimate truth may be, it has not yet been attained. Men and nations have to struggle along in actual life with the best approximations of it they can conceive. When the approximations of two peoples come into conflict there is no absolute standard of truth for them to appeal to. If the clash is reached in sudden passion they may, indeed, be willing to arbitrate when the sudden passion cools. Or on deliberation they may consent to compromise when their approximations seem not worth the sufferings of war. But to suppose that the time has come when men will never again deliberately find wrong unbearable, injustice intolerable, right not worth fighting for, is to argue oneself not only ignorant of history, the only basis for judgment as to matter of fact, and ignorant of human nature, but guilty of that shallow idealism that is vicious because it has no relation to reality. Such idealism is based, not on reality, but on vague feelings that it would be "nice" if it were realized. But life is not nice. To feel that times have changed, that human nature is better than it was twenty years ago (when we had our last war) is to be optimistic. It is, alas, to be typically American. But could there be, in truth, a more threatening, more potent, blacker pessimism than lies in the supposition that the time has passed when men shall ever again care enough for truth and right and justice to offer their lives in the hope that they may prevail?

In point of fact the world has not come to that pass. If two peoples have arrived at the point of war, each deliberately willing

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to fight for its cause, there can be for them no stronger belief, and no higher standard to appeal to. And no threat can stay them, for no threat can be so harsh as the death they have staked. There is no recourse but war. Even here, indeed, we may conceive an arbitrator; but he must be so strong as to deprive the fighting peoples of all hope of making their ideas prevail. And that arbitration would itself be a violation of the ideal of peace—an imposition by force of the arbitrator's own idea upon the weaker peoples. It is because there is no absolute standard of truth that humanity must struggle to make its own best ideas prevail. Where those ideas clash there is no decision but the decision of actuality—maintenance by force.

That such conflicts must needs be arises from the nature of the human make-up. Wars are not fought over matters of knowledge. There may be battles of the books but they are bloodless battles. Knowledge is susceptible, so to say, of arbitration. Its standards are objective, lying in facts outside the passions; its tenure is in external things and external records. Rather, wars are waged over moral ideas; that is to say, those ideas which have to do with human conduct and human desires and human happiness. And moral ideas have their tenure, not in objective things, but in the human breast. We hold to them with the very passionate nature that strained to the breaking point, makes war itself. To decry war is to decry the very intensity with which we may hold our ideas of good and our ideas of right and justice. It is to beg of us when the ordeal comes to give them up rather than to die—to prefer ignominy to death. For war and the passion for moral ideas are inseparable in a world without absolute standards. The chance for an idea to prevail, for civilization itself, is but a fighting chance.

The ideal of peace seems, therefore, scarcely tenable. That an American should hope for the defeat of Germany because he loves England, or France, or Russia is wholly rational. That he should hope for the defeat of Germany because he believes in the superiority of English or French or Russian civilization is wholly rational. But just these reasons he has rarely echoed in support of the reigning animus. To utter them would seem to commit him to a belief in war. He keeps his love of war for a war against war. It is needless to point out that this is no different from any other belief in war—a belief in maintaining a moral idea though one must fight for it. But I wish to point it out, and to recall the

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inconsistencies of American thinking in relation to the belligerent countries, and to reassert the shallowness of the ideal of peace, because it seems to point to another inconsistency in the American assumption of championship of that cause.

If we can fancy such a thing as universal peace we must fancy a state of the world in which all nations think alike. Nations do not go to war over points upon which they can agree. If therefore those points could be extended over all grounds of present and future differences war would cease. Until then it will probably not cease. But the promise of that time is not brightened by illogical thinking. There is no uniformity of thought except through the channels of logic. And though even with perfect logic a difference in premises will lead to diverse conclusions, yet the greatest hope of agreement lies in clear and right thinking. Illogical thinking is infinite, chaotic, diverse, separative, the source of discord, of injustice, and of war.

America lies outside the heat of conflict. We are at peace with all the world and remote from danger of clash. All our external conditions are favourable to our championship of peace. But within we have neglected the one qualification through which our ideal could ever be attained. We have not looked to our clear and right thinking. We have rather been guilty of mere enthusiasm—of that shallow enthusiasm, moreover, that lies at the base, not only of war in general, but of just those useless wars that arbitration might be hoped to avert. We have been sophomoric. We have not seemed remotely to understand the long, hard struggle ahead of the nation that should take up the search for the grail of peace—the self-examination, the self-restraint, the austere training of the youth, nation wide and generation after generation, in a uniform discipline of their thinking, by which alone a nation can hope to bring one day nearer the time when all peoples should agree. On the contrary we are even now in the throes of a sweeping revolution in the opposite direction.

Perhaps the present exhibition of eager credulity, of feeble thinking, and of jejune enthusiasm is the first large demonstration of the fruits of our modernized training. At all events our American attitude toward the war is inconsistent with the ideal in the name of which we have justified ourselves. When the time comes when we shall see that in the absence of absolute standards, and in the presence of diverse knowledge and diverse

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thinking, war is humanly inevitable, we may be in the way of making for a maximum of peace. The first result, I dare say, if we should experience such a clarification of mind, would be to give to the German cause a fairer consideration than it has yet received at our door.

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THE MAN FROM THE MOON

THE MAN FROM THE MOON, A JEFFERSONIAN, AND A SOCIALIST

M. FROM M. I thought I knew something about mundane affairs from my study of the newspapers; but to see a Jeffersonian with a ring through his nose led about like a dancing bear by a socialist! It's enough to make a man believe in possession—or what amounts to much the same thing, conversion. But hold; I will accost him. (*To Jeffersonian.*) Why do you offer yourself to be bullyragged by this person, whom I recognize by his salt-and-pepper suit, white tie, and kid gloves to be a follower of the creed, "property is robbery"?

JEF. Why, I do this quite willingly, sir.

M. FROM M. My reading of history is that you used to stand up bravely for the "rights of man," intending thereby the claim of each man to the fruits of his own labour. By that you understood, further, his security in undertaking anything that might bring him either a wage of labour or a rent of luck.

JEF. Let me see! I believe I did, but that was long ago. I began to perceive that propped upon this theory, the able, the quick, those on the spot and ready to take advantage of opportunities, like Rockefeller and Carnegie, gained a long lead on the rest. At first I said: "Very well! that is their good fortune; if it isn't one man, it's another,"—as is very true. But I had then no conception of the immense handicap of a late start in the pecuniary game. The man who once succeeds in getting on the market his trademark for a razor, a soap, a shoe, a pill, and firmly implanting it in consumers' memories, has entrenched himself in an inexpugnable financial fortress. Similar advantages attach to the early contracts for supplies and to well planned, speculative purchases of land.

M. FROM M. And that thought offered an opportunity for Socialist to put the ring in your nose. He is the lawyer of the wageworker. Wageworkers constitute a large and useful class, who must needs act *en masse* in order to protect their

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interests, which they habitually misname "their rights." But he takes the extreme position that every gain by capitalists is robbery of labour. Now, "robbery" is a legal term of criminal law. It evidently is not applied by him in the juridical sense. Its loose and figurative employment in this way amounts merely to a reiteration, in a deceptive form, of the envy and hatred of the poor toward the rich.

JEF. But I did not adopt the formula that "private capital is robbery."

M. FROM M. Not in set terms; the inconsistency with your former individualism would have been too glaring. You saved the form, while surrendering the principle; for you charged "democracy" with a new content: formerly it meant "equal opportunity for all"; but now it reads, "the masses *vs.* the classes," or "appropriation by the employees of the whole product of everybody's labour," or "no show for capital."

(*At this point, Jeffersonian makes a violent but vain endeavour to part himself from Socialist.*)

SOC. (*finally*). I think I have him pretty tight now!

M. FROM M. But are you not afraid that he may perceive that after all he is not a "wageworker"? He has only been travestying one.

SOC. Well, if class interest is not a strong enough bond, I shall, for a while, at least, succeed in leading him about on the string of maudlin utopianism. Marx knew well how to bait the hook for the masses. The premise that only labour deserves reward looks good. However, a definite content for the classification of "labour" presents difficulties. Of course the hand worker is a labourer. But then the foreman, the clerk, the bookkeeper must also be let in. Then come the authors and the men of science and the teachers. These categories are often closely associated with capitalists and inclined to sympathize with them; but not being capitalists, could not easily be excluded from labourers.

M. FROM M. And the capitalists themselves, do not they labour? They may be observed going daily to the routine of their offices. But their contribution is claimed to be immaterial and hence unworthy. Marx undoubtedly succeeded beyond expectation in persuading labourers that capitalists were non-producers. But then his task was

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favoured by the proneness of human nature to believe that to be right which is merely selfishly advantageous. What would the workmen do if the capital were all neglected or consumed?

Soc. There is no danger! Be easy on that score! The state would be the capitalist.

M. FROM M. This kind of social organization is more readily imagined by the ingenious theorist than by the practised investigator or man of affairs. Would the state, let me ask, possess the requisite abstinence, such as is displayed by capitalists?

Soc. Abstinence of capitalists! You amuse me. That talk of John Stuart Mill's about the "abstinence of the capitalist" is the great joke of us socialists. Why, who drink the champagne, keep the race horses, squander princely revenues on yachts and strings of polo ponies, and untold millions on "the latest creations of Worth," but the capitalists? Where does their abstinence come in?

M. FROM M. Where, then, does the capital come from? Who drinks all the beer, whiskey, and gin, and consumes the vast mass of the tobacco crop; squanders his little surplus on fake picture shows or catch-penny advertisements of impossible nostrums, and otherwise violates every rule of common sense, hygiene, or foresight in the distribution of the purchasing power attributed to him? In the gross, the wealth squandered by the masses is as great as by the classes.

Soc. But the classes neither spin nor toil.

M. FROM M. Where can you show me a government that "saves money"? The province of government is to spend—ideally on education, which is the best investment of a nation, but which is still not a store of material goods that afford well-being; on amusements, to which similar remarks apply; and on parks and recreations—always non-productive expenditure; or again, on lighthouses, railways, postoffices and other means of communication, which assume the existence of a vast body of private capital to be served, protected, or taxed.

Soc. Railroads and canals are national capital.

M. FROM M. Very true; and the state railways of Prussia are said to be run at a profit, but there exists much dissatisfaction with their service and rates. But since this public business is a natural monopoly, it would be daring to affirm

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that the so-called *profits* are not veiled taxes. They are applied to the expenses of other departments of the Prussian government. A large part of the municipal enterprises of the world admit heavy losses; the cities groan under the burden of rapidly growing debts.

Taxes fall, from the nature of the case, on *private* enterprise. *State* socialism has but served to pile up indebtedness to *private individuals*. Who is to pay it finally if not taxed *individuals*, capitalists, business men, even labourers?

Capitalists constitute the class that *refrains* from consuming wealth but *preserves* and *augments* it perpetually, when not prevented or wiped out and destroyed by predatory taxation, as in oriental countries. They are observed to possess a special faculty. Their disposition is so ordered and arranged as to enable them to keep their itching fingers off of the wealth that could easily be consumed and to maintain an authority which keeps others off, as long as the state defends or even recognizes the so-called "institution of private property."

Soc. What is private property?

M. FROM M. It is an authorization, a commission, granted by the state—or at least, by society—to properly disposed persons, to guard that portion of the social wealth entangled in production till it is ready for consumption. I am not here speaking of your other privileges with regard to objects dedicated to immediate satisfactions. Even socialists admit the necessity of such property.

If capitalists drink champagne, is it largely at their own risk. They may consume and destroy their own prospects along with those of society; but that they do not, the swelling statistics of tangible wealth eloquently testify. The extent to which wealth *may* be squandered is limited only by wealth itself. If Mr. Rockefeller were to distribute his millions in gratuities instead of donating the *income* of some of his wealth to an eleemosynary institution for rational apportionment, it is little exaggeration to say that in the lapse of a year or two not a tenth of it would be left actively contributing to social welfare or to the industrial or pleasurable betterment of the masses. Nine-tenths of the recipients, say, of Standard Oil stock, would seek to exchange their treasure trove capital,

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directly or indirectly, for pleasures such as automobiles, or foolish, ill-considered objects, which do not, or at least in their custody would not, form part of a well-thought-out, socially productive, totalizator.

The result would be that the "lucky" recipients would be no better off than before, except for the passing enjoyment of the act of a single consumption. Oil might continue to sell and oil shares survive the shock of being thrown broadcast on the stock market; but the wealth paid for them by their purchasers would become wholly non-productive, although previously it may be assumed to have been productive, and a severe blow would have been struck at the nation's income and hence at its industry. If capitalists generally were as foolish as I have supposed Mr. Rockefeller to have been, society would be rapidly impoverished.

Soc. But, I repeat, the state could own all the capital.

M. FROM M. A difficulty is that the state is put together, in large part, out of these very masses, and it is doubtful whether they, as a political body, will seriously sustain a policy which they individually are too weak to carry out.

Soc. Drunkards vote for temperance.

M. FROM M. They get the tipple all the same.

Soc. But the stronger citizens would exert an influence in favour of conservation, as they always have done.

M. FROM M. I am surprised that you appeal to the conservatives. You have always maintained that they are a drag on progress. In the economy of free competition the means whereby they have exerted influence has been called capital. You propose to take their tool away and still to rely upon them for the old, beneficial results! Then, why go over to socialism at all? The triumph of the labour party would be short lived, or, at most, nominal. In the revolution wealth would have disappeared along with its owners; but essentially, the leaders of industry, if industry there were, would be men of the same type. They would not enter the game for nothing.

The distinctive quality of the capitalist is the strength of character which *preserves resources*. Your jokes about champagne are most appreciated by those who know least of the real basis on which social prosperity rests. The way to bring about distribution of champagne among labourers,

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if that be desirable, is for them to look out intelligently for their *interests* rather than stand out obstinately for theoretical *rights*. A political majority, largely drawn from labour, could, perhaps, continue to elevate the tax rate some further without driving capital to despair. Taxation may easily be overdone, however, and it is difficult to reform back the finances of a state in the direction of a smaller budget. The cessation of warfare and of military preparations would be an excellent device for lightening public burdens, if our vast modern populations could dispense with the discipline and the education which the modern popular army affords. The bulk of the indebtedness of our cities is incurred for the introduction of public utilities at private expense—so called state socialism. Socialism cannot pay its own way. It looks not to the economic future. Its indebtedness is a confession of its dependence on private enterprise. Who is to pay these vast debts? The taxpayer, the owner of "private property."

Soc. Then all you claim for the capitalist is a negative rôle: he guards capital from destruction.

M. FROM M. Can you deny its importance? What concern of yours is it whether capitalists patronize art or amusements or bars? Perhaps some capitalists are so unworthy that they are mere figureheads, titular chiefs for a self-perpetuating management, which, once set going, works automatically to hold great estates bound together.

Soc. I should prefer to see all this conservation done by the state. Your capitalist as figurehead does not appeal strongly to me.

M. FROM M. You will have to accept him, I fear, like many other natural phenomena which may produce an unpleasant impression. Statecraft should not be a matter of whims and fancies.

Soc. Really, I do not so much object to this sort of capitalist, who shuts himself off with his kind to enjoy a life of unalloyed pleasure, as I do to that other variety, his father or grandfather, who laid the foundations of the fortune. That man was the original robber. He was an oppressor. He took every advantage of labour. He imposed fines and penalties and kept a company store. He charged exorbitantly for the blasting powder. He employed child labour and neglected safety devices.

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M. FROM M. Would the state be a better employer? In some cases it errs on the side of indulgence. The "government stroke" is a byword. But your old argument, that there could be no strikes in state industries, has fallen into innocuous desuetude. In France the state railway employees, the postmen, and even the school teachers have learned the gentle art of striking. And if the suppression of a strike be imperative in order that the interests of the common citizen may not be sacrificed to the whim and violence of a guild or clique, the French government is, at times, obliged so to stretch its authority that the basis of all order is rudely shaken. On the other hand, the abuse of the convict in the chain gang gives some idea what is in store for the government employee who happens to belong to a political minority or to some department of production or class of the population which is not in favour. Factions of the Federation of Labour are fighting each other in your country to-day. So are the "tongs."

SOC. The general progress of civilization may be relied upon to guarantee the achieved standards of humanity in their every-day application.

M. FROM M. Don't you believe it! In highly civilized countries the even balancing of the particularists and the centralizers, of the radicals and the conservatives, of the short and the long time mentalities, of the enthusiasts and the doubters, of the idealists and the agnostics, goes far to ensure fairness. But as long as brutal men exist, there will be brutal work and need of brutal masters. The public is taught by prints, professors, and politicians always to side with the men, and to assume that employers who succeed with raw labour in large blocks are unnecessarily severe. Put yourself, for a moment, in the place of an enterpriser bound to extract a social service from a horde of half-savage anthropoids, eager to murder or dynamite upon an artful suggestion applied to their unresisting, inflammable nerves. The employer or superintendent must become, to an extent, calloused who can, at the same time, face down such a mob and bear the brunt of an unsympathetic public opinion, worked by yellow journalism. There are captains and lieutenants of industry who daily risk their lives in personal dealings with the dangerous classes who are encountered in

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certain lines of work. Recently they have been officially notified that they have forfeited the sympathy of government because they are only "in it" to make money. This is enforcing individualism with a vengeance in order to destroy supposed enemies of socialism. The captain of industry who succeeds in extracting a social product from this grade of labour certainly deserves well of his country.

The claim of a skilled elephant to appropriate the whole product of its labour would not be wholly ungermane to that of a human toiler. Elephants are employed extensively to carry and pile up logs, and some complete the rather complicated operation without the mahout on their necks. Would it be robbery or not for the elephant to sell the timber and deposit the money to its own account? The dependence of the workman on his immediate boss is not so very different from that of the elephant on his mahout. Indeed, the elephant has the advantage of the human labourer in that it combines the efficiency of a whole gang or shift.

Soc. Don't you believe in the "closed shop"?

M. FROM M. The "closed shop" is a matter of fact rather than of belief. It marks a stage in the warfare incident to industrial competition. It is the monument to a victory won by labour over capital. The employer is a pretty supine one who yields to this principle without a fight. To say that it is inevitable and should be accepted as such, is quite beside the mark. All sorts of things are inevitable sooner or later. There is hardly a petty tribe on the map of Europe but sometime has been arbiter of that continent. Presumably such pre-eminence was "right" when it occurred and "wrong" when it did not occur. Does it follow that other tribes were "wrong" not to recognize that moment and yield fealty without striking a blow?

The contest of labour with capital is quite analogous. The relations of the classes are adjusted on the principle of competitive *interests*. The closed shop has, in some form, been the bone of contention ever since there were shops. There is no abstract question of right involved, except the *right to contend*. But it is probable that too facile yielding on this point of policy would, in many cases, be fatal to an industry. Much depends on the temper of the men. The interest of government is to keep the peace. Otherwise

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the public is little concerned in the contest, but is called on to admire the courage of the enterprisers and their managers who risk their lives in the attempt to make fruitful the class of labour, for instance, that may be obtained for mines.

Soc. Well, it does take courage, true enough, to command certain classes of labourers and operatives! See what plucky fellows our labour leaders are! But in the socialist state the common man would be better disposed and have a more social disposition.

M. FROM M. Tell that to the marines! It is precisely in the socialist state that men would quarrel. The truth is that the individualist state alone can develop the social instincts.

Soc. But the socialist state is desirable.

M. FROM M. When industry, in all its myriad ramifications, can spontaneously organize itself; when every man can fall into place without direction, is eager to do and is never disposed to quarrel, the rôle of the enterpriser will be less dangerous, more honorary, less pecuniary. But the capitalist, as the educator of the future ideal workman, has still a long bit of work cut out ahead for him. The capitalist commands through his funds, money, or capital; and, conversely, he who orders, organizes, and directs labour is bound to become a capitalist. It is an error of socialists to try to persuade us that men can be found capable of directing labour, who will not tend to become capitalists or to call in the co-operation of capitalists.

Further, as a result of his command over men, the organizer must be authorized to lord it over things to an extent which will allow of the completion of the work; and that license is ordinarily called "property." If you don't like the word, we shall have to find an equivalent. Let the capitalists be registered like blooded stock and take out licenses to propagate wealth. The licensees will be no other than the old capitalists, working for approximately the same pay. The non-capitalistic quality or temper of the masses is shown by the fact that the efforts of the trades-unions are directed towards higher wages, in other words, towards an *immediate pecuniary benefit*, the amount presumably to be expended in "better living," *and not to be saved*. No guaranty is demanded or offered that the *source of income* should be correspondingly strengthened.

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But the efforts for *permanent betterment* of the masses emanate from the classes. Capital, philanthropy, social science, economy, learning, philosophy, the sciences, and the universities are originated, developed, supported, and perpetuated by the classes.

JEF. He's let me go at last. Those last remarks of yours were too much for him.

M. FROM M. Congratulations! But what's become of your ring?

JEF. He must have taken it to snare the progressives.

M. FROM M. And yet I believe that the progressives would have been glad to catch you themselves.

JEF. Their "policies" are too radical for me.

M. FROM M. I see you believe in tariff reform.

JEF. Yes; they are decidedly weak there.

M. FROM M. And in "curbing the trusts."

JEF. On that, they say, I don't go far enough. They play to the galleries on "trustbusting."

M. FROM M. Are they socialists?

JEF. Worse—imperialists.

M. FROM M. Why not say, "egotists," and be done! . . . How about bank and currency reform?

JEF. Yes; I am after a scientific currency.

M. FROM M. Your bankers *seem* satisfied; they are no longer in revolt. They see the door of the pantry ajar and the pie on the shelves.

JEF. Another subject on which they have no convictions. But I cannot regulate the trusts enough to suit them, *so they say*. But what they would do, if they had the power, is problematical.

M. FROM M. And there is the control of the tropics; they have announced no policy on that.

JEF. Right there is where they have most. The other questions are political conundrums; but the man that made the Panama Canal is not saying all he thinks about Mexico.

M. FROM M. But you have already a protectorate over Mexico, or at least a "sphere of influence."

JEF. How so?

M. FROM M. You have expressed a preference for one of the factions.

JEF. I felt great sympathy for Señora Madero.

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M. FROM M. And you made the incident of the flag an excuse in the hope of lending a hand to your friends.

JEF. I swear I never thought of such a thing!

M. FROM M. And when you became disgusted with the barbarity of the Constitutionalists (God save the mark!) and illuminated on the dangers of your fatuous originality in international law, you went into training to drop your friends behind the veil of strict observance of neutrality, something like Gladstone in the Civil War, and behind a conference at Niagara Falls, the diplomacy of which I do not deny; but you were balked again.

JEF. Don't you think the peons are horribly abused?

M. FROM M. Doubtless. But Villa is not the man to help them.

JEF. Why not?

M. FROM M. Mexicans cannot give Mexico the really paternal government it needs.

JEF. I believe in Mexico for the Mexicans. Let them elect a president.

M. FROM M. So do I; but let us waste no more time in silly talk about a free and fair election in Mexico or the Philippines or India or any other tropical country. Foreign domination alone can make it technically independent; but who can make the voters spiritually so?

JEF. Then what is to become of them?

M. FROM M. The white man is on trial. Can he carry his burden? He cannot evade it. Having worked out, in a measure, the problem of justice and spiritual uprightness at home, he must not be indifferent to the needs of the rest of the world. He cannot shut himself off from extra-territorial mankind. He cannot meekly let them despoil him. He *must* conquer, but like a crusader. Once the sphere of his responsibility was confined to the little circle of western Europe, then were added the North American colonies; but now the marvellous inventions of news-distribution and of transportation have brought within their scope countless millions who never could have originated them and are unqualified independently to exploit them. Why, Villa telephones!

JEF. Should their incompetency affect our principles of conduct towards those peoples?

M. FROM M. Decidedly. The political freedom which you

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enjoy, the free competition and enterprise, the right of free speech, the social regulation which is nothing but a formal expression of an evolved public opinion—these you have won by hard knocks within a favourable environment.

But those peopling a less favourable one, where climate is less stimulating and less persuasive to capitalization, where the waters are less attractive to navigation, where the seasons are less certain or the heat is less friendly to staple cereals, or the vapours calculated to spread miasma and languor, can never, unaided by you, attain to the great goods of Right and Justice.

JEF. I believe I am doing the best possible for the Mexicans.

M. FROM M. Perhaps so: but either you don't know why or you will not let others into the secret. You have spurned experience incarnated in international law. You do not admit or apparently understand that you have established a protectorate. The nations know that language.

JEF. But there is no protectorate.

M. FROM M. You should not have taken part in Mexico's internal affairs.

JEF. But protection or interference is not individualism.

M. FROM M. No; not in any narrow sense, for it involves the application of a superior, external force, even of armed force.

JEF. Which I detest.

M. FROM M. But which you do not hesitate to use, just as a bluff.

JEF. Well, a man must be practical.

M. FROM M. So I say. Take, for instance, internal affairs. You do not hesitate to lay down stringent rules for large business, to provide state and national agents for trust regulation, and special courts to hear complaints against corporations. I concede that you sincerely desire to open a fair field for persons, especially of the coming generation, to take a new start. You do not want it said, in these United States, "the box office is closed; all seats sold!" or, as the sign reads on the Paris omnibuses, "*complet!*" You call this a favouring of competition. You might as well have called it obliterating the effects of competition.

JEF. But what power can do this for the tropics?

M. FROM M. Precisely the power that does it at home, the real *vox populi*, the power of public opinion. A strong nation

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thoroughly saturated with an enlightened public opinion can rule the world, as England has partially demonstrated with her colonies. A concert of such nations can elevate the rest of mankind to its own level—falling short, perhaps, in the difficult task of imparting to them the requisite inborn force —and conceivably *above* its own level.

JEF. You talk in riddles. I thought *I* was the theorist; I now see that it is you.

M. FROM M. Honours are easy.

JEF. Talking of armies, I was hoping to get rid of them entirely. The sight of a soldier is so disagreeable, it makes me want to join hands—or noses—with my old friend, Socialist, again.

M. FROM M. I think your feeling is partly a traditional hatred of redcoats. The Kaiser complimented the socialists on their discipline, when they paraded in order to show their strength. There is certainly something admirable and stirring in the spectacle of a body of disciplined troops. It was in war that man early learned lessons of co-operation, social action, and mutual aid. I say this knowing that some philosophers vaguely hint that the psychology of the earliest savages was essentially that of group sympathy. Perhaps so. But it was sympathy on a low plane of consciousness, like the mutual aid of ants.

In theory, war is an anachronism. In practice, wars prevail with alarming frequency. But the rules of warfare adopted by civilized nations are very different from those of uncivilized or ancient peoples. The modern soldier is as up-to-date as the modern schoolmaster. The parallel is not a chance one. They are both trained to spread an example more exalted than that of the enemy or of the schoolboys. Unfortunately, the chivalry of warfare is only too prone to a breakdown, as in the Balkan wars, in which the ferocity of antiquity was cast in the shade.

Progress goes on by jerks; at any moment it appears to be a regional or a class movement. But *in dealing with tropical tribes* and races (one can hardly speak of a Haitian "nation") the white soldier exerts, on the whole, an elevating influence. Brown men foolishly refuse to discount certain defeat; but, when humbled, adopt outwardly the better manners of their masters. Inward compliance and adjustment follow slowly.

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They are a secular affair. The true principle of tropical pedagogics is founded on the imitation of outward motions, gestures, habits, and manners. In these respects the pupils come readily to outdo the masters. At first the latter must treat the former with somewhat of the severity they await and respect. But the white conqueror is little disposed to excesses. The brown man knows no self-restraint toward the vanquished. Moreover, the white man is rich enough to reward as well as strong enough to punish. Paternal treatment calls for both methods.

JEF. Do you still believe in war?

M. FROM M. "Believe" is naïve. I believe what I see going on about me. Otherwise I should be self-effaced. But the ideals towards which the military profession strives certainly indicate an advance that does it credit. Instead of the ancient "no quarter," prisoners nowadays are fed and clothed. Cold-blooded execution of captives, honoured in Mexico, is elsewhere exceptional. Missiles causing painful wounds are forbidden. The health of troops and prisoners alike is watched and cared for; the hospital service is prompt and available to both sides. In ancient battles the wounded were left to perish.

The great armies of Europe to-day are compulsorily recruited; but there can be no resentment at the enlistment, when it is a nation called to arms. The training is received at home, the reserves and *Landwehr* even continuing to reside at their own firesides. Training for health and in order to counteract the softening effects of commercial, academic, and industrial life, would be a sufficient ground for universal conscription. Modern armies are, in effect, complements of the public school systems.

JEF. Evidently you are not thinking of the Huertist, Carranzist, or Zapatist soldiers.

W. G. LANGWORTHY TAYLOR.

Lincoln, Nebraska.

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THE
MID-WEST QUARTERLY

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ON THE HEADLAND

THE INVASION OF BRITAIN UNDER BOÄDICEA, BY SUETONIUS, 62 A.D.

A Sonnet

Through twilight haze, the West, with lurid red,
Flushed all the uplands. There, in trance, I stood
And watched the Vision,—saw the ensanguined feud
Rage on the summits, whence was heard the tread
Of conquerors coming and of captives led,
And moanings of a mangled multitude,
Where, 'mid the carnage on a field of blood,
I saw the Warrior Queen uncharioted.

The Sea, remembering, sobbed around her capes
Where ghostly kings, bewildered at their doom,
Sought the lost sceptre and the crumbled throne:
Then, in the air, triumphant spectral-shapes
Arthurian, passed in panoply and plume,
Led by the phantom-trumpets, faintly blown.

LLOYD MIFFLIN.

Columbia, Pennsylvania.

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NIETZSCHE

"Tod dem Schwachen"

On account of the attention which Nietzsche has been attracting of late, the occasion seems a favourable one for reviewing once more his life and work. In a letter to one of his acquaintances, written in March, 1884, he himself prophesies with the proverbial modesty of genius that "in fifty years, perhaps, will the eyes of some few (or of one, for it requires genius) be opened to what has been done through me. For the present, however, it is not only difficult but quite impossible (in accordance with the laws of 'perspective') to speak of me publicly without falling boundlessly short of the truth." To be sure, the time of which he spoke is not yet up; but since men's eyes are turned in that direction, it is fair to assume that the subject is not without interest at present.

1. *Life*

As for his life the task is comparatively easy. In one sense his thought is his life. But although his life is singularly narrow, his thought, as often happens in such cases, is unintelligible without an understanding of his character; and hence the very paucity of incident serves only to increase the difficulty of exposition. A rich and varied existence is virtually self-explanatory; a limited and unadventurous one, on the contrary, since it offers little or no surface to the critic, requires all sorts of commentary and exegesis for its illumination. For that reason what I have attempted is quite as much characterization as biography.

Nietzsche—christened Friedrich Wilhelm after the reigning king of Prussia, his father's patron—was born at Röcken on the border of Saxony on October 15, 1844. The stock of which he came was distinctly clerical, a fact which may account for some of his personal peculiarities, to say nothing of his antipathy for Christianity when he had once apostatized. His father, his grandfathers, one or more of his uncles were all evangelical pastors, while his paternal grandmother was of similar strain.

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According to a vague tradition the family of Nietzsche was remotely of Polish origin and noble descent—an extraction which so flattered Friedrich's aristocratic propensities that he made at least one elaborate attempt to substantiate it.

In 1849 occurred the death of his father, Karl Ludwig by name, in consequence apparently of a serious fall, which had reduced him to helplessness some time before this fatal result. On the basis of this lingering prostration of his father's, efforts have been made to prove that Friedrich's ill-health and mental disease were hereditary; but they appear to be anything but conclusive. In later life there is none of his misfortunes which Nietzsche more regretted than the accident which deprived him of parental companionship and guidance during his youth and early manhood; and it was only in the friendship of Wagner that he found anything like compensation for the loss. In addition an atmosphere of bereavement is not the most healthful for a precocious and introspective child; and after the death of his little brother, Joseph, when the family—consisting of his mother and his sister, Elizabeth—had removed to Naumburg on the Saale, where they lived with his father's mother and two maiden sisters, it is possible to detect the influence of these surroundings on his disposition and character. At the public school, to which he was sent at the age of six, he was known as *der kleine Pastor*, the little minister, on account of his decorum and gravity—such is the material out of which future "immoralists" are made. Even at that age he seems to have shown something of the priggishness which characterized him more or less throughout life and was particularly conspicuous during his brief stay at Bonn.

His years in the private school to which he was transferred the following twelvemonth, as well as in the gymnasium which he entered in 1854, affected his development, no doubt, as they were intended to do; but the most decisive event of his youth was his admission to Pforta in 1858. Pforta may be described briefly as an endowed school of rather severe and cloistral tradition and discipline, once a Cistercian abbey, with a reputation for the incubation of scholars. Nietzsche's intellectual life had begun early. Even at fourteen he wrote respectable verse, he already composed music, and was concerned for problems that never occur to most Americans during the entire course of their lives. As a genius, to be sure, he may be thought to be an exception.

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But after all the case is not so unusual abroad, and it is no exaggeration to say that in spite of our complicated system of education the French or German student in what corresponds to our preparatory school is far more mature intellectually than the mass of our college or university graduates.

In his early years at Pforta Nietzsche founded a kind of artistic and literary society, with two of his young Naumburg friends, for their independent culture and development. Each of the three members was to submit monthly a musical composition, a poem, or an essay, which was reviewed by the chronicler for the quarter. Every three months a formal meeting was to be held, at which each member should present one of his own productions. Among Nietzsche's titles may be mentioned the following: *Byron's Dramatic Works; Napoleon III as President; Siegfried, a Poem; Fatum and History; The Demonic in Music.* Throughout his life, as may be inferred from this sort of venture, he was ever preoccupied—too exclusively so for healthy-mindedness—with his own intellectual development, to which he frequently found his prescribed duties a hindrance or an impertinence. On the whole, however, he may be described, in his sister's words, as a model student while at Pforta in all subjects except mathematics, which he had no taste for and neglected, and science, in which he seems to have made no great progress. Nor is the circumstance unimportant for his after thinking—particularly when his scientific pretensions are taken into account. It constitutes one of his most serious limitations—together with his slight acquaintance with anthropology and ethnology. A knowledge of some other antiquity than the Greek and an initiation into the natural and social sciences might have saved him from several preposterous vagaries, even if they had not modified profoundly the general bent and direction of his thought. From the first, however, his liking was for what the Germans call philology; his favourite subjects were Greek and Latin, particularly the former.

In spite of the fact that his residence at Pforta was his first absence from home and he was subject to the shyness and the nostalgia of his kind, his health and spirits were sound, and for all his self-centredness he made at least two warm and lasting friendships—one with Paul Deussen, the other with Freiherr Carl von Gersdorff, who clung to him pretty faithfully during life.

In the fall of 1864 he entered the University of Bonn, where he

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fell under the influence of Ritschl, the philologist. In the first enthusiasm of his new life as student he allied himself with a corps, Franconia, only to become offended by the loose, coarse manners of his companions—their *Biermaterialismus*, as he calls it. It was not for nothing that he had grown up beside a doating mother, grandmother, and two maiden aunts, to say nothing of an adoring sister younger than himself; and he soon provoked the dislike of his comrades by his tactless attempts to reform their habits. As a result he grew thoroughly disgusted with Bonn and retained all his days a prejudice against German conviviality, though he himself became an immoderate consumer of drugs and opiates. Any one who spends the evenings in beer-drinking and pipe-smoking, he pronounces, is quite unfit to understand him or his philosophy, because such an one must necessarily lack the fine clarity of spirit essential to the comprehension of such nice and profound problems as those he is concerned for. The fact is that he was always most at ease by himself, as he afterwards confesses. Extremely sensitive to anything like oppositions of character and opinion, he never felt thoroughly at home, perhaps, except with his sister and one or two of his intimates of the moment—though strangers and casual acquaintances he seems to have found less disquieting than others. A craving for friendship in the abstract he appears to have had; but the type of friendship he desired was that of master and disciple. Like most of us he probably longed for the moral stimulant of approval and admiration; he liked to see himself advantageously reflected in the eyes of others. But most of his actual friendships ended disastrously and not all of them with dignity. It was to his sister that he owed the most; with the exception of a few years of marriage she has devoted her life to him and his memory. To her exertions, it is not too much to say, some part of his present fame and currency is due. She has written two lives of him—a larger and a smaller one; she has collected and edited his works; she has founded a Nietzsche archive at Weimar and has got together and preserved every extant note and scrap of writing in his hand, including his letters, which she has been able to come at; she has defended his character against posthumous detraction and she has laboured incessantly to enlarge and extend his reputation. Whatever her brother's genius, she at all events is in her way a sister who deserves celebration with Renan's and Pascal's, with Henriette and Jacqueline.

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In the fall of the next year (1865) Nietzsche left Bonn for Leipzig, partly for the sake of ridding himself of the embarrassments he had incurred in the former place and partly for the sake of following Ritschl, who had been called to the latter university. Of Nietzsche's formative period the three great influences were Greek antiquity, Schopenhauer's philosophy, and Wagner's music and personality. The first of these dates from his boyhood —specifically, perhaps, from his schooling at Pforta, though he was interested in the subject as a boy might be even earlier and played Homer while yet a child. But the Greek antiquity that actually inspired him and seriously affected his life and thought was a Greek antiquity of his own invention, not that after the tame official pattern—a Greek antiquity that never existed for any other than himself. The second formative influence, that of Schopenhauer's philosophy, dates from his first year at Leipzig. In one of his autobiographical sketches he has an interesting account of stumbling upon a copy of the great pessimist in the stall of a bookseller with whom he lodged, of carrying it off to his rooms, and of immersing himself in the contents with a conviction of having at last found the key to the riddle. And conceivably enough there was much in Schopenhauer to suit his humour at this time. Temperamentally there was a kind of perversity, a sort of offishness, a disposition to see things wrong side out that was after his own heart. While conceptually the idea of existence as a representation would appeal to a something artistic in his nature—which he himself developed later, in his own manner, into the dogma of life as a vital illusion, intelligible only as a work of art, the diversion of an uneasy god for the relief of his own *ennui* and discomfort. Nor is his final philosophy of the will to power unbridgeably remote from Schopenhauer's notion of the will to existence as the fundamental principle of life. There is even at this time a prognostic of his future "immoralism" in one of his letters dated April 7, 1866, where in describing a storm by which he was overtaken in one of his walks, he exclaims:

> "What were man and his fretful desires to me! What to me was the eternal 'thou shalt' and 'thou shalt not!' How different the lightning, the storm, and the hail—free unethical forces! How blessed, how strong are they, pure will, untroubled by the intellect!"

At Leipzig, too, during his first year he established a kind of superior or advanced Germania, the Philological Society, and

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made what he calls his first friendship founded on a moral and philosophical basis—with Edwin Rohde, a fellow student; "*Weltanschauungsbruder*" he names him.

On the whole he appears to have been at this period a rather superior young person with a turn for self-analysis and *Selbstquälerei*—a *Quälgeist* in his own words—oppressed by a heavy sense of his responsibilities to himself. In his letters of this or a little later date it is possible to detect those dawning suspicions of philology and philologists and their value as a discipline or culture—even a glimmering distrust of modern education in general—which were finally to make him objectionable to his own profession and which he developed in his *Untimely Considerations*. In short, he begins already to betray a little of that self-sufficiency of opinion which became his leading intellectual characteristic.

In the autumn of 1867 he began his term of military service in an artillery regiment stationed at Naumburg. He was extremely near-sighted, an infirmity which he blames for many of his embarrassments of one kind and another; and on that account he had supposed himself exempt from military duty. But the requirements had recently been lowered, such was the need of recruits; and he found himself within the army net after all. While he performed his tasks punctiliously and to the satisfaction of his officers, he was not particularly happy in them because of his separation from his friends and his intellectual pursuits. His career, however, was cut short in the early part of the following year by an accident to his chest, incurred while mounting his horse and due to his shortsightedness. So severely was he hurt that it took him five months to recover.

His return to Leipzig in the fall of 1868 as a private teacher is remarkable as the occasion of his introduction to Richard Wagner, who was visiting a sister, the wife of Professor Brockhaus.

In the beginning of 1869, before he had yet taken his doctorate, he was appointed extraordinary professor of classical philology at Basel with a salary of 3000 francs. Thereupon Leipzig granted him his degree without thesis or examination. The appointment was due largely to the recommendation of Ritschl and was considered a remarkable honour for a man of Nietzsche's age. With his usual reserves, however, he himself failed to look upon it as a subject of unmixed self-congratulation—he had been planning a sojourn in Paris in the interests of his further educa-

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tion; and it was with some sense of disloyalty to his aspirations that he finally set out for his post in the spring of 1869. His entrance address was delivered on May 28 and seems to have made a mild sensation. It consisted of a discussion of the Homeric problem with particular reference to the ideal office of philology in human life. His lectures were attended by an audience of eight—the entire body of philological students at Basel, together with one theologue. In addition to his courses in the university he had some school-teaching in the ancient languages. In any proper sense, however, his professional work as such lies outside of his development and may be disregarded save as it affects the latter through his material circumstances. His growth from now on is virtually independent of universities; from this point of view it is his intimacy with Richard Wagner which is the event of his residence at Basel.

As Nietzsche's conception of truth may be said to constitute the paradox of his thought or philosophy, so his relations with Wagner constitute the paradox of his life or experience. That the same man who wrote the invective contained in *Wagner's Case* and *Nietzsche contra Wagner* should once have been Wagner's familiar and intimate seems incredible or monstrous. For years he had known and admired one or two of the musician's earlier operas—the *Meistersinger* and *Tristan und Isolde*. But it was not until the period of his professorship that he fell completely under Wagner's influence. At that time the Wagners were living in obscurity at Tribschen near Basel—Wagner himself; Cosima, his wife, formerly von Bülow's; and Siegfried, the son—and there Nietzsche visited them in accordance with an invitation extended him at Leipzig. The intimacy was soon cemented; the strength of the Master's personality and the seduction of Cosima's exerted their natural effect upon the dazzled young professor, whose fresh and ingenuous admiration must have warmed and tickled the disappointed old sensualist delightfully; Wagner was then about sixty years old and a disciple of Feuerbach before Nietzsche converted him to Schopenhauerism. The younger man, for his part, must have been immensely flattered by the attentions of a genius, whom he himself had had the perspicacity to discern amid the general blindness and density of the contemporary public. In a short time he became almost a member of the family. "After Cosima, you—and then for a long way, no one," protests Wagner in a letter to his address. While in his

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turn Nietzsche produces upon the altar of friendship *The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music*, a singular compound—a centaur, the author well named it—in which a fanciful theory of Greek tragedy is supplemented, in the very spirit of the first generation of romanticists, by a fantastic derivation of Wagnerian opera from Athenian (or as Nietzsche would say, Dionysian) tragedy. As a sacrifice to the temple the tribute was complete. The Wagners were enraptured with it. But Nietzsche's colleagues were dumbfounded and offended at its extravagance. Even he himself acknowledged later that he had prostituted his scholarship to his infatuation and had ruined his academic reputation for the sake of the Wagners. As a result students were warned away from the university; for a year his class-room was deserted, Basel was destitute of students of classical philology.

The fate of this first book of his, however, was in no wise exceptional. As a matter of fact all of Nietzsche's writings were a disappointment, if nothing worse, to his friends and well wishers. Even the staunchest of them, with one or two possible exceptions, fell away from him as he proceeded with the development of his peculiar doctrine—particularly after the appearance of *Human All Too Human*. During the latter part of his short career, what with misunderstandings and quarrels, he found himself pretty nearly alone in the world, save for his devoted sister and his faithful adherent, Köselitz, known to Nietzscheans as Peter Gast.

It is his alienation from Wagner, however, that he regards with constant bitterness as the great tragedy of his life. To account for that sequestration is anything but easy. For three years the friendship continued with unabated warmth until the Wagners left Tribschen for Bayreuth in expectation of carrying through the project of the great opera-house. Thereafter the two parties saw each other only occasionally. Relieved of Wagner's imposing presence, Nietzsche had an opportunity to make a return upon himself and to think his own thoughts unhindered. That Wagner had deflected his ideas to a certain extent is unquestionable. Wagner's was an exigent personality, tyrannous and intolerant, and not indisposed to take possession of another, body and soul. That Nietzsche had early begun to conceive reserves, even concerning Wagnerian opera, is evident too. But the crisis was postponed until the presentation of the *Ring of the Nibelungen* at Bayreuth in 1876. That others beside Nietzsche were disappointed and disabused by the performance

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appears from his sister's biography. Was this the great idealistic movement of the future—this mercenary, flirting, *fainéant* concourse; was this the stuff of noble reforms and vital enthusiasms? Nor was the opera itself with its veiled sensualism and neurotic excitability what the youthful *Schwärmer* had heard in his imagination.

Psychologically it is only natural that as we begin to lose importance for an undertaking that undertaking should likewise lose importance for us. As long as Nietzsche saw his own person interested in Wagner and his work, so long it is intelligible that he should have been the latter's admirer and supporter. While Wagner is generally unrecognized and at odds with the world, so long is there an obvious distinction in standing his friend and in recognizing what few or none else has the wit to see. As his preferred interpreter and appreciator Nietzsche is on a level with him—in a sense he is a superior. He can congratulate himself that Wagner's fame, if it ever rises, is in part his own work. But as soon as Wagner removes to Bayreuth and finds himself on the road to success, surrounded by a crowd of flatterers and fawners among whom his quondam friend is numerically lost, just so soon Nietzsche becomes disaffected. And so too at somewhere near the same time he ceases to feel sufficiently illustrated by his discipleship to Schopenhauer; he is discontented at deriving or seeming to derive from another—such dependency, no matter how renowned, is no longer a sufficient title of distinction. At this stage it is apparent that if Friedrich Nietzsche is to have a philosophy, it must be unmistakably different from every one's else, it must be a creed peculiarly his own. There has broken in upon him the brilliant conception of the reversal or transvaluation of all values. And to this task he addresses himself in his *Human All Too Human*, a book which I take to be the index of the beginning of his second period.

Some years afterward he describes his own state of mind at this time, and the description is important because it helps to span the gap which exists in his written record between his first and second periods—a gap which it is hard to bridge except by a reference to his own consciousness.

"A great and ever greater detachment, a capricious straying afield, an estrangement, a cooling off, disenchantment—only this and nothing more was what I longed for in those days. I tested everything to which my heart had hitherto clung, I reversed the best and dearest things and looked at them

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wrong side to; while with everything upon which the human art of slander and abuse had heretofore been exercised the most skilfully, I did the contrary."

The *procédé* is evident and it is characteristic.

I have dwelt so long upon the case of Wagner because it is not merely the most important episode in Nietzsche's objective existence and is also the turning point, the hinge of his career, but because it illustrates a peculiarity of his mind without which it is impossible, it seems to me, to understand either the man or his philosophy. From some cause or other his consciousness was extremely susceptible to polarization. Almost any idea which attracts his attention to begin with, ends almost invariably by violently repelling him. Hence he is always at one extremity of opinion or the other without mediating between the extremes or occupying the intervening space. By this mental idiosyncrasy is to be explained or at least expressed his final alienation from all his friends as well as his hostility to every idea in which he was brought up—to Christianity, morality, respectability, and convenience, middle-class smugdom, scholarship, philology—even to his own character and being. In fact, it serves pretty nearly as a formula for all his philosophizing: what else in its essence is his great discovery of the transvaluation of all values?

In the meanwhile, during his intimacy with Wagner, his academic duties were momentarily interrupted by the Franco-Prussian War, which he followed for several months as a member of the ambulance corps, since his naturalization as a Swiss citizen prevented him from fighting with the German army. From this excursion, which was a reign of horror to him and haunted his dreams for long afterward, he returned with a severe dysentery and diphtheria, of which he was cured with some difficulty and with lasting damage to his digestion. How much these infections had to do with his breakdown a few years later it is impossible to determine. The problem of his health is an exceedingly teasing one, upon which it is hardly safe for a stranger and a layman to venture. Nor in one sense is it a particularly important one in itself. That he should have thought and written so much about it himself is natural enough; in the critic the same interest is a symptom of morbid curiosity. What is certain and important is that soon after the war his health began to fail. He was tormented by atrocious headaches and nausea, which reduced him to a misery of helplessness. In one

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year, he reckons, he lost a hundred and eighteen days in this wise. After a year's leave of absence and a renewed attempt to carry his academic work he was finally obliged to resign his professorship in 1879, at the age of thirty-five, after having filled his position ten years. Of its own accord the University of Basel granted him a pension of 3000 francs annually. On this sum, together with his own private income of 400 marks or so a year, he continued to live—mainly in Italy and Switzerland, wandering back and forth between the peninsula and the Engadine, with occasional flying visits to Germany, now worse, now better, but always reflecting, composing, publishing until the end.

That Nietzsche suffered from suppressed or incipient madness the greater part of his life or that his work is that of a maniac—charges which are still repeated and which may owe their vogue to Nodau's *Degeneration*—such a notion is absurd. The mysterious nature of his malady may have something to do with such suspicions of his mental sanity. Even his doctors disagreed among themselves. At first it was supposed that the seat of the disease was the stomach. But his sister in her latest biography speaks as though it were now authoritatively referred to his eyes, which were painfully near-sighted and which were at times so badly affected as to incapacitate him for reading or writing —a condition which was regarded at the time as a secondary symptom. As for his mind, however, that appears, until just before his prostration, to have been as sane as a modern genius's usually is.

On the other hand, that his consciousness was affected by his ill health, and indirectly his thought too, there is every reason to believe. Indeed, the fact is proved by his practice of composing in short detached passages, whose length varies with his condition. His constant preoccupation with the matter is pretty good evidence too. He is forever trying to make out that he is strong and vigorous or else that his sickness is an advantage and a privilege. Either his disease is but excess of health, or it is a kind of tonic—at least a moral purgative. And his sister is troubled by the same preoccupation. The coincidence argues some ground of uneasiness on the part of both which they were equally anxious to allay.

As an invalid he oscillates between two poles. In the first instance he was eager to justify or excuse his own condition. Hence his early pleas in favour of ill-health and suffering as a means of

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discipline and illumination. Later, however, with the growing conception of the superman his admiration of strength becomes predominant, though it is still on the basis of his own experience that the part which pain comes to play in the education of the superman is to be explained; who can not bear pain in his own person and in that of others is unworthy of the election. Physically invalided himself he values nothing so much as force and robustiousness. Hence his later efforts to refer his ills to a surplusage of health and vigour. Envying a plenitude of life above everything, he comes to believe that every one is animated by the same emotion and to propose the will to power as the moving principle or instinct of life. His superman too, as the realization and embodiment of this will to power, has the characteristics of his creator. His ideal is not the ideal of the strong man; it is the ideal of the weak, who is possessed by the consciousness of his own powerlessness and who in acute attacks of mortification would like to revenge his own debility upon his neighbour.

After his resignation from Basel Nietzsche's life was in the main a solitary one. Most of his early friends had fallen or soon fell away from him, estranged by his outrageous opinions. Nor was he himself the man to suffer a partial allegiance. He complains frequently of Wagner's illiberalism; but in his own case there was nothing more irksome than the presence of those whom he suspected of reserves against him and his ideas. "I am not strong enough," he says, "to contend continually with all the secret thoughts, the unspoken contradictions of my friends." After his break with Wagner he seems never to have enjoyed free intercourse with a man of his own stature capable of holding head against him. His associates were younger men or women or inferior intellects or characters. In this way he missed the correction that he might have gained from criticism and opposition. This disregard of others may serve to explain a kind of overbearingness in the expression of his ideas, which accounts in turn for their offensiveness to the generation for which they were written. For after all there was nothing so very singular, even forty years ago, in the substance of his thought; it was no more obnoxious in itself than the ethics of Helvétius and Holbach. But its temper is entirely different. There is an intentness, together with a very perceptible contemptuousness, about the expression which produces another impression altogether. It is the personality of the author as revealed in his style—a something

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wilful and disquieting. His habit of abusing things accounted sacred, his disrespect for great traditional personages, his manner of apostrophizing ordinary humanity as "cattle" and "brutes" and "beasts," and current morality as the morality of the "herd"; his own assumption of superiority as an "immoralist" and a "*Freigeist*" and a "maker of values"; his recklessness not only of the reader's prejudices and prepossessions but also of the difficulties and obscurities of his own exposition—these traits irritated and offended and repelled the public, who must have felt something of the same impatience and indignation as the members of his corps at Bonn when he tried to lecture them on their manners.

In addition to lack of recognition his later life was embittered by two incidents—his sister's marriage and departure to Paraguay with Förster and the undignified and ridiculous entanglement with Lou Salomé, afterwards Frau Andreas. That Nietzsche should have resented his sister's marriage as a defection is not astonishing in view of the fact that Förster represented principles that were thoroughly distasteful to him—vegetarianism and anti-Semitism—while the colonizing expedition to Paraguay was in his opinion of an abhorrently levelling or democratic tendency. The breach, however, was only temporary; even before his sister's departure he had become reconciled to it—the worst of the affair was that he was deprived of her ministrations at the very time when he stood most in need of them.

The affair with Lou Salomé was more intricate and likewise more amusing. Nietzsche had always been eager for disciples. In the beginning and during his first period he seems to have nursed the belief that he was actually addressing himself to some portion of the youth of his time and country. Of this audience, which he supposed to be secretly in sympathy with such views as his, he dreamed of making himself the prophet and leader. This elect, he thought, was ready and waiting for the word and would rise and rally upon him when he had once spoken it. The disappointment which followed upon the successive publication of his writings was one of the great mortifications of his life. Under these circumstances, when one of his oldest friends, the elderly Fräulein von Meysenbug, wrote him that she had at last discovered his disciple, his satisfaction struggled with his incredulity. That the disciple was a young woman of twenty-four was apparently no drawback, though Nietzsche himself seems at times to have caught a fleeting glimpse of the absurdity of the whole

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affair. In reality, the young lady—Lou Salomé by name—who was a Russian touring Europe with her mother, appears to have been something of an adventuress and tufthunter and was probably attracted to the pursuit of Nietzsche by his friends' report of him as a celebrity. That she was naturally clever is evident from the manner in which she played up to the ingenuous philosopher. In spite of her mother's amazed denials she represented herself as a martyr to truth, whose youth had been consumed in a fruitless search of wisdom; and she completed her conquest by composing a poem *To Pain*, which ravished Nietzsche by its reflection of his own ideas. If any farther doubt of her eligibility lingered in his mind it was dispelled by her assurance, quoted in his correspondence, that she was a woman without morality—*videlicet*, an "immoralist." In accordance with her conception of "*Freigeisterei*" she proposed to seek some university, where she might reside in company with him and his friend Dr. Rée, the ethic philosopher. This offer, however, seems to have shaken the gentlemen a little; and as a *via media* Fräulein von Meysenbug suggested that one of the men should marry her. The suggestion proved unacceptable: Nietzsche declined because of his poverty and Dr. Rée because of his principles—he was a pessimist and viewed the continuance of his species with horror—a devotion to conviction which Nietzsche highly applauds. For these reasons the project was abandoned; Lou Salomé was obliged to content herself with private lessons in the Nietzschean philosophy under the chaperonage of its author's sister. Is it necessary to add that as soon as the pupil discovered that her master was not the personage he had been represented by his friends, her ardour for his teachings began to cool? In the chill of reaction her conduct and language gave just offence to Nietzsche's sister; and at last Nietzsche himself discovered her genuine character and her perfect indifference for his ideas. Worse, he became suspicious of some hugger-muggery on the part of Dr. Rée; and the affair closed with an embroilment of all parties and left for years a sour taste in Nietzsche's mouth.

This anecdote I have related in some detail, not for the sake of ridiculing Nietzsche, but by way of illustrating his ignorance of human nature—a subject of which a great moralist might be expected to have some knowledge or apprehension. Unlike La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère he had, indeed, no profound experience of mankind in the large. He had lived for no great

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length of time in any great centre of thought or activity. He had known few men of light and leading—save Wagner. He had frequented no very distinguished circles and listened to no exchange of significant ideas. He had spent his time pretty much in solitude, in isolated lodgings, or casual boarding-houses. His study of human nature was confined almost exclusively to himself and his own anxieties. At the same time his reading was restricted for years by the weakness of his sight, while the bulk of his earlier studies was necessarily scholastic. As a result his moral philosophy was in large part *erdacht* not *erlebt;* it was spun out of himself and in so far liable to error—it was constantly in danger of losing touch with actuality and of forgetting Pascal's *pensée de derrière.* These were the characteristics that grew upon him toward the close of his career. It is dangerous for the moralist to make a habit of himself; even the exaggeration of his own qualities is a misfortune. But it was particularly hazardous for Nietzsche, with his excitable temper, like some unstable explosive, and with his disposition to megalomania. With *Zarathustra* the conviction of his prophetic rôle is inalterably fixed. "I am that predestined being," he declaims, "who is to determine values for centuries." He goes out of his way to vituperate Wagner, Socrates, and Jesus, whom he looks upon as his personal rivals. He revolves about himself and his own centre more and more dizzily and light-headedly. Never remarkably continent in the assertion of his own importance—at least in his letters to his friends—his exaltation and extravagance increase from day to day. He projects a systematization of his philosophy and plans to give the gestation of the work the benefit of a visit to Corte in Corsica, where Napoleon was conceived. As the end approaches he loses all sense of measure, and in the final paroxysm of his reason, with the relaxation of his inhibitions, he subscribes his letters with the names of Dionysus and the Crucified.

It was such signatures as these which aroused the suspicions of his friends in Basel and brought Overbeck thence to Turin, where Nietzsche then was. On his arrival Overbeck found that he had suffered what seemed to be an attack of paralysis and that his mind was seriously affected. This was in December, 1888, while unfortunately his sister was still absent in South America. He was brought to Basel and thence transferred to an asylum in Jena. In the course of another year he was removed to Naumburg, where he was cared for by his mother and later by his sister,

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who returned to Germany after the death of her husband in Paraguay. On the death of his mother in 1897 his sister carried him to Weimar, where she nursed him devotedly until his death in 1900.

2. *Doctrine*

Such in outline was Nietzsche's life. To summarize his thought is by no means so easy. Not only were his ideas constantly shifting with his mood and surroundings, but he was an unsystematic thinker by profession. In addition, there is an inclination on the part of the hierophants of orthodox Nietzscheism to soften and mollify and sweeten whatever is harsh or bitter or offensive in his philosophy—to accommodate his teaching to the taste of the public and so denature it. To read his sister's expositions you would think it less a philosophy of revolt than a philosophy of reservation. Contemporary criticism too, in accordance with its usual character, has been wonderfully indulgent and has contented itself, as a rule, with picking out what it could commend without much regard for *ensemble* or general tendency. Under these circumstances it would be difficult enough to methodize his doctrine; but the difficulty is increased tremendously by his habit of writing in detached and disconnected paragraphs, whose length fluctuates with the changes of his bodily temperature, ranging from the compass of an aphorism to the dimensions of a brief section or chapter. His composition too was done largely out of doors during his solitary walks or rambles. No literary work was ever more dependent upon its author's health and spirits than his; for this reason his philosophic periods are pretty nearly a physiological record and it may be well to classify them roughly before I undertake to sketch his system.

If we leave out of account his youthful and prentice work, his first or coherent period extends from his appointment to Basel in 1869 to the year 1876 and the rupture of his friendship with Wagner. The principal writings included in this period are *The Birth of Tragedy* and the *Untimely Considerations*. I have named this his coherent period because the work of this time has the form of consecutive essays or articles. The inspiration of the period is undoubtedly Richard Wagner; its leading idea, the conception of the world as an æsthetic product. In *The Birth of*

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Tragedy he undertakes, in his turn, a favourite exercise of the first generation of German romanticists—the deduction of German from Greek literature. But whereas the efforts of his predecessors were directed toward establishing Goethe as the heir of Greek antiquity, his own were bent upon making Wagner the successor of Æschylus and what he termed Dionysian tragedy. At the same time he labours also to substantiate the hypothesis already referred to, that the universe is intelligible only as a work of art, a kind of play or dramatic spectacle, perhaps, for the recreation of a weary creator. Elsewhere, as in *The Future of our Educational Institutions* and *David Strauss* and *The Advantages and Disadvantages of History*, appear presages of his revolt against the received and current ideas of his age and society—his contempt for German pedantry and German *Kultur* in general and for the reigning historical methods of thought and scholarship. For the modern Prussian intellectualism, which has found such a ready acceptance in American education, never had a more relentless enemy than Nietzsche. Always a *revolté*, a mutineer, an insurgent, he can not be understood unless there is taken into account his disposition to rise against established ideas and institutions. At all events such is the direction of his evolution —toward a consistent and habitual opposition.

His second period, which may be called inclusively his incoherent or aphoristic period, stretches from 1876 to the end of his intellectual career in 1888. During these years not only is his strength insufficient for consecutive composition but as a result and with his neurasthenic inclination to erect his weaknesses into virtues he begins to look upon discursive thinking as a symptom of decadence. It is at this stage of his development that his writings come to take on the tone that we think of as distinctively Nietzschean—timidly at first but more and more audaciously as he proceeds. His revolt has begun. And it is against his veritable self as well as everything representative of his age that his attack is directed. Himself he is weak and sickly and neurotic, limited in experience by means and health and opportunity; the offspring of a Christian evangelical stock; a tame, middle-class, German scholar; a more or less conscionable creature, priggish, thin-skinned, and sentimental; a romanticist by disposition, with a philosophical descent from Rousseau through Kant and Schopenhauer; while the thing he admires is—Cesar Borgia, the bold, strong, unscrupulous, remorseless human animal, the "great

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blond beast," grasping, encroaching, aggressive, disciplined for conquest, the master of power and success, imperial and aristocratic (*vornehm* is his word), in short, the very thing he was not, but the very thing he would be—the very thing, perhaps, that in his Dionysian intoxication he may have fancied himself. Nothing at first thought could be stranger—save to the alienist—than to find a man blaspheming his own virtues in a series of staccado denials wrung from him by his own debility. It all indicates how little he knew himself. He expatiates upon his modesty and warns himself against self-depreciation as his besetting sin; but he has no hesitation in speaking of himself as "the most independent mind in Europe and the only German writer," while elsewhere he denominates himself a "fatality" and in the same letter, to Brandes, remarks that "in ten years the whole world will be writhing in convulsions" on his account—a prophecy of which some credulous critics believe we are now seeing the fulfilment albeit a little tardily. In his own opinion *Zarathustra* is "an event without a parallel in literature and philosophy and poetry and morality," while he considers himself to be "by all odds the most independent and profoundest thinker in the grand style extant." As for any one who has the slightest conception of his significance, he is convinced that such an one must start out with the postulate that he has had a wider experience in his own person than any man who ever lived. In a word, his professions concerning himself are utterly unreliable. But nevertheless it is impossible to understand him without reckoning with this instinctive reaction against himself as a creature of his civilization which constitutes the motive of the second and characteristic period of his intellectual being.

For convenience, however, this general period may be split into two minor or sub-periods. The first is composed of a crepuscular stage reaching to 1882, which is represented by the collection of apothegms entitled *Human All Too Human*, 1878, and *Miscellaneous Opinions*, 1879. During this interval his health was very bad and his spirit correspondingly affected. As a consequence his utterances are the briefest of any he has written—sometimes but a few lines in length, hardly more than breathless jottings—generally destructive in character, searchings or gropings in the dusk of his own consciousness. His line is not wholly clear to him as yet; though as the *Einsamer*, the recluse, the great solitary genius, as whom he has begun to pose, it is

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clear to him that he will not be contented with any ordinary philosophy. Of philosophy, particularly of moral philosophy, indeed, he has come to be exceedingly jealous; he grudges her any lord but him. Hence his mounting scorn of Plato and Socrates; hence his rising suspicion of Jesus, though he has not succeeded in rationalizing his distaste for these personalities so consistently as he will yet do.

As his health improves, his temper becomes rather more sanguine; he gains a little greater mastery over his logical processes; his aphorisms lengthen—and there begins to dawn what I will call his auroral sub-period from the title of its principal work, *Aurora* (*Morgenröthe*), 1881, which was followed in 1882 by *The Merry Science*. Save for the improvement in his mental tone and the increased length of his paragraphs it would be difficult to state in so many words the difference between this sub-period and the preceding. The former is merely a development and prolongation of the latter. His ideas are more clearly defined and he is more certain of himself and his mission—or *Aufgabe*, as he calls it. He has become more set and confirmed in his own way of thinking. His style grows more tense and vibrant, and as happens with most authors, begins to react upon his thought and determine to some extent what his ideas shall be. But his work remains essentially destructive; it is still the immorality of morality with which he is concerned. As far as he may be said ever to have had a constructive impulse it is in his next or final stage, which may be called his vertiginous period, being marked by numerous allusions to dancing, floating, soaring, rope-walking, and such like dizzy acrobatic exercises. Its principal productions are *Zarathustra*, the Nietzschean bible, and *Beyond Good and Evil*. It is to this stage of his life, as I have just said, that his constructive ideas, if so they may be called, belong. It is the time of "the Everlasting Recurrence" and the "Superman," the conception of the new morality or discipline, the training for conquest—it is the *ja-sagende* period or period of affirmation.

As such it is dominated by the fantastic figure of Zarathustra as his earlier period was dominated by that of Wagner. Not that Zarathustra is himself the perfected superman or consummation; he is rather the *Wegweiser*, the guide or the teacher of the higher order. In his manner he is the mature embodiment of the Nietzschean heroic—a conception tentatively expressed in two

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of the *Untimely Considerations*, in *Schopenhauer as an Educator* and *Richard Wagner at Bayreuth*. To a certain extent he is nothing but Nietzsche himself magnified and enhaloed by the fumes of the Dionysian *Rausch* or inebriation. As this vision grows upon him, his language enters upon an apocalyptic stage, which becomes ever more nervous, shrill, and exalted as the crisis approaches.

Such are Nietzsche's chief literary dates and titles. To reconcile all the opinions emitted during these years would be an impossible task. There are few ideas, I suppose, in whose favour it would not be possible to quote a text from Nietzsche, if there were any point in doing so. All the expositor can do in such a case is to launch himself upon his author's traces relying on his own scent to keep him somewhere near the trail.

To begin with, then, Nietzsche professed a profound contempt for the value of truth as such. In Plato's *Republic* there is a curious passage, which every one will recall, to the effect that every system of government is founded at bottom upon a lie—or more diplomatically, a convention of some sort. So Plato in his turn proposes rather diffidently that in the interests of social distinctions the members of his polity shall be instructed that they are all children of the earth and hence brothers but that they are formed of different metals, some more precious than others. To be sure he apologizes for the grossness of the falsehood, though if he had lived long enough to hear of the infallibility of majorities, he might have spared his self-reproaches. But at all events in his general principle Nietzsche would have cheerfully concurred. According to the latter the test of an idea is not its truth but its utility; that is, its power to abuse society to its own advantage. "The world with which we have to do," he says, "is false—or in other words, it is not a fact but the poetization (*Ausdichtung*) and rounding out of a meagre sum of observations; it is in a state of flux as of something becoming, a constantly self-shifting falsehood, which never approaches truth for—there is no truth." While elsewhere he defines this truth which is not, as "a kind of error without which a certain kind of living being could not exist."

This, then, is the basis of the Nietzschean philosophy—a disbelief in truth as a fruitful and practical human motive. To be sure, men have mistakenly devoted themselves to the pursuit of truth as a high and sacred calling. But whenever they have

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done so, they and the race have suffered for it. "For what has humanity paid the most dearly and for what has it been penalized the most severely?" he demands, and answers pitilessly, "For its truths." What man lives by is illusion, imagination—error. In fact, so riddled and worm-eaten with falsehood is the life of man that it is impossible to comprehend the world as the work of a moral being; its origin is explicable by an artist-creator alone. In his contempt for anything like an absolute standard, in his conception of substance only as a shifting illusion Nietzsche is not so very far removed from the position of the pragmatists. If anything, however, the advantage of clearness, even of honesty is so far on his side. At all events he avoids the confusion, the ambiguity of confounding being with becoming; he declines to apply the term *truth* to a set of connotations which are entirely different. And as usual he suffers the drawback of his honesty. To confess to a philosophy of falsehood would seem in itself enough to discredit the thinker—one reason, perhaps, why the pragmatists have stuck to the name of truth while shuffling away the reality. What confidence are we to place in the conclusions of a moralist who posits the undesirability of truth and the vital necessity of falsehood? The predicament is a serious one: either his ideas are true but worthless or else they are useful but false. Perhaps it would not be improper to speak of this as Nietzsche's intellectual paradox—though as a matter of fact the attentive reader encounters any number of others in attempting to harmonize the utterances of this spasmodic and inconsequent thinker.

At all events his premises involve the disgrace of reason—a position in which he anticipates the anti-intellectualists. Indeed, it is not a little creditable to Nietzsche's shrewdness that almost all our modern heresies—what we are denominating just now our advanced ideas, though they are pre-Socratic, most of them—find an oracular mouthpiece in him—with the one exception of social democracy. He was born to be the prophet of the one-sided and unbalanced. It is they who have made his reputation as it is he who has given them tongue. Only in this instance, as he has continued to use the reason as an instrument of demolition after disqualifying it, he has thrown a certain suspicion upon the soundness of his own coinage.

Be this as it may, thus much of his thought is certain. The fundamental principle of existence is not the thirst for truth—

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that is a sign of decadence; the worst enemy the vital principle has ever known is knowledge. The living instinct is in reality the will to power. Superficially the idea is not unlike the underlying conception of the *Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* and was unquestionably suggested by his study of Schopenhauer—in fact, most of his views are either transformations or inversions. But whereas the latter philosopher sees the whole impulse and motive of existence, formally at least, in the mere desire or will to live, the former sees it in what he considers the vastly more potent instinct of personal expansion and aggrandizement. In simple terms, life is to Schopenhauer nothing more or less than a bad habit, a vice of which we may break ourselves as a race by a kind of passivity or resignation of will. To the author of such a view humanity is bound to seem a sorry spectacle; his system is an unrelieved pessimism centring about the one cardinal virtue of pity. But to Nietzsche, who prides himself upon his optimism —he remarks very shrewdly that no one so badly off as he can afford to be a pessimist; it would look like sheer petulance—to him such an hypothesis as Schopenhauer's is not only temperamentally unacceptable but is inadequate to account for the tremendous vigour and variety, the *élan* of life as he interprets it. Not mere existence is the aim and end of existence, not the bare sustaining of life from day to day, any more than the discovery of truth for its own sake; but assertion, enlargement, development. No being worthy of the name is content with a mere minimum or even a modicum of possession material or other. On such a theory progress, even evolution itself is unthinkable; creation would remain forever stationary; possibility would vanish. But every living creature, plant, and animal alike, is constantly struggling, striving to free its elbows, to stretch its boundaries, to wrench a little more from opportunity. The struggle for existence, with its corollary the survival of the fittest, implies more than passive adaptation to environment; it implies encroachment, aggression, domination whether over nature herself or other organisms. Look at the very character and conditions of nutrition; we must prey upon something living if we ourselves are to live. Conquest is the law of life.

The genesis of the idea, as related by Nietzsche to his sister, is conclusive to its character. It was during the Franco-Prussian War, in which he took part as member of the ambulance train, that he was resting one evening on a stone wall by a little town

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in the trail of the army. All of a sudden he was roused from his reverie by the thundering hoofs of a squadron of horse galloping past, followed by the crashing of a detachment of artillery and the pounding of a body of infantry marching at double-quick. The whole spectacle was so imposing as a display of organized force that "I felt," he says, "for the first time . . . that the strongest and highest will to live does not come to expression in a wretched struggle for existence but as a will to fight, a will to power and domination." Consistently he always prided himself upon his own truculency. In a letter to Brandes, written in the last year of his life, he remarks: "I was born on the battlefield of Lützen; the first name I heard was that of Gustavus Adolphus. . . . I understand the management of two arms, the sabre and the cannon. . . . I am by instinct a brave, even a military animal."

In brief, Nietzsche's fundamental principle is the principle of imperialism, as its genealogy shows. And the worst is that with Nietzsche the conception never rises above its individualistic form. Beyond the imperialism of the individual to the imperialism of the group or nation, much less to that of the race where human expansion may happily find its full activity in the subjugation of nature—to such a collective outlook Nietzsche never attains. His teaching is purely selfish and egotistic and antisocial. It insists that the whole justification of society consists in the production of exceptional individuals. It is for its great men that the state exists; the genius is the sole *raison d'être* of humanity—even his own ethics has no ostensible defence and intention save as the morality of genius. To the "herd," to the "others," who are the mere means or tools for the production and maintenance of the genius, it has no application whatsoever. Slavery, in fact if not in name, is an indispensable institution for the promotion of this one object for which society exists. All great polities and nations have been slave-states, as witness Athens, Sparta, and Rome. As a matter of fact men are divided naturally into just two classes—commanders and obeyers, masters and slaves; and it is only an identical proposition to say that the former are the state. With numbers and averages and complexes he has no patience. At best his ideas may be said to answer to the facts of the physical and biological sciences—that is, the "natural" sciences; with the moral sciences so-called it has nothing to do. Hence its one-sidedness, its deceptive

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appearance of plausibility when viewed physiologically, and its lurking air of insincerity as of one suppressing a portion of the truth, a teller of half the story. And even had Nietzsche supplied the defects in his education by a later study of the newer and more social sciences, he would still have suffered as a moralist from his aristocratic bias. In restricting his attention to the genius—that is, by definition to the exception—and what was worse, to the study of himself as such, he was bound to falsify the moral problem; for the ordinary man, for humanity the main affair of morals must always be a concern for duty, for obligation not for prerogative or privilege; while still further, his ignorance of feminine psychology, of woman, of one entire sex crippled him even more seriously, if anything, as a moral investigator.

To return to Nietzsche's point of view, however, it is evident from what precedes that not truth but the will to power, the instinct of imperialism is the one genuine standard of all values. Since it is the desire for expansion and enlargement which is the vital principle—not the thirst for knowledge or even the modest instinct of self-preservation—it is by the first touchstone that every conception, every institution is finally to be tried. Does it stimulate and increase and exalt the vitality, it is good; does it check or weaken or depress the activities, it is bad. Such, in his view, is the explanation of the particular eminence of Greek tragedy in its best days. And it is remarkable for the persistency of his underlying ideas that the *Birth of Tragedy*, one of his earliest works, should conform in its large outlines to principles which come to definitive expression only years later. That his belief in the will to power should have been inspired by his reading of Greek philosophy seems impossible; it is much more likely that his interpretation of antiquity reflects his study of Schopenhauer. But then consider what Friedrich Schlegel made of the Greeks. There is apparently something peculiarly exciting and unsettling for such unbalanced brains in this particular literature. It is probably on this account that the Greeks whom Nietzsche extols are pre-Socratic; Plato and Euripides represent for him the decadence of philosophy and drama. But in the flourishing of Greek tragedy—a "Dionysian" tragedy—of which Aeschylus marks the term, he sees an heroic attempt on the part of the Greeks to steel their souls to the rigours of life. Neither a weak nor a happy people could have conceived such a drama. His theory of dramatic origins is rather grotesque,

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certainly unconvincing; but it is interesting for the distinction it draws among the faculties, a distinction which serves in a measure as a map of his own mind. According to this classification human nature and with it the sources of human inspiration are partitioned into two parts or sides—the Apollonian and the Dionysian. Roughly, the Apollonian is the intellectual; it is the constructive, architectonic faculty or faculties; the Dionysian is the instinctive, non-plastic, and musical faculty. To be sure these definitions are too clear and definite to represent Nietzsche quite correctly; the characteristic state which he assigns to each is by no means so lucid as my statement would seem to imply. As a matter of fact, it is dreaming which he assigns as the typical activity of the Apollonian spirit, having in mind, I suppose, the vivid evocative and visualizing power of the dream; while to the Dionysian spirit he assigns the typical condition of inebriation or *Rausch*, the state of pregnant though chaotic suggestion. The dream and the *Rausch*—these are the two poles which Nietzsche sets to the axis of human genius. For himself he prefers the latter. In this curious symbolism or mythology Dionysian not only becomes synonymous with oriental and anti-Christian, but it also comes to stand for the natural and universal, in contrast with the rational and intelligible, which are essentially Apollonian. It is the ground of nature—the *bas-fond* evidently—whereon all humanity can meet as on the lap of a common mother. It is the source of vital inspirations, the foundation of native originality. It is the source to which the Greek genius owed its greatness, until those unconscionable reasoners Socrates and Plato and Euripides—men of restraints and inhibitions—succeeded in corrupting it with their colourless discourse and in introducing an Apollonian decadence. It is true, the idea shifts somewhat under Nietzsche's hand; at some periods he himself is more Apollonian than at others, though on the whole it is the emerald effulgence of the orgiastic divinity which fills his pupils and colours his vision. In the main, however, this is the sense of the distinction, whatever face it may wear at any particular moment. Nor is the conception without ingenuity—the sort of perverted ingenuity which was a part of Nietzsche even at his worst. It has the advantage of serving as a kind of symbolic or even mythic interpretation of some of the facts of common experience. There is an analogy, even though fanciful, between intoxication and inspiration—a kind of fecund vagueness of

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consciousness; while the paralysis of the usual inhibitions of sobriety produces a subjective, factitious sense of enlargement and liberty. On the other hand, the brief though vivid splendour of the dream with its penetrating and haunting visions is no bad image of the formative phantasy which shapes and realizes the crowding and inchoate suggestions of the *Rausch*. Such, indeed, is the upshot of Nietzsche's dramatic theories. And further, the association of the two gods themselves is not without significance. In particular, the figure of Dionysus Zagreus dilates in Nietzsche's mind until it has grown into the antithesis to that other sacrifice, the Nazarene, whom he distrusted so—both slain but to what different effect; the one the affirmer and lover of life, the other its denier and evader.

In the meanwhile, before the opposition of Dionysian and Apollonian had assumed quite these proportions, Nietzsche was concerning himself, from the very opening of his second or incoherent period, in testing the reigning morality by the criterion afforded by his will to power. In reality, I am not sure that his condemnation of morality was not fairly complete before he had definitely formulated the principle by which to justify it. Certainly his revolt against morality was the more instinctive and was undoubtedly due to suspicion of it as a hindrance to the free expansion of life and vitality. Judged by the will to might, as Nietzsche understood it, the current morality of his day, as of ours, has not a leg to stand on. It is benumbing, depressing, crippling—a dam to the stream of self-expansion. Like Plato, to whom it is partly due, its last word is restraint and suppression. It inculcates meekness and long suffering, pity and unselfishness, self-denial and repression. Its code is a series of prohibitions; its highest wisdom is to refrain. Like the commandments its mouth is full of do not's. In sum, it is a morality of denial, a no-saying, a veto morality. It is a morality for the weak and dispirited and lowly, in whom resignation and obedience are the cardinal virtues; not for the strong and sanguine and successful, whose merit lies in conquest. It is a slave morality—and from the slave Nietzsche derives it and by the character of the slave he explains it.

For Nietzsche's philosophy the point is capital. Divested of his questionable etymologies and ethnologies, the distinction between the master and the slave morality, upon which his theory of morals depends, is about as follows. Naturally there is nothing

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absolute to Nietzsche about any moral code or standard. He has got rid of the notion of absolute with that of substance. A morality is at bottom a set of expedients originally invented for the advantage or conveniency of its promoters. Such a set of prescriptions becomes petrified or crystallized after a while into something fixed and apparently inalterable. When so set, it exerts a superstitious power over men's minds as of something sacred and irreducible. It is quite possible, however, to resolve these prescriptions into simple elements, to trace them to their origin, and hence to free the mind of their irrational tyranny. As the result of such an investigation he arrives at the conclusion that the original or primary morality was that of the masters. It was what Plato would call the expediency of the powerful. Whatever was to the interest of the controlling or conquering class was approved. They were the makers of values and their might was right. Naturally their own characteristics constituted the virtues. Whatever was distinctive of them was denominated good; whatever was distinctive of the lower or subjugated class or caste, as looked down upon by their superiors, was denominated bad (*schlecht*). From the point of view of these inferiors, however, matters would appear reversed: the attributes of the slaves—patience, gentleness, forbearance, humility, compassion, pacifism—would be regarded as good; whatever distinguished their superiors as compared with them—haughtiness, severity, domination, courage—would be regarded as evil (*böse*). A comparison of the two sets of terms will illuminate the difference —*good* and *bad* as contrasted with *good* and *evil*. And if it is this latter couple which belongs to our moral vocabulary to-day, it is due to the fact that the noble values, the values of the masters, have been dislodged by the mean and belittling values of the slaves—the manly and vigorous virtues by the weak and degenerate ones. This, according to Nietzsche, is the great servile revolution from which the world is suffering to-day. It is the feeble and cowardly who have succeeded in imposing their standards upon the strong and courageous. Unable to conquer the latter, they have taken their revenge by infecting the victors with their own disease until society is utterly rotten and corrupt. This is the first great shift or transvaluation of values, which must be reversed before we can expect to regain our health and strength.

In this servile revolt there have been four chief agents or

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instrumentalities—Socratism and Platonism, Judaism, Christianity, and modern revolutionism. For the authors of these movements Nietzsche is consistently merciless—Socrates, Plato, Jesus, St. Paul, the French Revolution. They figure between them all that he detested most—rationalism and altruism; that is, falsehood and infirmity. What he cannot forgive them is their triumph. As a matter of fact they have transformed morality in their own sense; they have in a manner proved themselves the stronger. They have shown that they too are a force and that there are other forces than the physical and carnal forces to which Nietzsche confines his attention. They are a standing refutation of his philosophy of the will to power. Hence his exasperation. Christianity and alcoholism he couples as the two worst curses of modern civilization. And he means, not the official, the institutional, the political Christianity of the churches, but the Christian ethics—righteousness in our sense, a sense which was shared by Socrates and the Jews, and which was taken up and incorporated in the morality of Christianity. What an age of surprises the nineteenth century was! Here was Nietzsche belabouring it on the one flank for its pusillanimous addiction to Christianity and Tolstoy scourging it on the other for its impious defection from that same Christianity and the poor old century plodding along between them amid the mingled cheers and jeers of the bystanders.

Since the current morality—to continue our pursuit of Nietzsche—is a slave morality, a morality calculated for the comfort and security of weakness, not for the stimulation and encouragement of strength, a morality which is virtually a denial of the vital principle, the will to power—in view of these conclusions it will never be well with the world until a readjustment has been made. For the advantage of the race there is needed a rectification—or in Nietzsche's own words, a transvaluation—of values. It is in this sense that he calls himself an "immoralist," not that he has no discipline to recommend but that he denies the validity of what passes for morality nowadays. This morality may be all very well for the lower classes, for the "cattle-men," who need a "cattle-morality," for the *Vielzuviele* and the *Ueberflüssige*. But before life can attain its fulness, before life can "surpass itself," there must be a counter-revolution in favour of the strong and masterful.

It is at this point that Nietzsche's work of construction

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actually begins—with the introduction of the superman. The superman may be defined in a general way as the consummation of humanity. It is not a new type or species produced by the process of evolution—with respect to evolution as such Nietzsche has his reserves; the superman is, in Nietzschean phraseology, an instance of life surpassing itself. In other words, he is a being who lives successfully in accordance with the will to power. Since society is justified, not by its average, but by its exceptions, he is the acme of society properly understood. He is the glorification of conquest, who, in order to triump hover others, has learned to triumph over himself. He has learned to say "yes" to life, to will it with all its pains and horrors. For since it is but weakness to revolt or strive against a fate greater than oneself, the superman must school himself to will with fate. *Amor fati!* Then what is, is in accordance with his will too. He must will even the everlasting recurrence—in Nietzsche's opinion the most sublime of human conceptions, at once the most awful and the most consoling of truths and the most searching test of the superman's superiority.

Like most of Nietzsche's dogmas the everlasting recurrence is nothing new. It is to be found in antiquity—most modern ideas are; but what is more singular, it was put forward by two Frenchmen at about the same time with Nietzsche—a certain Blanqui and the well known Dr. Le Bon. Stated in so many words it sounds almost puerile. For this reason I had better translate Nietzsche's version of it.

"The world of forces suffers no diminution; for otherwise it had grown weak in the course of infinity, and perished. The world of forces suffers no pause; for otherwise the period had been reached and the clock of being were still. The world of forces never attains an equilibrium; it has never a moment of rest, its power and its movement are equally great at every time. Whatever condition the world can reach it must have reached, and not once but often. So of this instant; it was there once already and many times, and will recur again; and so with the instant which bore this and with that which is the child of the present. Man! Thy whole life is ever and again reversed like an hourglass and ever and again runs out—a great moment of time between until all the conditions out of which thou hast come return again in the circuit of the world. And then thou shalt find again every grief and every joy and every friend and every foe and every hope and every error and every blade of grass and every ray of sunshine—the whole concatenation of all things. This ring in which thou art a portion gleams ever again. And in every ring of human life in general there is always an hour when first to one, then to many, then to

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all the mightiest thought appears, that of the everlasting return of all things—that is always for humanity the hour of midday."

Alone in the Engadine when this stupendous revelation struck him, Nietzsche says, he was almost prostrated by the insupportable horror of the thought. It is characteristic of his scientific naïveté that he should have attached any importance to such a notion. As a matter of fact, however, he makes it the crucial test of his man of power—the latter's ability to bear this vision of disheartening repetition and to will this too with the rest of life—yes, even to rejoice in it. Indeed, it is just this ordinance of fate which makes the superman necessary—for Nietzsche is not always guiltless of using his conclusions to prove his premises—the superman alone is capable of bearing up against it; only the superman can live and flourish under such a dispensation.

Such, then, is the superman in silhouette. He is the victor (the *Sieger*) and hence the maker of values. He is the affirmer (the *Ja-sagende*) and hence the giver to humanity of significance and direction. The inconsistency of imparting direction to that which is ordained to a circular revolution or of significance to that which has no aim or goal seems never to have occurred to Nietzsche.. But then it would be only too easy to pick out contradictions among his scattered and unassembled statements. Nietzsche does not reason, he apprehends; he does not prove, he affirms. I have already spoken of that characteristic of his mind which seems to me to serve as a handy expression for most of his peculiarities—its susceptibility to polarization; and the same expression will apply as well here to that repulsion from his own being which resulted in the type of the superman as embodied in Zarathustra. And to those who are satiated with the present cult of futility, the glorification of the amiable, good-natured weakling, the protest as such ought not to be wholly antipathetic.

It should not be supposed, however, that the superman of whom Nietzsche dreamed is a creature of unbridled passions and uncurbed impulses. For the perfection of such a human being, when once bred, there is requisite a long and arduous discipline. He is not a *force qui va* like Victor Hugo's heroes. Nietzsche, unscientific as he was in the sense of any particular branch of science, had not lived in a scientific age wholly for nothing. His ideal is the old ideal of violence, to be sure; but it has been modified by the physical and biological ideas of the time. The differ-

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ence between his notion and Victor Hugo's is measured by the change which the conception of "nature" and "natural" has undergone in the interval. His ideal is still that of the "natural" man as was Rousseau's, the man without a higher law or will than his own—though what concessions he has to make to secure the supremacy of that will in schooling himself to will what is, I have already pointed out; but that in itself is a kind of discipline undreamed of by Rousseau. It might seem, indeed, as though Nietzsche surrendered the whole point here—and it must be confessed that it is harder to reconcile his constructive than his destructive inconsistencies; but if he does yield anything, he is quite unconscious of doing so. To this Rousseauist conception of the "natural" man, the man of force or violence or impulse of 1830 or thereabouts, he has added the idea of "efficiency," a later and "scientific" idea. In a word, Nietzsche's whole thought might be described as the marriage of the romanticism and the scientificism—if I may be allowed the word—or the inhumanism of the nineteenth century. Accordingly his idea of power may be defined as force plus "efficiency." To the early romanticists "efficiency" was a small matter—in fact, an "efficient" hero would hardly have been a romantic one. To the scientific romanticists, the physical and biological romanticists in general and Nietzsche in particular it is everything. And perhaps it is in this manner that he would justify the *amor fati*. In any case discipline is necessary to this end; there is no power, no conquest without it. His training may be summed up in a precept from the superman's bible, *Zarathustra:* "Be hard." Let the slaves and the underlings retain the soft and emasculate morality of Christianity and humanitarianism, the superman must be hard, not only to others but to himself—harder, indeed, to himself than others. These, perhaps, are the two most comprehensive commandments for the superman: "Be hard" and "Live dangerously."

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IN DEFENCE OF THE PROFESSOR WHO PUBLISHES

I

At the present time, when our whole educational system is under criticism, it would be remarkable if any tendency in university life were to escape the searching scrutiny of laity and schoolmen. University ideals and university organization have been exploited in books and articles without number. Everybody has taken part in the work of defining the respective powers of president and board, of determining the scope of student self-government, and the appropriate relations of the university to the community at large. With these large problems discussed to the point of universal exhaustion, we may well turn our attention to others, apparently, at least, of minor importance. Of these one that has long excited concern in the faculties and has occasionally received cursory treatment in the general press, is that of the professor who publishes.[1]

One who has a statistical turn of mind might well question why a class so small, relatively to the numbers engaged in teaching, and a mere vanishing point, relatively to the general population, should be elevated to the rank of a "problem." By many this class is supposed to represent a tendency which, if not checked, will sap away the vitality of our higher institutions of learning. Preoccupation with literary and scientific composition, so it is alleged, diverts the attention of the teacher from his primary function. He is likely to scamp his class work in order to reserve all his energies for his private researches. It is asserted, further, that there is a certain incompatibility between the teacher's temperament and the writer's. The true teacher must possess that congeries of characteristics known as "personality," while the academic writer is characterized by an aloofness from the ordinary interests of men, a homing impulse of the mind toward the world of the unseen. A university that encourages publishing on the part of its faculty members will naturally

[1] In academic speech, *to publish* is used intransitively, like *to skate* or *to dance*. This is indicative of the general judgment, that the value of the results of publishing activity is negligible.

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select the writing type, to the utter demoralization of its instruction.

Another point in the indictment is that junior members of faculties are subjected to a frightful pressure "to publish." This not only reduces them to a condition akin to that of the peasants under the *corvée* system, but also forces them into a premature espousal of doctrines that in later years they must either abandon, to the prejudice of their reputation for consistency, or spend themselves in defending, to the prejudice of their scientific development. There are cited instances of men whose lives have been devoted chiefly to the buttressing of positions they had thus inconsiderately occupied; and other instances of men who have escaped this unhappy consequence, but who are none the less forced to plead guilty to the charge of having added to the mass of worthless books—books that cumber the library shelves and retard the progress of all subsequent investigators, who, according to academic rule, must survey the existing literature before venturing upon original research.

II

One who attacks a tendency is justified, morally, in the use of exaggeration. A tendency, by its very nature, is destined to grow; describe it in its existing state, and you suppress most of its meaning. The suppleness of the tiger cub, the precocious alertness of the savage child are properly to be interpreted in terms of future disembowellings of cattle and burning of villages. Accordingly, it is no satisfactory disposition of the issue to say that they who view with alarm the increasing mass of academic publication greatly exaggerate the present evil. Still, the fact that they do exaggerate is worth emphasizing. There is not, in any university, a considerable body of professors who permit their literary activities to detract seriously from their teaching efficiency. Some execrable teachers, it is true, are distinguished writers; but so also are some of our best and most inspiring teachers. There are few universities that do not harbour a certain number of unsatisfactory teachers who never publish a line. A pressure to publish does exist, in the sense that many universities take published writings into account in balancing the competing claims of their faculty members to promotion. Yet there is probably not one American university in which a

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brilliant record for success in the class room or for efficient administrative work is not rewarded by the highest honours in the gift of the university. Junior members of departments are often urged by their superiors to undertake serious work, with a view to ultimate publication, but they are seldom urged to publish in haste. "A good book won't make you but a bad book will break you," is a saw in general use among department heads.

More serious is the pressure exerted, not by one's immediate colleagues or by the university authorities, but by the opinion of the rank and file of one's special branch of the profession. A teacher of English literature is called to a chair in a great university. At once every teacher of literature in the country, from the oldest department head to the newest instructor, demands, "What has he done?" And this usually means, "What has he written?" If he has written nothing, he may safely assure himself that the next question bandied about in the learned societies will be, "*Why* was he called?" And this is equivalent to the political query, "Where did he get it?"

III

A pressure to publish exists; and it is a growing pressure. In the course of this essay an attempt will be made to show why such pressure is inevitable; for the present, let us examine some of its more obvious consequences. What of its effect upon the scholarship of those who are subjected to it? It is almost inevitably salutary. If you want to know how many gaps there are in your knowledge of a subject, try writing a book on it. If you want to demonstrate your capacity for giving impartial asylum to the most antagonistic doctrines, write a book. It is true that after writing it you may still remain unconscious, for a time, of the lacunæ in your reasoning and the contradictions in your system. But your critics will help you to discover them. You may never attain to perfect knowledge, but under the lash of criticism, applied vigorously at successive exposures of yourself, you will yield to improvement.

There are, to be sure, less painful methods of self-improvement than this. Informal discussion with one's colleagues, the questioning of one's students, serve to clear up many doctrinal obscurities. Yet it is astonishing how many gross errors survive the assaults of oral debate. One's colleagues are occupied with

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their own problems, and have little time for plucking motes, or even beams, out of their neighbours' eyes. And students do not, as a rule, take seriously the duty of educating their professors. Granting their competence, students are by nature polite and generous; and besides, the professor has in his own hands the machinery of marking. If informal criticism is ever effectively administered, it is likely to follow upon a published work well mangled by the critics.

We have learned that it is unsafe to leave our public accounts unaudited. Once we believed that our public officials were almost universally honest and efficient, and that the general vigilance of good citizens was so keen that occasional lapses from rectitude would quickly be detected. But we found that we had reason to rue this fatuous confidence. Is it presumptuous to suggest that our university teachers should, from time to time, open their intellectual accounts to an expert auditing? Nobody suspects that, in the great majority of instances, the reports would be other than highly creditable. But it is not merely an idle surmise that many irregularities, of which the subject under investigation may himself be unaware, would thus be eliminated. And now and then, conceivably, a huge defaulter, a persistent falsifier of his books, would be whipped into the open. Publication, from this point of view, is not a private indulgence, but a public obligation. It is our one adequate safeguard against intellectual defalcation.

IV

A faculty community appears, to the superficial observer, like the nearest approach to Eden that can exist in this age of steel. It is an association of men of like mind, devoted to the most congenial of all pursuits, enjoying, as a rule, a fair degree of leisure, security of position, and liberty of thought. But alas, there are very few of these Edens uninfested with the serpents of discontent and envy. The source of the evil appears to be the slowness and irregularity of promotions. Our navy, it is said, is seething with discontent because, as conditions stand, an ensign cannot hope to attain to a lieutenancy before his fortieth year. But it is the exceptional case where the university teacher rises, by his fortieth year, to a position comparable, in dignity and emoluments, with that of a naval lieutenant. The situation is

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unfortunate, but nobody in particular seems to be responsible for it. Our universities are competitive institutions, and each one is forced to present a well rounded curriculum. Since funds are limited, and the curriculum must expand with the times, it is frequently necessary to fill the place of a retiring professor by the appointment of several instructors, at low salaries, for whose regular promotion no provision can be made. It is accordingly inevitable that many faculties should contain strata of officers suffering under a chronic feeling of legitimate hopes deferred.

But not all in the same class fare equally ill. One is offered a chair in a competing institution, and the authorities stretch a point to retain him. Another succeeds in winning a wide following among the students—one point, but not a conclusive one, in the record of efficiency. He, too, is promoted. A third gains the general esteem of the community through his social graces, and is advanced. A fourth wins promotion through bitter need, not too stoically borne. The rest—many with the consciousness of equally valid claims—are put off with promises. Is it to be wondered at that there are faculties in which almost every man's hand is raised against his colleagues?

But even in such unfavoured groups you will find some who are ever serene. Pour your own grievances into their ears, and their eyes focus upon the distance; their faces assume a fixed expression of sympathy, less consolation than animated indifference. Call their attention to their own grievances; it is hate's labour lost. It is superfluous to say, these are the men with books on the stocks. If I were a university president, loving harmony, but forced by financial straits to pay my professors, in part, with promises, I should take pains to make the proportion of mere promise large in the case of men who are writing books. Those who never write at all I should endeavour to pay in hard cash. Thus could I barter justice, a great good, for peace, the greatest good of all. Or better, I should try to man the institution entirely with writers of books. Thus could I dispense altogether with justice—excellent, but expensive commodity!

This obvious principle of scientific management has never, in the knowledge of the writer, been acted upon by any university president. Possibly it has wholly escaped the notice of the university authorities; in which case it is treasonable to call their attention to it. But the point at issue is one to be enforced, *per fas et nefas*. Discontent in the instructing staff is one of the most

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serious evils in our university system. The discontented teacher cannot possibly display that enthusiasm for ideals without which the most perfect pedagogic technique is machinery fit for nothing but the scrap heap. Now, discontent cannot flourish in an institution where the customary salutation is not "How do you do?" but "How does the book?"

V

It was not necessary, in the golden age of the old American college, either to pay the professor well or to open to him the pursuit of literary achievement. Mark Hopkins and his disciple, securely established on a log—what was lacking in this perfect educational institution? There are those who say that Mark Hopkins is a myth, like Lycurgus and Romulus and Remus. I refuse to believe it. At all events, the relation of master and disciple, illustrated in the story, is not mythical. That relation did once exist. From the time when Aristotle walked and taught until within the memory of living men, it retained its vitality. It still retains it in India and Thibet. Possibly, too, in many a remote fresh-water college in our own country. But in our great universities of to-day, the relation of teacher and student has undergone a transformation. It is no longer that of master and disciple, but that of master workman and apprentice. A consequence, perhaps, of the grafting of the practical upon liberal education.

According to the ancient tradition, liberal education was best given by word of mouth. The disciple seated himself at his master's feet and garnered the golden words falling from his master's lips. Practical instruction was given by example. An apprentice seating himself at his master's feet would have instantly been subjected to severe discipline. Master and apprentice worked side by side, and only through work well executed could the master win the respect of the apprentice.

To command the respect of his students the teacher of to-day must execute some work of his own. Students of engineering expect their instructors to build substantial bridges and serviceable retaining walls. Students of surgery expect their instructors to perform miracles with the knife. This, of course, is nothing remarkable; such disciplines are closely analogous to the crafts. But what is really remarkable is the tendency of the modern

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student to extend the requirement to the liberal disciplines. If you keep your ears open as you pass through the corridors you will hear, "He knows all about the technique of poetry, but he can't write even a limerick." Or, "He can pull down any philosophical system, but he can't put up a system of his own." Or a garbled quotation from Shaw, "Those who can, do; those who cannot, teach."

The student of to-day has lost faith in golden words. The gold will come off, he is quite sure. Works he believes in. In this he is in accord with the spirit of the age. The booth of the seer is deserted; the wizard draws the crowd. The teacher's performance must extend beyond his teaching, or he is no longer sufficiently respected to be fully effective.

Must his activity take the form of writing for publication? Not necessarily. He may hold a governorship, organize a trust, stage an opera. But for the great majority of teachers "publishing" is the indicated mode of doing. Besides, it answers best the practical ideal of a master teaching his proper craft by example as well as by precept.

In short, the "good teacher" of to-day must present characteristics other than those of the days of Socrates and Mark Hopkins. It is said that when the guilds were in their prime, a tongue-tied master was eagerly sought after, as one likely to train his apprentices exceptionally well. The writer numbers among his acquaintances a professor, who, if not tongue-tied, is hardly more intelligible in his discourses than a man thus curbed in speech. He is a prolific writer, and has been successful, far beyond the ordinary measure, in inspiring in his students a sincere love of science and a zeal to contribute to its advancement. Another acquaintance of the writer's has the gift of tongues. Even in these unenthusiastic days, students will cut other classes, under serious penalties, to hear him lecture. But of the thousands who have listened to his words, not one has risen to continue his work. Which is the better teacher, according to the need of the time?

VI

It is a mistaken view that academic duties and academic honours ever filled the professor's life completely. Even in the best period of the old college, the professor's position in the

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community at large was of vital concern to him. That position was an enviable one. The colleges were intellectual oases in the midst of a desert of the scarcely lettered. The young graduate went forth into the desert with infinite regret, feeling that he might never again enjoy the benefits of enlightened society. If ever he did return to drink at the Pierian spring (delicious phrase, which nobody dares to use nowadays) his respect for his old preceptor was in nowise abated. But the yearly sending forth of ever increasing graduating classes from ever more numerous institutions has at last saturated the community. There is scarcely a city so small that it does not boast its "university club," capable of satisfying all reasonable demands for intellectual society. And the intellectualism of these societies is stronger and more human than that of undergraduate days as the man is stronger and more experienced than the boy. The alumnus of to-day looks back upon college life, not as to a white peak surmounted in the strength of youth, but as to a grassy foothill, appropriate to the boy's immaturity. The world has grown so big that the college, though it burst itself in its attempts at expansion, remains small. Small, the great wits of the class. Small, the splendid victories of the college teams. Small, the devoted teachers who were heart and soul with the boys, in their games and loves and hates, as in their tasks in library and laboratory.

It is not that the returned alumnus intentionally makes himself a mouthpiece of the world's estimates. Did returned alumni ever praise more fervently or shout more loudly? They praise too fervently and their voices crack. And now and then you hear the genial inquiry, "Are you still teaching the boys so and so?" No hostile criticism is intended; indeed, your questioner is likely to add: "It did me lots of good; I think it's just the right kind of dope, at that stage." At that stage? We were once the end of the intellectual process, but now we are a stage in it, and an early one.

And the students, who are so slow to catch what you are trying to teach them, are quick to catch what the world thinks, but, for their good, tries to keep from them. They know they are in an early stage, more or less a play stage. And their faculty playfellows, who are devoting themselves without reservation to the game—these they consider to be in an amiable state of arrested development.

It has long been known that the profession of college teaching

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is securing its recruits from the lesser colleges. The graduates from the greater universities go into law, journalism, medicine, business—anything—but not into teaching. It is alleged that the reason is that modern youth is materialistic, and demands greater rewards than college teaching affords. But youth is never materialistic. Youth demands a career of promise. And what kind of promise is arrested development?

The main current of intellectual life is now flowing outside of the college dikes. The hundreds of thousands of college-trained men in the general community surpass overwhelmingly in numbers the students now in the colleges. Some of them have forgotten all they learned in college, and have acquired no new wisdom; but these are the exceptions. As a body, the graduates make up the really significant intellectual public; and only through his ability to establish relations with this public can the professor regain his old position of intellectual leadership. The problem is difficult, but a solution must be found for it if our institutions are still to be manned with the ambitious. It is possible that preoccupation with this problem may involve loss in efficiency of instruction. This would be unfortunate; but would we choose the alternative of a body of university teachers who have renounced their claim to intellectual leadership in the community?

VII

Not merely the conditions of the material environment and the character of the intellectual world, but the truth itself, the object and meaning of all academic activity, has been subjected to metamorphosis during the last generation. Time was when truth was marble, changeless, eternal. To gain a vision of it, in its full beauty, was difficult indeed; but once you were possessed of it, the truth was yours by right of ownership. Thereafter your duty was plain: patiently to fit glass after glass upon the myopic eyes of the disciple until he, too, saw the truth plain, as you saw it. But James taught us that truth works, and Bergson is teaching us that it lives. And therewith all vested intellectual interests have become abrogated. For what works and lives, ceaselessly renews itself with the generations and must be forever reconquered. You cannot win the truth and keep it. It is your lot tirelessly to pursue it; through all the ins and outs of appear-

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ance. And if you do grasp it, and subjugate it to your uses, the chances are that it dies in your hand.

Such, at all events, is the truth we live by, and the world knows it well. What then must be the world's estimate of the man who has abandoned the quest, in order to display effectively the truths of a bygone age? To the world he is a museum attendant, expatiating upon the habits of a thing he has never seen living, nor even newly dead. The world is charitable, and willing to grant that some of the abundant hours of the youths should thus be spent futilely. But the urbane father urges his son not to take his class work too seriously; there are other features of college life of greater importance. And this is true if the college is anything other than a guild of masters and apprentices, seriously bent upon the work of finding and fashioning new truth.

It is of course not essential that new truth should take form in published works. No master ever pursued the truth more ardently than Socrates, who never wrote books. There are original modern thinkers who expend their zeal wholly upon oral instruction, or even in secret communion with their own souls. So there are ardent hunters who do not stoop to pick up the birds they bring down. The economic waste is not serious, perhaps; but the art of hunting would not long survive if the practice became general.

VIII

Enough of metaphysics. In terms of common sense, our institutions of learning will be more effective in their work of instruction, more attractive to the ambitious, of greater weight in the whole intellectual world, when the right and the duty of productive scholarship receive more general recognition. But what of the need for the multitudinous contributions that would result? Are we not already groaning under the flood of books—ten thousand a year, most of them seriously intended? Are not our librarians clamouring for an armistice, our critics organizing a movement for "fewer books and better ones"?

To a visitor from the country New York appears to have altogether too many people. It is impossible to conceive the manifold social needs to be subserved by working humanity; accordingly any great multitude seems to consist chiefly of the superfluous. But let anyone master completely the relations

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between service required and personnel properly equipped, and the sense of a general superfluity of population will fall away. And so, when we read publishers' statistics we are overwhelmed with a sense of the magnitude of the volume of printed matter; and we are likely to conclude that we have too many books. But what specialist can honestly say that the literature in his field is adequate?

"You would suppose," says the editor of a work of reference, "that such topics as the Noachian Deluge and the Exodus from Egypt would by this time have been completely wound up; that scholars would have said everything on them worth saying. Not so: these topics appear to be as alive as Syndicalism and the I. W. W."

Is it merely the problems of interest only to the few that receive inadequate treatment in the existing literature? Not at all. What can be more important than the fate of a great social class? For half a century the Socialists have been loudly proclaiming that the middle class is doomed to be crushed between the growing self-conscious proletariat and the steadily increasing weight of the plutocracy. Have you not yourself beheld the spectacle of middle-class neighbours engaged in a losing struggle to maintain their independence? A point in favour of the Socialist contention. But do you not see the increasing anxiety on the face of the man of millions, as he scans the world for an asylum where his possessions will be safe against the increasing exactions imposed by middle-class legislatures? Did you not hear the full-throated baying of "Big Business" ten years ago, and are not its plaintive whinings now in your ears? Should not you and I like to know how matters really stand with the middle class? Let us turn to the literature. What do we find? Unseasoned conjectures. Propagandist material. Museums of two-edged statistics. Of scientific inquiry, a little; but at the very cardinal points, where you feel certainty almost within your grasp, the literature fails you; you are thrust back into the waves of partisan hope and partisan despair.

Perhaps you are so broad in your views that the fate of a class cannot interest you. Should you not be interested in knowing something of the fate of your race? The white race, that just now plays so commanding a *rôle* in the world's history: what of its future? Can it persist in all the territories it now occupies; or is it to be overwhelmed, even in its original habitat,

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by the growing masses of black, brown, and yellow? Will a future age merely conjecture its existence from ancient myths of fairies with blond hair, and cave-haunting wizards with uncanny eyes of cruel blue?[1] You and I would like, for an idle hour, at least, a reasoned horoscope of the white race. Not a stupefying bibliography from the Library of Congress, ten thousand titles of fact and myth. Just a book, to satisfy our curiosity, to warn us whether our children's children, to preserve our physical immortality and theirs, must take refuge in miscegenation. Of course there is no such book, you will say: nobody knows enough to write it. And that is the point I am making.

We need more books. Multitudes of recondite studies, of meaning only to the specialist, to be digested in a lesser multitude, by the great authorities; and these, in turn, to be reduced to just a few real books, for the use of you and me, who wish to learn, but have our own living to make and could not take time for all the painful survey of materials, even if our single minds could achieve the task.

The work that needs to be done is vast; it will require the co-operation of persons of every class who have the taste for research and the leisure to gratify it. There is no class, however, which might be expected to furnish so many writers, in proportion to its numbers, as the college teachers. All of them have access to considerable collections of materials; they all have thrust upon them, in the course of their teaching duties, a realization of the inadequacy of the existing literature. When all is said of the manifold tasks resting upon them, it must still be admitted that they have a fair degree of leisure. Their financial resources are usually modest; and the writing of books is one of the cheapest of all means of employing leisure. The labour is one which, for the most part, will bring no other personal reward than a consciousness of work well done. Our college teachers are already schooled to work upon such terms. All that society needs to do, in order to enrol them as recruits in its

[1] The legends of the "brownies," it has often been suggested, point to the vestiges of a race of pygmies, once widely distributed in Northern Europe, and driven to caves and impenetrable forests by the advance of taller races. As for "cruel blue," a Japanese friend once remarked to the writer that he could not reconcile the prevailing mildness of character of North Europeans with the cruelty expressed by blue eyes. Travellers in Africa, Australia, and the Orient have occasionally noted the horror inspired in native children by a glance from blue eyes.

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service, is to manifest its expectation that such work should be done.

IX

Were it possible here to set forth in detail all the advantages to scholarship, to teaching, to the general intellectual life of society, that flow from active participation by the teaching corps in the work of publication, it would appear altogether incredible that any one should attempt to discourage such work. In as far as opposition to writing takes its origin in the faculties themselves, the explanation is simple. It is a manifestation of the same spirit that makes the trade unionist detest a peace-maker. Unlike the taste for talking, which is innate, the taste for writing must be acquired. Not everyone who has leisure will be at the pains to acquire it. In most of our college communities a pleasant social existence is possible; most of them provide facilities for delightful, but time-consuming athletic pursuits. It is natural that many teachers should prefer the career of a "well-rounded man" to that of an assiduous devotee of the study. It is a preference that is entirely justifiable in itself. Who shall say that "life" is not worth more than books? But "life" is not subject to accumulation, like a row of books extending gradually across a shelf. One may cherish honest convictions as to the uselessness of accumulations, and still find it difficult to love those who have them.

But more fundamental is our natural hostility to those who assume an attitude of demanding that we give our attention to strange and apparently futile matters. There is a certain able scholar before whose face I flee, if avenue of escape offers. He is absorbed in the Geat question. Do I know what the Geat question is? No. Do I want to know what it is? *A fortiori*, no! Something very important may turn on the Geat question, for aught I know. But I intend to let it turn, before I waste any attention upon it.

And this example suggests the most fundamental of all reasons for hostility to general and promiscuous publishing activities on the part of professors. Most of the work will be mediocre, of limited value, if of any value at all. Only a genius can write a really important book. Now, genius is no doubt as widely distributed among professors as in the general population—say,

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one in a half-million. But we have not half a million professors; nor even a fiftieth of a million.

Accordingly, the weary critics will say, let none of them publish. Let us have no books, if not the works of genius. Just so the weary traveller would wish away the interminable stretches of barren plain and monotonous foothills to be traversed before the high peaks of the Rockies can be attained. How glorious those mountains would be if they rose directly from the sea-level, sheer cliff above dizzy slope, to the white glaciers in the clouds! But geology tells us, without the uptilting plain, the Rockies would not even reach the snow line. Nor have we ever had works of genius rising from the sea-level of unorganized experience. Homer and Shakespeare are merely white peaks rising above lofty plateaus.

There was never an age so greatly in need of advancing knowledge as the present. Our material environment is infinitely more complex than that upon which our forefathers shaped their characters. Our movings to and fro upon the earth have brought us into contact with strangers of all races and have deprived us of the moral support of our kin. Our forefathers had a body of fixed values to live by; we, however, daily find every value we cherish called into question by those whose standards are other than ours. New values must be established, or the business of life will assume the form of a blind auction. Such values exist, but we have not yet the light by which to see them. The need of the time is a Prometheus. Of the appearance of a Prometheus there is no present hope; but we can, if we choose, provide ourselves with an army of Promethidia, each carrying a spark, and, in their collectivity, providing a sufficient illumination.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

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FRENCH OPINION OF OUR CIVIL WAR

In these days when America is the spectator of world war, it is of increased interest to notice the views of Europe when America was the battle ground itself. An awakening interest in this study has recently impressed upon our public the paramount importance of the English attitude toward the war; and our vast debt to Cobden, Bright, and John Stuart Mill and other English Liberals has stirred the national gratitude. The Liberals of France played an equal *rôle*. Their voice, not loud but deep, operated to curb the opportunism and militancy of Napoleon III and his cabinet of adventurers. The spirit of liberalism was abroad in the world, and Europeans instinctively recognized the Unionists as champions of a common cause wherein all lovers of humanity claimed a stake.

The nineteenth century witnessed the popularizing of liberalism. Only the Titans of the eighteenth century had burst the chains wherewith bigotry had held the world enslaved. In an age of "enlightened despots" the masses had remained in outer darkness. It was not till the nineteenth century that the first fruits of emancipation were garnered into a new social consciousness. The philosophy of voices crying in the wilderness had become the practical creed of the average man. The common man was to animate, if not to dominate, the nineteenth century, and with his newly awakened instincts of democracy, he clung to liberalism. The attitude of the toiler, were he English, or were he French, was to be a most unwonted and astonishing factor in governmental policy. Whether blind or intelligent, this attitude was instinctively liberal.

From the outset, the new spirit pervaded the French attitude toward the American Civil War. But the intense conservatism of the French character, the prestige of the Empire fresh from its laurels in Italy, the recrudescent popularity of the Orleanists, and the presence of the Roman Church, far more weighty in the councils of the Second Empire than in those of the Third Republic, created a complex of forces all of which influenced, no one of which wholly dominated, national policy. The following

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notes may serve as a sort of parallelogram of those forces which guided the American diplomacy of Napoleon III.

The aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain may be said to have favoured the Union. The action of the Comte de Paris and the Prince de Joinville in serving with McClellan carried with it the loyalty of the Orleanist party, and drawing-room gossip credited them with more than mere sabre assistance to Lincoln's government. The Prince de Joinville was declared to have swung the balance in favour of surrendering Mason and Slidell to the demands of England, an inestimable service if true. The Princes' military service had a diplomatic importance because the more their popularity increased in France, the more hostile became Napoleon's government toward the side which they espoused. In carrying out the traditions of La Fayette and Rochambeau, the Orleans Princes won a deserved respect both in America and at home; but the Cabinet at Washington recognized the peril of antagonizing Napoleon, and the return of the Princes to Europe was more a relief than a regret. The rising tide of Orleanism was a menace against which Napoleon always stood guard, and his official press relaxed in anti-Union bitterness the moment the Princes withdrew. The Princes were well advised; for their position would have been awkward in the not impossible event of war between the United States and France, had they retained their commissions till its outbreak. Within the Federal lines or in the great world of Europe, it remained true of the Comte de Paris that "a more loyal and ardent *American* does not exist than this King's son."

In as far as popular sentiment could restrain an autocrat, the neutrality of France was due to Liberals. A true instinct told them that popular government was facing its supreme test and that its future in Europe depended upon its success in America. The Liberals were capable of sacrifices for an ideal, and their sympathy, which the South had hoped to win by its free-trade theory, was faithful to the enemies of slavery. Overlook as he might the mote of Northern tariff, no Liberal could ignore the beam of Southern slavery. *Le Pays* alone of all the Paris papers dared to come out unequivocally for the South. Not even *Le Moniteur* and the government-inspired press could defy the Frenchman's inborn, inbred hatred for slavery. The great reviews, *La Revue des Deux Mondes* and *La Revue Contemporaine*, were unfailing in their denunciation of the "peculiar institution."

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But most clarion of the literary notes was the ringing testimony of Agénor de Gasparin, the greatest advocate of human rights then living in France, a prophet who dared to rebuke the sins of his people and whose faith in "*la Justice ne peut mal faire*" is ever marching to fulfilment.

If Liberal efforts had been confined to literature, Napoleon might have snapped his fingers at academic theories, but they were not. The years of the Civil War were marked by constantly decreasing government majorities in the Corps Législatif. The Liberal campaign of 1863, Napoleon's last opportunity for plausible interference in America, was particularly energetic with such intellectual giants as Jules Favre, Émile Ollivier, Thiers, and Montalembert for leaders. In 1857 the combined opposition parties had seated only five deputies; in 1863 they named thirty-five. Even more significant was the popular vote. An opposition of 571,000 in 1857 had grown to 1,900,000 in 1863. In the face of Thiers's threat that the people might take their liberties if government continued to deny them, Napoleon ran too great a risk if he were to shock the deepest instincts of his people by pro-slavery aggression.

According to the more advanced Liberal thought, Napoleon had done quite enough injury to humanity by not coming out boldly in 1861 with the assurance that he would never recognize the existence of a people the cornerstone of whose liberty was slavery. That is the doctrine of Paul Boiteau in a very able article, defining slavery as a fundamental issue—states-rights, racial antipathies, even the tariff being empty pretexts. The longer the war continued, he pointed out, the more complete would be the ruin of slavery and of a revolt which was "the most impudent and most odious insult which has ever been cast upon modern ideas of civilization."

The sincerity of French Liberals is the more convincing because they were well aware of the strange blindness of the American public which persistently refused to see the real Napoleon and which openly sympathized with him in his conflict with the best friends we had, the intellectual and moral lights of France. They followed our military conquests with admiration. Their enthusiasm was for our moral victories. No characteristic of the war impressed them more than the dominance of the civil over the military authority; no single incident more than the reprimand to General Sherman for exceeding his instructions in

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offering terms to the enemy. In the hour of victory these men of ideals wrought for mercy, and while forty thousand of them were subscribing toward a Lincoln Memorial, their leaders were pleading with President Johnson to "be generous in victory . . . May his [Lincoln's] be the last blood shed." Our debt to these men of thought and men of action is past computing. Our existence as a nation depended upon the self-restraint of Europe, and Europe met the crisis.

One great cause for an increase in the Liberal vote was the discontent of the working classes who had enjoyed too small a share in the expansion of wealth in the decade before 1860. The conflict of interest with their employers had shown the workingmen that their advantage lay in free trade, and in this policy Napoleon had their support as well as that of Liberal leaders. Now it is inconceivable that these workers who understood their own interests so intelligently in the matter of the tariff should have failed to comprehend even more clearly the vital necessity of a free and normal supply of cotton for the enormous spinning industry which flourished about Rouen. Equally patent, if prosperity were to continue, was the necessity of an American market for French goods. Even in April, 1861, St. Étienne was starving because the American market for silk was dead. The Morrill tariff laid a crushing burden upon the wine and distilling interests. Before the war was two years old, the suffering in the cotton-spinning centres of Nantes, Cholet, Clisson, and Rouen was pitiful, worse even than in the Manchester district because French relief methods were less efficient than English. Somewhat later, the misery was so great that no French newspaper would have been permitted to describe it. In face of such widespread distress one would look for ardent labour support for a Napoleonic programme of intervention which should put an end to the American war and restore the equilibrium of the market. Why then was this support lacking or so negligible as not to warrant Napoleon in his project? For one thing, labour was less articulate than now. No united federation proclaimed its will and dictated to governors and congresses. For another, labour sentiment was far from a unit. While the coarse cottons of the North were shut down and famine stalked abroad, the fine cottons of Lille employing more hands and less raw material were abundantly prosperous with 1,200,000 spindles in full operation. A sudden peace would throw two million bales of cotton upon the

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market to the complete demoralization of the industry. Besides, peace enforced by a foreign bayonet, or peace based on separation, would be of short duration. Moreover, labour which had resented the Government's act in 1860 of raising the price of tobacco twenty-five per cent. had no reason for the sublimest confidence in Napoleon's schemes for its welfare. Practical men might approve his Mexican plan as a readier source for raw cotton than tampering with the Confederacy. Idealists could not brook Government's interference with a nation of freemen beyond the Atlantic. Labour ignorant and inarticulate could sway the Government no more than so many peasants who always voted a straight ticket. Labour intelligent and progressive felt with the thinkers of the Liberal party that it was a question of humanity and that the sufferer in a cotton famine was doing his part in the great cotton war of freedom against slavery.

The attitude of the money barons was in contrast to that of labour. The Rothschilds were known to be favourable to the South, and it is not beyond probability that the archives of the Belmont family, their New York representatives, may yet shed much light upon the financial mainsprings of the war, South as well as North. The Confederate Cotton Loan of 1863 brought out by the Erlangers was not offered in Germany, where public sentiment ran very high against it; and in England and France, where it was over-subscribed, its apologists declared it was only to pay past debts and not to furnish new sinews of war. This was wise bolstering of Southern credit, which had not gained in Europe by Jefferson Davis's supposed share in Mississippi Repudiation, by the cancellation of Northern ownership in Southern banks and railroads, and by the general repudiation of Southern debts to Northern creditors. The £3,000,000 was floated at the right time. Paying seven per cent. and secured on the precious commodity, cotton, the bonds found a ready sale. Men looked to blockade runners to bring the cotton to market, and to General Lee's sword to make good the bonds. They at one time scored a premium, and even after Appomattox were not without a market.

In Catholic France the Church was bound to be a prime factor in moulding opinion. In this connection, Protestants may safely be dismissed as practically to a unit Liberal and pro-Union. Within the ancient Church, a distinct line of cleavage existed. The Liberal party included many of the most distinguished laity

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in France, such men as Augustin Cochin and the Comte de Montalembert being found within its ranks. But upon the admission of Roman Catholics themselves, the hierarchy, the Church as an institution, lent its great authority on behalf of the South. Thus the new Archbishop of Paris, in the first public address after his elevation, attacked England and Russia for their refusal to join Napoleon in mediation, an act which would have been most prejudicial to the Union. Similarly, the Archbishop of Rouen blamed the shortage of cotton to England's refusal to join the Emperor in recognizing the South and breaking the blockade. Pius IX himself wrote to Jefferson Davis saluting him as "Illustrious and Honourable Sir, greeting:" and rejoicing in his "desire for peace and tranquillity," at the same time sighing for similar counsels to sway "the other people of the States and their rulers." The *Tribune's* Paris correspondent calls frequent attention to the Southern sympathies of the upper clergy. His testimony pales, however, before the regretful admissions of the noble Montalembert whose great speech on the "Triumph of the Union" lamented the Catholic opposition to a government under whose flag Catholicism had made such progress "as no one has witnessed anywhere else since the first ages of the Church."

The Roman Catholic press was not backward in its ridicule of the party of Lincoln. *La Patrie* gave its readers quite a treat in its graphic account of that annual celebration known to all Republicans in which the party leaders solemnly burn the Constitution "bequeathed to the nation by the founders of the Republic."

The Church was distinctly cautious. Its partisanship was more the silent weight of disapproval than the active voice of hostility. It could defend itself on one score where American Protestantism was highly vulnerable. It had not been the active apologist for and champion of slavery. Its very silence, however, required explanation when the march of events called for real opinions stoutly upheld. Silence unbroken even to regret the assassination of Lincoln was too great a phenomenon to pass unnoticed. The *Journal des Débats* called for an explanation, which was but lamely rendered by *La Patrie*. One distinguished exception arises among the eighty or more Gallican prelates. M. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, grasped the deeper issues of the struggle. In the Second Inaugural Address of Lincoln,

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he recognized a masterpiece, and by his comprehension of the sublime loneliness of Lincoln, he established with the martyr president a certain kinship of soul.

If truth be told, the passive opposition of the Church may be easily overemphasized. Many Roman Catholics voted with the Liberals, while many more were totally indifferent to a question which had for them no vital relation. Whether because of, or in spite of, ecclesiastical direction, the French as a nation and a Catholic nation, too, maintained their traditional friendship for the government at Washington.

However his subjects might sympathize and theorize, Napoleon would finally dictate the national policy with a knowledge of conditions both North and South more accurate, perhaps, than either combatant possessed. His special agent, M. Barrot, and the usual consular service were at his disposal. The diplomatic correspondence with Seward, and the unofficial relations with Benjamin, and the Confederate emissary, Slidell, set before him the widest variances of opinion. His friend and dentist, Dr. Evans, gave him the outlook of a loyal Northern man; his friend and intimate, Slidell, constantly pointed out the righteousness of the Southern cause and its certainty of success. What then would be the Emperor's attitude? He himself expressed it in a nutshell: "*Si le Nord est victorieux je serai heureux, si le Sud est victorieux je serai enchanté.*" Napoleon's instinct was as unerring as that of the most brilliant among his Liberal subjects. Only his was not their point of view. The triumph of the Union would vindicate Republican institutions; its failure would be a moral victory for reaction, and a diplomatic victory for Napoleon's Mexican plans.

Prejudice did not overcome discretion. Napoleon's official relations were always correct. His dealings with the Confederacy were unofficial and could give no technical cause for offence. Napoleon may have promised Slidell an Anglo-French fleet to break the blockade of the Mississippi, but the fleet was never sent. He undoubtedly did offer an unsolicited mediation, but this was never pressed. The interests of his dynasty were paramount with Napoleon. Its continuance depended upon prosperity at home and glory abroad. The American war jeopardized the prosperity. The temptation to intervene was founded upon economic necessity. But economic necessity yielded before political prudence when England and Russia

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refused to co-operate. Glory, which was so indispensable to Napoleonic traditions, seemed to combine with practical gain in an expedition to Mexico which would embarrass both North and South, would open an independent source of cotton supply, and would flatter the vanity of Frenchmen as the principals in a world-wide Latin Empire in which Napoleon might emulate his uncle as a king maker.

The greatest weakness of Napoleon's administration was its remoteness from reality. To the last he was a conspirator. His reactionary policy toward the press alienated the sympathy of Liberals. He did not draw toward the throne the real men of the nation. In such a game the glory was his alone; equally his was the responsibility. Had he recognized his own limitations and built up a responsible ministry to carry out a Liberal policy, his mistakes would have been fewer, his stability surer. The *rôle* he elected to play demanded genius of the first order, and genius he did not have.

Since he was powerless to intervene effectively, Napoleon must have derived a good deal of satisfaction from the enterprise of Messrs. Armand and Voruz of Nantes in fitting out war vessels "intended for the Pacific trade," a euphemism for the Confederate navy. The imperial heart showed that it was in the right place when in 1864, on the "fête of St. Napoleon," he promoted M. Armand to a commandership in the "Imperial Order of the Legion of Honour." At the same time he awarded a gold medal to the pilot, and silver medals to his assistants, of the boat which had rescued twelve of the crew of the *Alabama*.

This decidedly moderate recognition of the Confederacy was hardly to the taste of Slidell and his home government; but the *Richmond Sentinel* credited Napoleon with a just comprehension of slavery and attributed his neutrality to the fear of "doing violence to the anti-slavery sentiment of his people." The *Sentinel* was correct. The Liberals of France had held in leash the inclinations of the Emperor.

A campaign of publicity preceded the Mexican expedition. *La France* declared its purpose to be the enfranchisement of "a nation worthy of universal sympathy" and a warning to North America, "You shall go no farther." Soundings were made as to the feasibility of detaching Texas from the Confederacy. But in view of the seventy Texas regiments in the Confederate Army, success seemed unlikely. The plan as carried out involved the

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somewhat fantastic scheme of Latin triumph over Anglo-Saxons in the glorious and disinterested service to Mexico of furnishing her an Austrian emperor supported by French bayonets and gold. From the outset difficulties multiplied. The public never felt its Emperor's enthusiasm for the project, and suspicious souls even called it "Duke Jecker's War," nothing but a piece of gigantic brigandage to force Mexico to pay usurious interest on the Jecker bonds supposed to have been bought up by the Duc de Morny. Our Consul at Paris, John Bigelow, attributed the move to Napoleon's desire to conciliate the Church of Rome and the Emperor of Austria; but this view far from coincides with Motley's. He describes the whole affair as intensely unpopular with Austrians and embarrassing to the Government because acceptance of the throne would mean a Hapsburg's vassalage to Napoleon, while refusal thereof would incur his wrath.

Whether prompted by thirst for glory, or contempt for our Monroe Doctrine, by friendship for Morny, or conciliation toward Austria, Napoleon made the great mistake of his reign. The Prussian War he did not want. Its folly was not his. The Mexican fiasco was his own pet fancy. Its consequences be upon his head! Diplomatically it was error one to misjudge the North's ability to conquer the South and restate the Monroe Doctrine. Historically, the lessons of Mexico's War for Independence should have taught Napoleon the futility of European intervention in that land of revolution. Politically Napoleon armed the Liberals with a constant object lesson of military failure and budget deficits on which to sharpen their weapons of satire.

This satire so rashly invited ranged from the delicate keenness of Montalembert—who found the Mexican venture "a God-send to Europe; indeed, a God-send to France" because of the still greater follies it had saved France from—to the coarse bluntness of the pamphleteer's "and hasten the end of this ignominy which calls itself the Empire, of this monster who calls himself the Emperor!"

The effect of the expedition upon French sentiment toward us had one peculiar aspect. It crystallized and focused Liberal sentiment, to be sure, but it constituted a source of irritation with the United States which reminded the stoutest Liberal that he was first of all a Frenchman. As the war drew toward its close, the liveliest fears were felt that our enormous armies

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might be turned to Mexico for employment. The Marquis de Boissy phrased a very logical French sentiment when he hoped that North and South might be completely ruined rather than that the French army in Mexico should be made prisoners by the conclusion of the peace. The legislative body loudly disapproved, but the sentiment had been uttered. It was not till June, 1865, that the fear of war with the United States subsided. The worst consequences of the ill-starred venture were thus avoided. Enough mischief had been wrought as things were.

It seems a correct inference from the various points of view which this paper has striven to present that the French people were fundamentally true to their traditions toward America and toward their own traditions of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. The test is in the facts. They did not mediate, they did not intervene, they broke no blockade, and committed no overt act. To expect unanimous sentiment would be preposterous. It should be cause for permanent gratitude on the part of the American people that in their hour of trial, the powers of Europe, obedient to the intelligent liberal sentiment of the world, recognized the right of a Sovereign State to administer its own affairs.

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A CLASSICAL ROMANTICIST

It is necessary in the interpretation of any writer, and especially if he be of the present day, that the literary motives which actuate him should be thoroughly understood. Through their realization and through what we might term his interpretation of his own ideals, we are enabled to form a sufficient idea of his literary originality and a better comprehension of his relation to his own and preceding times. It is of course truistic that all writers can not create new fields, that they can only follow, modifying, adapting, enlarging, or lessening, as the case may be, the accumulated heritage of the past. But their abilities within the limited field of poetic thought and expression, constitute after all a surer indication of poetic balance and power than the exercise of their inspiration in undeveloped and untried ways. Goethe himself says: "*In der Beschränkung zeigt sich der Meister*," the master is revealed by his very limitations; and there is certainly no literature in which this principle is so well exemplified as in the Greek. Its highly developed dramatic unities and scholastic conventions seemed only to increase, and not to stultify, the subjective powers and poetic genius and inspiration of the Greek writers. Their subject-matter in epic, dramatic, and to a great extent in lyric production was confined to the customary myths of gods and heroes; and only the treatment, and not the theme, could be in any sense a new departure. This, however, only illustrates that the highest poetic art bounds itself by objectivity and thus prevents a disordered, illogical, and ill-planned result. The basis is stable and the poet is guided, not hindered; helped, not stultified, by his conditions.

The perfection in form and detail of Greek literature should not, however, in the minds of any, suffice to obscure its depth of emotion, its fondness for the picturesque, and in particular its strong and stirring romantic elements. Spiritual *ennui* such as might be and was induced in the later epochs of so-called classicism, could have found no birth in the work of the Greek masters of epic, lyric, dramatic, or other literary forms. Their subservience to rule only enhanced, as said, the genius and brilliancy of their work, and the limitations of their subject-matter

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merely necessitated a freer rein upon the imagination, an intensely subjective relation to their theme, and the introduction of romantic treatment as an offset, though a natural one, to that possible monotony that may arise from too perfect execution.

All themes might, indeed, be held romantic when new and treated as novel, picturesque, quaint, and unaffected by the ears and tongues and eyes of the world. The epic of Homer is largely romantic in character, even though it stand at the height, and not at the rude beginning, of a great period of poetical endeavour; yet the epic poem of Quintus of Smyrna, of the fourth century A.D., while treating of the same grand theme, "The Trojan War," is trite, uninteresting, insipid, and failing in that instinctive vigour that characterizes the deep and profound feelings of an uncultivated and unexhausted time. The cycle of classicism had thus spent itself, to be revived later, and as a new, vitalizing, and living force at the Renaissance. The forces and the appeal of classicism, then revived, were, though naturally limited in many ways, comparatively free and untrammelled of weariness and spiritual disdain. They were an inspiration, not an expiration. The classical background which had vanished for so many hundreds of years occupied to the writers of the age the position held later by the mediæval romances, the Arthurian legends, the tales of Charlemagne, Amadis de Gaul, mysticism, mediævalism, orientalism, personal emotion, imagination, individualism, etc., to the romantic schools of Germany or of France. Finally this apparent romanticism of the ancient classical background paled from the too strict adherence of its disciples, and the romanticism of the mediæval background supplanted it, to pale in its turn and time, at least so far as its formal inspiration is concerned, when it has run the scale as have the classic motives. Romanticism, however, as commonly understood, may imply an overturn or negligence, more or less, of classic or academic form, and in this sense may always exist in some degree. Romanticism, too, should not at all be confounded with that with which it is so often associated, the mediæval background; for in the best of romantic writers, the purely imaginative, the gnomic, that which is without the limitations of time and space may be the sole basis of exposition. When the late eighteenth century and early nineteenth century romanticism had attained its strength, it was inevitable that, as in all movements, its strength should somewhat subside and that writers should appear who, while

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unconsciously, though strongly, affected both in temper and training by the time in which they lived, should make a conscious effort to reinvigorate the never-fading beauties of the classical heritage and by their romantic tone remove from the ancient background somewhat of its tame, academic standing. In accordance with this theory we can best interpret the poetry and in fact the entire work of Oscar Wilde.

The classicism, or perhaps Hellenism, of Oscar Wilde is hardly connected with any school or time. It is unmistakable since it is, in fact, derived directly from the source. He was a classical scholar of ability at Dublin and at Oxford. At either place he distinguished himself in Greek and imbibed that love, admiration, even worship of Greek art, language, literature, and ideals that, in the main, never left him. One of his biographers has said that had Wilde never left Ireland he would probably have lived and died in repute, if not in fame, as a Professor of Greek. His dependence upon the classical school of Pope in England or upon the eighteenth-century classicists of France is nil. He even speaks of the Renaissance as the "dreary classical renaissance." But when he speaks of the Greeks his tones are almost those of awe:

> "That wonderful offshoot of the primitive Aryans, whom we call by the name of Greeks, and to whom, as has been well said, we owe all that moves in the world except the blind forces of nature. . . . In Greek thought . . . in their intellectual development . . . in their art, their poetry, and their philosophy, they seem so essentially normal, so free from all disturbing influences, so peculiarly rational, that in following their footsteps we shall really be progressing in the order sanctioned by reason."

In his earlier years he is most ardent in his Hellenism, still his romantic feeling is already great and decided. He is always, where possible, generous with his use of classic name and myth, though a mere use of such names and myths and motives would not suffice to make a man a true classicist. The very titles of his poems bear more than abundant witness. *The Rise of Historical Criticism* is mainly Greek; Greek art is to him almost the inspirer of the beautiful paradox in *The Decay of Lying;* and in *Dorian Gray* we can not but see a modern striving after Greek character, and an exemplification, in detail, of Wilde's own view and interpretation of Greek morality and rational development. We see in the poem *Hélas*, published in 1881, in *Dorian Gray*, 1890,

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and in *De Profundis*, written in 1897, published in 1905, the same recognition of self-development along artistic and subjective lines; a feeling that there should be no restraint upon a man to attain the highest, that in such a course, life for art's sake is primary, and that humanity can hardly count. That Wilde overlooked the checks which the Greeks, though holding such principles, put upon their execution is only too apparent. Their ideals of moderation and restraint in all things, their idea that only excess is the real sin, he comes at last to realize in the *De Profundis*, though his interpretation of Greek character seems in some respects materially unchanged.

Through his pages walk all the gods and goddesses of the pagan pantheon. The figures of mythology seem to burst from almost all his poems; the hero or demigod, the Oread, the Dryad, the Nereid, and that beautiful Greek ideal which he took from his greatest friend and helper, Plato, namely Charmides. In fact, it has recently been asserted that the stimulation of romantic studies in England since the 70's was induced by Jowett's work on Plato, and that the unreal, the ideal, the romantic was accordingly fostered in several successive writers who came under such influence. This connection of his with Plato, and peculiarly, too, his theory of paradox, are both excellently illustrated by a passage from *The Truth about Masks:*

> "In art there is no such thing as an universal truth. A truth in art is that whose contradictory is also true. And just as it is only in art criticism, and through it, that we can apprehend the Platonic theory of ideas, so it is only in art criticism, and through it, that we can realize Hegel's system of contraries."

Plato thus came to stand for romanticism to this school as opposed to the classic Aristotle. *Charmides* could possibly be interpreted in motive, as in name, as a desire to follow after Plato, in allegorical fashion or otherwise, and this is beautifully done. We can hardly imagine a Greek's painting the characteristic details more clearly or drawing out the plot, and the retribution, and the final adjustment with more consummate effect. Yet in the whole we see the strong romantic feeling and colouring induced by Wilde's own literary models, the French romanticists in particular. The Greeks would never have talked of nature as he did, nor as beautifully, though the conception is in the main Greek, and one feels that the plot is the welding together, in sufficient adaptation, of stories and motives from

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Greek mythology. There is clearly seen as well the characteristic verging on immorality, the fascination in the subject, in other words, the picturesque viciousness, so typical of his work in places, and to which I elsewhere allude. There is, however, found in this poem an excellent trait in which it exceeds Wilde's work in general, namely, a lack of his usual insincerity. If Wilde was not a poseur, he was at any rate often mistaken for one, and this opinion of him was naturally accentuated by this apparent insincerity which seems to pervade his work. This is of course heightened by his deliberate attempt to confound and shock the public by the startlingness and brilliance of his paradoxes. This note of insincerity, which nearly every reader of his works comes to feel, is hardly apparent in *Charmides*, and is even less apparent in many other of his poems, his earliest published work, than in his later prose and dramatic productions. *Charmides* rings truer than most of Wilde's work of such a character. In this respect, and with this accent and note of truth, are comparable, in the main, his tales, which are in other respects his most romantic work; for no untrue note is felt in *The Happy Prince*, *The Devoted Friend*, *The Fisherman and his Soul*, etc., though these are at the farthest remove from true classicism. Thus in his most romantic work he strikes a classic note of sincerity, and in his most classic work, his poems, he is strongly, and in a few cases, one might say entirely, under a complete romantic spell.

This note of insincerity, again, is easily traced from the beginning of his work until the end. We feel that Wilde placed himself in phases of emotion as a mere *tour de force*, and from pure fascination of running the scale of the human soul. This renders his motives of a more or less transitory nature and not as abiding and genuine as we feel in other men. Elsewhere I show that some of his most distinct motives, and such as well as we would class under the purely emotional or subjective type, are drawn largely from those he distinctly followed or imitated. His leaning toward Catholicism, for instance, one can hardly accept as genuine, or the melancholia, which is, perhaps, assumed, or the tone adopted in *The Sphinx*, which has been called the most artificial poem in the English language. Later, in his stories, his poems in prose, and in his dramas, in particular, the paradox is so evident that the reader feels that Wilde has it and it only in view; that truth, interest, all, can be sacrificed for its sake. In this, however, Wilde is true to himself, for it can not be denied

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that the truly artistic effect is not impaired, and that "art for art's sake," the creed of romanticism, is held strictly in mind. Even in *De Profundis* we find beside a manifest imitation, evident in the entire work, a note that produces doubt. Will the feelings induced by his condition last, or are they merely representative of a transitory state, and is their author capable of lasting emotion? His attitude is pious but still pagan. He confesses his faults but does not forgive his enemies, the British Philistines, though here again he can not be artistically consistent and come to terms with them.

Further and lastly we feel in *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* not the perfect conviction of a man exposing the wrongs of mankind, but the complaint of one who feels the injustice keenly because he has suffered and his own artistic nature has been harassed by the misery of the world. The poem would be the most powerful and perhaps the best of all his work if we could believe more strongly in the abiding character of the impressions of its author. As it is we must have recourse to poems where the Greek motive and treatment are pre-eminent or where personal theory is least predominant.

In details of language and expression, as well as ideas, it would be exceedingly difficult to trace in their entirety, for their very extensiveness, the imitations, not to say the plagiarisms, of Wilde from ancient as well as modern authors. Whistler's famous mot on Wilde as "a man who had the courage of the opinions of others" is calmly quoted by Wilde later with no concern to denote its original author or primary reference. The many expressions from ancient writers, the compound words in Greek fashion, the comparatively simple vocabulary, but poetically used, the oft repeated lines, or phrases, or words, in true classic wise, all show a most careful study and mastery and enthusiasm for Hellenic models. His spirit is romantic, his training classic, and from this training we find the greatest influence exerted upon his style both in poetry and in prose.

It is hard in some respects to overpraise his diction. He speaks of himself as "a lord of language," and the euphony and cadence of his style are remarkable to a degree. Finish and polish would characterize it but partially, for its quality seems higher than mere artificial treatment and is one embodied, so to speak, in the nature of the writer. There is no doubt that Wilde's excellent classical training gave him a feeling for prose

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style and poetic rhythm such as few have possessed. In a letter he says: "I see you are studying the delicate forms of verse. That is quite right. To master one's instrument is the greatest thing." Again, his romantic feeling made him anxious to paint, to draw, to emblazon his language, that it, of itself, and by its sound, no less than its meaning, might assist in the conveyance of the thought. This would easily lead to deterioration in an ordinary writer, but his early classical sense for form almost always exercised a due and prevailing moderation. Yet, in a way we may consider his mood for style to be unconscious in his poetry and conscious in his prose. He says that he cares nought for syntax in comparison with effect, but this may be only his customary paradox. He holds that in prose, at any rate, correctness should always be subordinate to artistic effect and musical cadence. He has, in fact, been criticized for a certain carelessness, but it is not certain that it has been with justice. His statement regarding this is only indicative of an intensely romantic feeling that the laws of literary form are of importance only when they completely subserve the purpose of the artist. His dramatic unities are well observed, except in his first play, *The Duchess of Padua*, his earliest, crudest, and most imitative, not to say plagiaristic, work.

Stylistically, he often seems in his work to be consciously imitative. *Ravenna* is much in the style of Byron, and Wilde's great admiration for that poet is undoubted. Wilde also affected this tone a little as being somewhat grand or Homeric in quality. It is also interesting to note that Byron claimed to be a classicist, and that he was in his temperament closely akin to Wilde. The effect, which Byron maintains in uninterrupted fashion, Wilde strikes only as it suits his mood. That Wilde's models among the English poets were always among the best and that his taste in this sense is strictly standard, or, as we say in another sense, classical, is shown by his frequent references: Spenser, Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley, Elizabeth Barrett Browning are to him the great procession of the sweet singers of England. Milton is in the rank with Homer. Shakespeare is the greatest literary figure since Greek days. Keats's lips are the sweetest since those of Mitylene; and Wilde follows him, as he states, in his lack of reverence for the public, or for anything in existence, but the Eternal Being, the memory of great men, and the principle of

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beauty. Poetry was to Wilde an obsession, an object of worship. In a letter he says: "I hope you will devote yourself with vows to poetry. It is a sacramental thing, and there is no pain like it." Again he says elsewhere: "I am afraid you are going to be a poet. How terribly tragic! In the waters of Helicon there is death, the only death worth dying." He was, apparently, in English literature, influenced most by those men upon whom his personal admiration had fixed, without regard to the movements they represented or tendencies that they displayed; while in Germany or France, it is the movement first of all that attracts his attention, and then he settles upon the particular men who represent the trend and most stimulate his fancy. This is especially true in France, where Gautier and Baudelaire, in particular, exercised upon him a most potent influence; and while he was a close student of, and adapted from German, romanticism, it is more than doubtful that his patterning after Novalis or others ever reached such limits as in the case of the Frenchmen I have named. A cursory examination, therefore, might easily classify Wilde as Hellenist, of almost the Matthew Arnold type, —and, in fact, Arnold he greatly admired—or might, on the contrary, rank him intimately with Lamartine and Victor Hugo, two typical exponents of French romanticism. In many ways, also, resemblances of a general kind can be seen between him and the school of German romanticism, as typified by Novalis, Tieck, and F. Schlegel. With these latter he agrees in his use of mediæval, mystical, and romantic motives, as in *The Young King*, *The Happy Prince*, *The Star Child*, *The Devoted Friend*, *Ballade de Marguerite*, *The Dole of the King's Daughter*, etc.; and in his tendency towards Catholicism in his younger days, a characteristic trait of the German romantic school, and not unknown among the younger members of French romanticism in the earlier part of the nineteenth century. This Catholic tendency is shown most clearly in Wilde's poems, his earliest published work, though it is interesting to remember that at his death Wilde received the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church. Catholicism also receives at his hands a most significant treatment in *The Priest and the Acolyte*, a work which is strangely symbolic of Wilde's own life, and more so by far than *Dorian Gray*, the story of which has so often been compared to his own. *The Priest and the Acolyte* draws with a wonderful realism Wilde's own attitude towards life and convention, his mastery of self, and then seems to fore-

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shadow his final and actual fall. To Wilde, as to the priest in his tale, appeal is made by the beautiful mysteries of Christianity, its æsthetic tendency, the artistic beauty of the services, the ecstacy of devotion, and the passionate fervour that comes with fasting and prayer. In his sonnet *On Approaching Italy*, he ends:

> "But when I knew that far away at Rome
> In evil bonds a second Peter lay,
> I wept to see the land so very fair."

In *Italia* he says:

> "Look southward where Rome's desecrated town
> Lies mourning for her God-anointed king!
> Look heavenward! Shall God allow this thing?
> Nay! but a flame-girt Raphael shall come down,
> And smite the spoiler with the sword of pain."

In *Rome Unvisited:*

> "O joy to see before I die
> The only God-anointed king!
> And hear the silver trumpets ring
> A triumph as he passes by."

This last is interesting also as an attempt at the grand and lofty style. This Catholicism appears in *Urbs Sacra Æterna*, *Easter Day*, and in many other places. The relation of this religious attitude to the romantic school is excellently phrased in *De Profundis*. It was the outward charm, the stirring impulse, the past background of mediævalism, the form and fascination of Catholicism that held the poets in her power. The artistic fascination of Christ's life and the dwelling of the Church upon the visible symbols attract Wilde from the point of view of art, especially, if not alone. Wilde, however, says that he "stands apart neither for God nor for his enemies"; that "religion interests him not at all." Yet this strong and undoubted influence worked upon him as well as upon others.

The German romantic school had a fondness and affection for the Oriental, for the land of mystery and romance, as is seen in such of Wilde's tales as *The Fisherman and his Soul*, which is undoubtedly one of his best productions, and it is certain that in

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such a sphere his genius is at its highest. Here he is absolutely untrammelled by classicism and compels us to wonder if his entire work might not have been greater but for the restraining influence of his early training.

I shall touch in another place upon the reactionary conservatism, which he holds in common with both French and German romanticism; a conservatism not romantic in origin but rather the reverse, classical by tradition, one superintended by the understanding of the French Revolution, and increased by the Philistinism, and mediocrity, or worse, of the middle and lower classes. In this Wilde notes the similar war of Christ:

> "His chief war was against the Philistines. That is the war every child of light has to wage. Philistinism was the note of the age and community in which He lived. In their heavy inaccessibility to ideas, their dull respectability, their tedious orthodoxy, their worship of vulgar success, their entire preoccupation with the gross materialistic side of life, and their ridiculous estimate of themselves and their importance, the Jews of Jerusalem were the exact counterpart of the British Philistine of our own. . . . The cold philanthropies, the ostentatious public charities, the tedious formalism so dear to the middle-class mind, He exposed with utter and relentless scorn."

This Philistinism represents to Wilde the materialism, liberalism, radicalism, and overwhelming mediocrity against which he utters his whole life in protest.

An appreciative understanding of Wilde's work is thus so closely connected with the history of the æsthetic movement, and of French, and, to a lesser degree, of German romanticism, that an interpretation of the one is almost necessarily a means of exegesis to the other. The tale of French romanticism in the nineteenth century, in particular, finds in him a typical exponent, and, than he, a more passionate, brilliant representative hardly exists within its own school. This is of course best attested by the unity of style, of form, and subject-matter, and a general harmony in literary theory and criticism. As specific characteristics we may take in mind the splendour and sonorousness of diction, the free choice of subject, the disregard of arbitrary critical rules, no academically limited vocabulary, an irrepressible individualism. All these, applicable in some extent or other, and in some place or other, we find represented in Wilde's works.

Wilde himself testifies most clearly to the conjunction of

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this romantic influence with his early training. In his lecture on the English Renaissance he says:

"The English Renaissance has been described as a mere revival of the Greek modes of thought, and again as a mere revival of mediæval feeling. Rather, I would say, that to these forms of the human spirit it has added whatever of artistic value the intricacy and complexity and experience of modern life can give. . . . It is from the union of Hellenism in its breath, its sanity of purpose, its calm possession of beauty, with the adventive, the intensified individualism, the passionate colour of the romantic spirit, that springs out of the nineteenth century in England, as from the marriage of Faust and Helen of Troy sprang the beautiful boy Euphorion."

Again, he says, when writing in *The Truth about Masks*, concerning the attitude of the Renaissance toward the antique world:

"Archæology to them was not a mere science for the antiquarian; it was a means by which they could touch the dry dust of antiquity into the very breath of beauty of life, and fill with the new wine of romanticism forms that else had been old and outworn."

The element of imitation which he finds in literature, as in painting, corresponds as well to his classic viewpoint. The danger of valuing it too little, he thinks, is almost as great as the danger of setting too high a value upon it.

"To catch, by dainty mimicry, the very mood and manner of antique work and yet to retain that touch of modern passion without which the old form would be dull and empty; to win from long silent lips some echo of their music, and to add to it a music of one's own; to take the mode of fashion of a by-gone age, and to experiment with it, and search seriously for its possibilities"—

there is a pleasure in all this.

It is very fortunate that in our estimate of Wilde's work we are so materially assisted by the frankness of the author. As a plagiarist, an imitator, a copyist, Wilde is almost unparalleled; yet he easily handles and revivifies all that he touches. His modesty therefore is non-existent, for though he does not admit that he has taken yet he copies so boldly and baldly, even from himself most of all, that the merest tyro may easily ascertain. He also mentions at times the very ones by whom he has been most affected; not as having been affected by them, for he never

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gives credit to the owners of his stolen goods, but as representatives of certain opinions upon art, or literature, or life in general. As a typical model of his from the ranks of French romanticism is to be mentioned above all Theophile Gautier. Others of the same school are often named by Wilde and probably did influence his work to a certain degree; but Gautier furnishes such an absolute parallel in practically every instance that, taken together with Wilde's own references to his work, we cannot avoid the conclusion that he must have been of the most vital and far-reaching influence upon his views of life, literature, and art. Baudelaire, Verlaine, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, all contribute materially to his literary makeup, and between them all and Wilde close parallels in both general and specific things might be drawn; but space forbids more than a cursory examination of Gautier as undoubtedly the most illustrative.

Many of the parallels between the two will naturally be of a general nature such as might be attributable to many pairs of writers. Other characteristics will result from the fact that they were each openly and consciously part and parcel of a great movement; but still others are so individual in turn that they can be explained only by a close and definite comparison. Both Gautier and Wilde possessed in an exceptional degree the artistic temperament; Gautier having in fact begun his life as a painter and Wilde having often declared in his earlier days that if he did not take to literature he would make his living by painting pictures. Both were true representatives of a splendidness and euphoniousness in style and diction. To Wilde, as has been said, the euphonious was always paramount even though it be to the detriment of grammar and syntax, and in his characterization of himself as a lord of language, there is certainly justice in the claim. Gautier astonished Sainte-Beuve by the phraseology and style of his literary essays, even before he had reached the age of eighteen. Wilde was stimulated in some of the eccentricities of the æsthetic movement by the very example of Gautier. Of the latter it is said that he wore a flaming crimson waistcoat and a huge mass of waving hair as outward signs of the cult, if such it may be called, he held. This accords entirely with the picture we have of Wilde before he left Oxford, but after he had become fully identified with the æsthetic movement. It reminds us of the velvet coat, knee-breeches, loose shirt, and flowing tie. He wore his hair long and shaved his face closely. He walked

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along the streets holding in his hand a lily or a sunflower at which he gazed admiringly and longingly. It was for this that he was ducked in the Cherwell, satirized in *Punch*, and caricatured in Gilbert Sullivan's comic opera *Patience*. But in both Wilde and Gautier it was the expression of a self-sufficient individualism, careless of the opinions of others, posing somewhat, perhaps, but seriously intent upon the propagation and advancement of their artistic ideals.

In his earliest published poem, *Albertus*, 1830, Gautier exhibits this extravagant character, but also shows uncommon command of language and imagery and an unusual descriptive power. As far as this command of language and descriptive power are concerned—though not for its excellence or originality—we may compare Wilde's early poem, *Ravenna*, with which he won the Newdigate prize at Oxford in 1878, at the age of twenty-four. He writes in part:

> "How strangely still! no sound of life or joy
> Startles the air; no laughing shepherd boy
> Pipes on his reed, nor ever through the day
> Comes the glad sound of children at their play;
> O sad and sweet and silent! surely here
> A man might dwell apart from troublous fear,
> Watching the tide of seasons as they flow
> From amorous spring to winter's rain and snow
> And have no thought of sorrow; here, indeed,
> Are Lethe's waters and that fatal weed
> Which makes a man forget his fatherland."

Though this poem in some ways marks Wilde's farthest remove from the romantic movement, and indicates his purest strain of classicism, yet traces are to be drawn even from it of his descriptive imagery and colour painting, exuberant, perhaps, from youthful enthusiasm, but still remarkably similar to Gautier. Poetical form, vigour, wealth, and appropriateness of diction characterize all Wilde's poetry just as in Gautier. In either is found an extraordinary feeling for beauty in nature, coupled with a contempt for nature, as compared with art, that amounts almost to a contradiction. Art is reality, life is fiction, according to Wilde, for nature imitates art and not art nature; while both believe in art for art's sake, the favourite keyword of the romanticists. The apparent contradiction may be due to the pose or insincerity

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of either, but is more rationally explained as the feeling of a spirit alive to beauty in nature when viewed objectively, but conscious of the superiority of art over nature from a subjective standpoint; and the subjective standpoint again was a cardinal principle of the romanticists.

This love of nature in Wilde, one of the abiding and permanent touches in all his works, from the earliest to the latest, is manifested toward birds and bees, flowers and fruits, trees and landscape, and all similar things. The narcissus is never exhausted; the daffodil as well; the lily is always huddling the bee, and some shrub is supporting the corncrake. As an instance of this fondness I may cite again from the *Ravenna:*

> "The throstle singing on the feathered larch,
> The cawing rooks, the wood-doves fluttering by;
> And fair the violet's gentle drooping head,
> The primrose, pale for love uncomforted,
> The rose that burgeons on the climbing briar,
> The crocus bed, that seems a moon of fire
> Round-girdled with a purple marriage ring;
> And all the flowers of our English spring;
> Fond snowdrops, and the bright-starred daffodil.
> Upstarts the lark beside the murmuring mill,
> And breaks the gossamer threads of early dew;
> And down the river, like a flame of blue,
> Keen as an arrow flies the water-king,
> While the brown linnets in the greenwood sing."

This characteristic is continually at hand in all his work, but most of all, as is natural, in his poetry. Such expressions as the following continually recur:

> "One pale narcissus loiters fearfully
> Close to a shadowy nook."
>
> "The trumpet mouths of red convolvulus."
>
> "Yon curving spray of purple clematis."
>
> "The purple sky to burnished gold was turned."
>
> "The oranges on each o'erhanging spray."

In fact, it is difficult to say whether in his references to nature Wilde approaches realism by the minuteness and completeness

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of his description, or is merely classical in clear-cut vividness and appreciativeness of all her expressed charm, or whether he is romantic in the individualism of the treatment he accords her and in the emotions she inspires in him.

Another distinct trait which allies Wilde with Gautier, and the romantic French school in general, is his early developed train of melancholia. It would be quite surprising if a man, who is said to have made, by his dramatic productions, the English public laugh as they had never done before, should have been of such a nature; and undoubtedly Wilde was not; but he did believe in all subjective feelings and the cultivation of all stimuli, and, more than that, there was not a phase of romanticism which he did not consciously touch. It is quite natural, then, that this melancholia should be best exemplified in his early work where the imitative element was probably at its strongest and the gropings and searchings of a youthful mind touched all spheres of personal or literary emotion. The *Vita Nuova* furnishes an excellent instance:

> "I stood by the unvintageable sea
> Till the wet waves drenched face and hair with spray,
> The long red fires of the dying day
> Burned in the west; the wind piped drearily;
> And to the land the clamorous gulls did flee.
> 'Alas!' I cried, 'my life is full of pain,
> And who can garner fruit or golden grain,
> From the waste fields which travail ceaselessly!'
> My nets gaped wide with many a break and flaw,
> Nathless I threw them as my final cast
> Into the sea and waited for the end.
> When lo! a sudden glory! and I saw
> From the black waters of my tortured past
> The argent glory of white limbs ascend."

This strain appears in *Hélas*, *Ave Imperatrix*, *Quantum Mutata*, *The Harlot's House*, *Tædium Vitæ*, *My Voice*, *The New Remorse*, etc., and finds its last and greatest expression in the mighty *Ballad of Reading Gaol*. Just as in other things, so in this, it is difficult to decide how much of such melancholia is a pose and how much is real feeling. Even in the *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, where the depth of emotion is the most profound that the human heart can apparently conceive, we wonder if the writer did not draw upon the objective features of life with the same subjective relation that he elsewhere shows. We wonder if this appealed

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to him from the side of life and humanity or merely, as is natural with such an artistic temperament, from the view of his own individualism and the joy of fulfilment; whether his gratification at the presentation of such a mighty theme did not help to render his own interpretation of the sorrow and pain of life; whether the wonderful colour painting that in this poem is unsurpassable was not more conscious from the very fact that he might thus the more revenge himself upon society.

Gautier was a monarchist in fact as are most of the romanticists, at the end if not in the beginning. Despite their individualism, art for art's sake does not readily foster the principle that all men are created free and equal; and Wilde is no exception. He may follow Ruskin in his *Gospel of Labour*, and even break the stones to fill his master's wheelbarrow, but he has that cool contempt for the middle and lower classes such as is so often the contradictory concomitant of a militant individualism. Gautier as well holds all in contempt who are beneath him intellectually; but mediocrity, liberalism, and radicalism were, if possible, more annoying in England than in France; and, though Wilde found sufficient stimulus in Gautier, he undoubtedly outdoes his master. Peculiarly and contradictorily, this is accompanied in both by a theoretical passion for liberty such as seems, however, the natural attendant of their individualism. Wilde's attitude is excellently illustrated in his *Libertatis Sacra Fames:*

> "Albeit nurtured in democracy,
> And liking best that state republican,
> Where every man is kinglike and no man
> Is crowned above his fellows, yet I see,
> Spite of this modern fret for liberty,
> Better the rule of One, whom all obey,
> Than to let clamorous demagogues betray
> Our freedom with the kiss of anarchy.
> Therefore I love them not whose hands profane
> Plant the red flag upon the piled-up street
> For no right cause; beneath whose ignorant reign
> Arts, culture, reverence, honour, all things fade,
> Save treason and the dagger of her trade,
> Or murder with his silent bloody feet."

Again in the *Ode to Milton:*

> "This England, this sea lion of the sea,
> By ignorant demagogues is held in fee,
> Who love her not."

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This is the romantic attitude which, theoretically, assumes the necessity for the overthrow of tradition, and, practically, deprecates it and qualifies its zeal. It cannot be better illustrated than in Wilde's *Sonnet to Liberty:*

"Not that I love thy children, whose dull eyes
See nothing save their own unlovely woe,
Whose minds know nothing, nothing care to know,—
But that the roar of thy democracies,
Thy reigns of terror, thy great anarchies,
Mirror my wildest passions like the sea
And give my rage a brother—! Liberty!
For this sake only do thy dissonant cries
Delight my discreet soul, else might all kings
By bloody knout or treacherous cannonades
Rob nations of their rights inviolate
And I remain unmoved—and yet, and yet,
These Christs that die upon the barricades,
God knows it I am with them, in some things."

This attitude is also a material and natural concomitant of romanticism as a reaction against an age of materialism. This hatred of materialism is again a characteristic of Gautier, and is seen clearly in Wilde's *Quantum Mutata:*

"How comes it then that from such high estate
We have thus fallen, save that luxury
With barren merchandise piles up the gate
Where noble thoughts and deeds should enter by:
Else might we still be Milton's heritors."

Again in *Humanitad:*

"Avarice whose palsied grasp
Is in extent stiffened; monied greed
For whose dull appetite men waste away
Amid the whirr of wheels and are the seed
Of things which slay their sower, these each day
Sees rife in England, and the gentle feet
Of beauty tread no more the stones of each unlovely street."

Also in *Theoretikos:*

"The people rage against the heritage of centuries."

With this attitude against materialism is connected a trend to the depreciation of the literature which is supposed to represent

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the industrial classes, newspaperdom, journalism, etc. Gautier's jibes and cynicism were frequently directed thereat, but he, by way of the perfect contradiction which seems to characterize such individualists, became a journalist, or literary critic, a position which he filled with great repute for some thirty years. In the same way Wilde was actually an editor from 1887–1889, and later some of his most brilliant work was done in the writing of reviews and miscellanies. This is of course due to his natural and critical knowledge of form, as well as his high subjective literary instinct. In the *Decay of Lying* Wilde says: "Newspapers, even, have degenerated. They may now be absolutely relied upon. One feels it as one wades through their columns. It is always the unreadable that occurs." Anent Mr. T. P. O'Connor's Sunday *Sun*, Wilde writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette:* "He now solemnly accuses me of plagiarizing the poem he had the vulgarity to attribute to me. This seems to me to pass beyond those bounds of coarse humour and coarser malice that are, by the contempt of all, conceded to the ordinary journalist, and it is really very distressing to find so low a standard of ethics in a Sunday newspaper." Again to the *Pall Mall Gazette* under date of September 25, 1894: "Literary instinct is of course a very rare thing, and it would be too much to expect any true literary instinct to be found among the members of the staff of an ordinary newspaper." Under date of February 27, 1892, in the *St. James Gazette* he writes anent criticism of *Lady Windermere's Fan:* "As things are at present, the criticisms of ordinary newspapers are of no interest whatever, except in so far as they display, in its crudest form, the Boeotianism of a country that has produced some Athenians, and in which some Athenians have come to dwell." In the *Scots Observer*, August 16, 1890: "The English public likes tediousness, and likes things to be explained to it in a tedious way." Of *Dorian Gray*, he writes to the *St. James Gazette*, June 27, 1890: "To say that such a book as mine should be chucked in the fire is silly. That is what one does with newspapers." He writes to Joaquin Miller under date of February 28, 1882, St. Louis, Mo.: "As touching the few provincial newspapers that so vainly assailed me . . . be sure I have no time to waste on them. . . . Who are these scribes who, passing with purposeless alacrity from crime to criticism, and from the *Police News* to the Parthenon, sway with such serene incapacity the office which they so lately swept. . . .

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Secure of that oblivion for which they toil so laboriously and, I must admit, with such success, let them peer at us through their telescopes," etc. These citations might be extended as far as one wished, but the idea would not be made more apparent. The romantic element, either of Wilde or Gautier, cannot tolerate the realism and objectivity of modern journalism.

The type of subject-matter and its style and method of treatment, even when considered objectively, form another close bond between Wilde and the French romanticists. Gautier's *Mlle. de Maupin*, published in 1835, was thought to be unfitted by subject-matter and treatment, by general supposed suggestiveness and a too deep psychological analysis of forbidden things, for general perusal. It brought disrepute upon and created prejudice against its author, just as *Dorian Gray* seems to have done in the case of Wilde. *Dorian Gray* is a psychological novel, and in its creation Wilde seems to have followed the standard set by Gautier in *Mlle. de Maupin*, and also with a blatant disregard for the prejudice which he, of course, knew had risen for Gautier, and for which he cared as little as did the Frenchman. Wilde in speaking of *Dorian Gray* says: "I only hope some ghostly publisher is even now distributing shadowy copies in the Elysian fields, and that the cover of Gautier's copy is powdered with gilt asphodels." Of this book he writes again in the *Scots Observer*, July 7, 1890: "I write because it gives me the greatest possible pleasure to write. If my work pleases the few, I am gratified. If it does not, it causes me no pain. As for the mob, I have no desire to be a popular novelist, it is far too easy."

This is closely connected with the attitude of the romanticists towards truth, with which, in art, is joined the false, both the true and the false being merely forms of intellectual existence. Just as Gautier had no interest in morals, religion, or politics, though he was not immoral, irreligious, or subservient to despotism, Wilde disdains morality, etc., as a function of artistic literature. Wilde says: "I am quite incapable of understanding how a work of art can be criticized from a moral standpoint. The sphere of art and the sphere of ethics are absolutely distinct and separate." Again he says: "Romantic art deals with the exception and the individual. Good people, belonging to the normal, and so commonplace type, are artistically uninteresting. Bad people are, from the point of view of art, fascinating studies. They represent colour, variety, and

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strangeness. Good people exasperate one's reason. Bad people stir one's imagination." Still again: "An artist has no ethical sympathies at all. Virtue and wickedness are to him simply what the colours on his palette are to the painter. They are no more and they are no less. . . . Shakespeare, as Keats said, had as much delight in creating the one (Iago) as he had in creating the other (Imogen)." In the *De Profundis* we find his attitude upon this subject expressed in full: "Neither religion, morality, nor reason can help me at all. I am a born antinomian. I am one of those made for exceptions, not for laws. . . . Religion does not help me. The faith that others give to what is unseen, I give to what one can touch and look at. . . . Reason does not help me," etc. In the *Decay of Lying*, the untruthful or false, absolutely divorced of course from the moral element, is made the basis of real literature and romantic art. This idea is prevalent in his works, and often insisted upon and is, in fact, strictly in conformity with the romantic school of which Wilde felt himself such an integral member and such a typical representative.

I have dwelt thus at great length on Wilde's close connection with the French romantic school, and Gautier in particular, in the desire that the more tangible criteria might suffice to show the unmistakable transference of a certain type of French artistic literature from its native home to England, a place where, under skilful and in fact still Celtic hands, it gained in force and brilliancy by a comparative contrast with the slowgoingness of the English public. That Wilde often exceeded Gautier or other Frenchmen in any of his characteristics is hardly maintainable, but the contrast which he endured in his own country heightened his work above theirs.

Again, in the field of literary criticism, the more or less intangible general characteristics are more striking because they suffice for the true or subjective interpretation. Gautier's whole philosophy is one of paradox, his ideal of life one of picturesque viciousness. His besetting sin was a desire to say something clever and wicked to shock the Philistines. This succinct but comprehensive criticism is word for word applicable to Wilde. It was his gospel, his life, his art. If he had a mission to preach of beauty and to educate what of the public as might understand, he preferred to do it in the most shocking way. With these he toyed and fondled, not strictly and entirely from the start, for

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his steeping in classicism was too strong, as I have indicated above; but it grew upon him to a passion that obsessed him in art, in drama, in essay, in novel, in all that he subsequently touched after the publication of his poems, and it is possible to find even in them certain traces which can well foreshadow his later attitude.

This picturesque viciousness is probably best seen in *Dorian Gray*, a work which I have before compared with Gautier's *Mlle. de Maupin*. It is full of paradox, too full, as Wilde himself says, but it is not necessarily a paradox itself; in fact, its author states that a moral can be adduced from it and that this fact constitutes a blemish upon an otherwise perfect book. It is not difficult to see in his poem *Charmides* a touch of this same viciousness, despite its lovely idyllic and classic Greek colour, and its sweet and never failing theme of love passing beyond the gates of death. But *Charmides* must have served to shock British Philistinism a little, as *Dorian Gray* shocked them much. The characters of Lord Illingworth in *A Woman of No Importance*, Mrs. Erlynne in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, Mrs. Chevely in *An Ideal Husband*, though the last is more commonplace, all, and Illingworth in particular, bring before us this clever picturesqueness with which Wilde loaded the stage as he had filled his novel of *Dorian Gray*.

The paradox, again, is to him his gospel and so he states in *De Profundis* with the correlated admission that it is responsible for his fall: "What the paradox was to me in the sphere of thought, perversity became to me in the sphere of passion." The greatest paradox is of course the clever, more than clever, essay on the *Decay of Lying*. Not only is it filled with paradox as are all Wilde's works in general, but the theme itself and the manner of treatment are paradoxical as well. Wilde undoubtedly felt that nothing but the sharp detonation and impact of the unexpected could excite from its habitual stolidity the British Philistinism with which he had to deal, and we can suspect the glee with which he startled the Puritans of his day.

A summary or characterization of Wilde's writings hardly falls within the province of my title. This naturally precludes an extensive discussion of many and perhaps the most interesting features of his work: his philosophy of life, of literature, art, morality, religion; all these suffice to make him a wonderfully fascinating and complex study. From the point of view of style

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alone, his many achievements are worthy of special recognition; as poet, dramatist, essayist, critic, novelist, teller of tales, etc.—in all, he realizes his boast that he gives to each a new form of beauty. Wilde himself refused to recognize that he might surpass himself in one or another form. "The artist moves in cycles, not in progression or retrogression." But in his work we may think to see some essential differences.

He is most sincere, with the exception of a single other form, in his poems, and yet we cannot rank these as his greatest work, paradoxical as it might seem. He is most insincere and most paradoxical in his stories, such as *The Canterville Ghost*, *Lord Arthur Saville's Crime*, etc., and in his dramas, and yet these touch a new and very high mark in artistic literature; and his dramatic ability deserves much greater recognition. He is not original, in many ways, in his tales; such as *The Happy Prince*, *The Devoted Friend*, *The Fisherman and his Soul*, and yet in these he strikes his frankest and most satisfying strain. As an essayist and critic, he is probably from many points of view at his best. The luminosity of his style tends to clear and enliven the subject, and his combination of scientific literary training and romantic inspiration gives him the clearest insight in all literary matters.

In essays such as *The Rise of Historical Criticism*, *The Soul of Man under Socialism*, his insincerity vanishes, paradoxism disappears and we have the purely literary, intellectual mind. *The Soul of Man under Socialism* is his highest and best expression of individualism, and put in terms, besides, that we might not expect, neither overdrawn, nor fanciful, but the exposition of an ideal worthy of any time or place. To characterize his work to a greater degree would lead me far afield and overdraw my theme.

There is in part a revival of interest in Wilde at the present time. This is the customary procedure with the rejected work of any writer if it contains any enduring elements. The viewpoint of the present is always obscure and only the lapse of time can clarify a clouded life. But his work, despite its many and great excellences, seems still, perhaps, just as considered in his own time, to possess the latent power of harm. This power also recedes with time and with a clearer understanding of the conditions of its production. A comprehension of the man as a whole, as a poet, writer of prose, as a master of style and diction, of the influence he underwent from many men, of his Celtic temperament, his artistic imagination,—all these will increase the value of

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his work and, in a way, remove from it much of the harm that we at present find contained therein. They serve to show as well that his faults, both of character and in his writings, were imitative, and that his prime excellences in both are found, to a large extent, where he is most original in life and work.

GEORGE R. THROOP.

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"GROUND ARMS"

Every great novel is born of the conviction, on the part of the author, that he has had experiences or conceptions which the race should share in the interests of a fuller manhood and womanhood. Frequently such novels are evolved in the throes of a great movement—religious, political, or social; and the novel with a purpose is the result. If these premises are correct, it would seem at first sight that the novel with a purpose is the highest type of novel, for if the novelist is the mediator of ideals, that writer who throws himself headlong into a great cause must produce wonderful results. During the great liberal movement of the forties this principle was accepted as the real literary gospel in Germany, and in our anti-slavery days American poets accepted the doctrine with enthusiasm.

In the last generation we have discounted such literature far more than it deserves to be. It is pure gold as compared with the lace and spangles of our drawing-room poetry and fiction. It reflects forcibly certain ideals; but its danger lies in overstressing a single ideal at the expense of other and sometimes worthier ideals. Poetry with a purpose depends for its ultimate value upon the scope of the cause which it serves. A novel written in defence of the free-silver issue will not outlive the campaign very long; but many years will pass before the anti-slavery struggle will be forgotten, and therefore we shall read our anti-slavery poems in the distant future and still regard them as good literature.

One of the highest examples of this type of literature is Bertha von Suttner's novel *Die Waffen Nieder*, translated under the English title *Ground Arms*. The book appeared when Prussia was making history in Europe. At last this German people who had bled from disruption for centuries was coming into its inheritance. In the hands of Bismarck Prussia was evolving a military system which in the Danish, Austrian, and Franco-Prussian wars welded together a new empire and staggered the world with its efficiency. Romantic, philosophical Germany

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roused herself to an activity at which she herself was amazed. She became the scene of the most amazing economic development that Europe has ever seen, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the new militarism made its solid contribution to this growth.

At this time a woman, sprung from the Austrian military nobility, dreams her dream of world peace and writes down her convictions in two volumes. The writer has not been caught by the wild noise of a movement, but she pits her consciousness against her environment. In opposition to the military sentiments of her time, she has the courage to write a book that attempts to correct the public clamour.

Properly enough the central figure is a woman, not a man, for the graver horrors of war have come to those who have suffered the incidental hardships rather than to those who have fought and died on the field of glory. The daughter of a military race, she imbibes the traditions of militarism, and her emotions react in accordance with these traditions. She falls in love with a young officer and accepts the happiness which comes to her in the good old unthinking philistine manner. But suddenly she is roused from her dreams by the Austrian war in Italy. The absence of her husband affects her profoundly, for she does not share the views of other wives of officers, who take this turn in their domestic affairs as a matter of course or even as a golden opportunity for flirtation. For her the war has serious consequences, for her husband meets a horrible death on the field of battle.

From a purely personal experience she is embittered against war. The military atmosphere in which her widowhood is spent becomes more and more uncomfortable to her, and gradually she acquires an intellectual and philosophical attitude toward the whole question of war. She is greatly helped by reading Buckle's works in which she learns for the first time that history is not made up of battles alone. Moreover, she becomes interested in evolution, and applies the principles which she learns to the problem in hand. After some years she becomes acquainted with an officer who has likewise outgrown his fondness for war and is chafing under the service which he detests. In spite of the opposition of her military father, she marries this man, who intends to withdraw from the army at the earliest opportunity. But after their marriage her husband loses his

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money because certain banks have failed on account of the incessant wars, and he is forced to remain in the service.

Before he gets a chance to retire, he takes part in the Danish and Austro-Prussian wars. These are depicted in all their horror. In addition to the carnage on the battlefield are described the filth and disease of the camps, and the awful epidemics that follow the campaigns. The Austrian war robs the heroine of almost all her relatives and thus makes it possible for her husband to withdraw from the service. The two now decide to devote themselves to the peace movement. Their activity takes them to Paris at the time of the Franco-Prussian war. There the husband, although not a partisan, is mistaken for a spy and shot.

This cursory review gives a rather inadequate notion of the importance of the book, which upon a first reading looks so plausible that all opposition to its thesis seems to be silenced. And yet certain misgivings can not be suppressed when the book is weighed in the larger balance. It can not be denied that the preachment is too much in evidence. Interesting as the author's arraignments may be, one is constantly forced to confess that the book would have gained in power, if the author had presented the facts and had allowed the reader to make his own deductions. For this reason Schnitzler's *Der junge Medardus* has completely eclipsed *Die Waffen Nieder*. Schnitzler rigidly confined himself to characterization, and without betraying his effort, if indeed it can be proved that he made a conscious effort, he produced the most powerful attack upon militarism in German literature. The novel and the drama have shown a marvellous development in this direction in recent years. Schnitzler profited by the example of Bertha von Suttner, whose work was crowned by the Nobel Committee when it had been completely eclipsed by other writers.

But it can not be denied that *Die Waffen Nieder* meets some of the severest tests. It is a sincere piece of work, and was written to advance a cause that does not have a temporary or local significance, but will remain a cause everywhere and at all times. If a writer is to serve a cause, he will have difficulty in finding a better one. The question that remains is, whether a writer is wise in openly allying himself with any cause.

Popular orators in our vast movement for social betterment have repeatedly urged men and women to hitch themselves to a cause, asserting that it would ennoble them. If this injunc-

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tion is correct, then the question is settled, and poetry with a purpose must be the highest type; for literature can not be divorced from life. But the well-meant advice is open to serious objections. No one ever hitched himself to a cause without sacrificing his judicial attitude and his highest sanity. It is highly proper to help good causes as they appear, but it is imperative for the man who values his manhood to remain independent.

This becomes perfectly clear, when we follow the peace addresses of our own day. However ardently one may be in favour of peace, one is constantly forced to regret that worthy people will allow themselves to be biassed to such an extent. We read about all the things that we might have if we were saved the expenses of war, forgetting that life is made up largely of luxuries. We learn that a nation surrounded by hostile neighbours can afford to consider disarmament, and yet somehow hold its own. It is made perfectly clear that we can build up international commerce without a navy when competing nations have adequate protection. The minor apostles of peace deny also that any good has ever come from war. The rising tide of crime in our cities, however, raises the question whether we are after all not in need of something like military training. No one can deny that military Germany is singularly free from crime, and that her efficiency has been greatly increased by just this type of training. Especially the lower classes have derived enormous benefits from it. The Polish borders and the eastern provinces show this very clearly. The peasants have not only gained in physical strength, but they have lost much of their crudeness, as is proved conclusively by the improvement in their speech alone. Nor can it be denied that nations have frequently revealed their greatest possibilities under the stress of a great conflict. Our American ideals were hammered into shape in the throes of the Revolution. Europe owes Napoleon an enormous debt of gratitude, for it is due to him that mediævalism did not creep down the nineteenth century like a poison. His costly wars did prove to Western Europe that personal efficiency must take the place of traditional distinction.

No advocate of peace has kept his writings on a higher level than Dr. David Starr Jordan, yet it is impossible to agree with the positions which he has taken since he has wedded himself to the cause. When he tells us of the Dutch painting which represents a modern scientist looking at Napoleon under a magnifying

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glass, we feel that he has allowed his prejudices to warp his judgment. In his *Blood of the Nation* he seems to forget that wars have frequently rid humanity of very questionable elements. That his main thesis has great force no one will deny, but it remains a fact that when Dr. Jordan is a peace advocate he is not as judicial as when he is Dr. Jordan the scientist or critic of human affairs.

As soon as we turn to causes on a lower level the case becomes doubly clear. Most enlightened people now gladly concede that the women are entitled to political rights, but those women who have not been able to see anything but woman suffrage for thirty years have dwarfed their womanhood. They have forgotten that, in addition to this worthy cause, other and even more worthy causes have loomed on the horizon with a just claim to their attention.

Intellectual activity is in constant danger of such enthusiasms. Boswell devotes his life to a biography of Johnson—to the detriment of Boswell. Our associations devoted to a special research or to the activity of single authors have not been an unmixed blessing. Even Shakespeare and Goethe do not deserve to have so many organizations and individuals limit themselves in research in regard to them. So also in science a man may rivet himself so closely to a valuable tendency that he closes his eyes to new possibilities and shuts himself up from the chances of really great work. But we shall, of course, always have organized intellectual and social movements, which will enlist the support of good men and women, and many will continue to be ennobled by them. At the same time they will ever carry with them the danger of stereotyping human interest and endeavour, no matter how good and noble they may be.

Bertha von Suttner herself became a propagandist and her subsequent works suffered as a result. She was not able to match her earlier work, because her outlook became onesided. This was very apparent to those who heard her during her recent trip to America. She had become the representative of one idea, and her energies were devoted to details of campaign work utterly out of keeping with her superb powers. She had given promise of matching the work of Marie Ebner von Eschenbach, but became stranded on the rock of a good cause.

Great literary men have often been abused because they did not take the popular movements of their time seriously, because

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they seemed to remain untouched when the whole nation waxed eloquent in the defence of some great cause. Erasmus thus stood out against Luther and his popular following, because he refused to surrender the judicial attitude. Goethe could never bring himself to the point of genuine enthusiasm for the political aggrandizement of Germany. The friendly conference which he had with Napoleon has never been forgotten by the Germans. Yet this attitude was due to his unwillingness to throw himself into any movement that endangered his larger outlook upon men and affairs. He insisted upon keeping an open mind, ever receptive to the things that he had to face. The more universal minds scorn mere "team-work" of any kind, a circumstance which does not invalidate the fact that "team-work" is good for many.

The best example of the dangers of problem writing is afforded by one of our own writers. Of all of our American writers, Lowell gave most promise of ranking as a world poet. His earlier poems give evidence of his poetic fire and insight. Rooted deeply in the American soil, he understood the consciousness of New England, as his immortal poems on domestic life in New England show. But he was also able to sound the deeper consciousness of modern civilization, fathom the deeper currents of modern thought, and share the finer sensibilities of real culture. But he turned aside from the broad current of his earlier work and placed his superb powers at the disposal of the anti-slavery propaganda; hitched himself to a noble cause. In this field he surpassed all of his contemporaries. With the fervour of a Hebrew prophet he chanted one great poem after another. Surely no poet can feel ashamed of *Villa Franca*, *The Washers of the Shroud*, *The Bigelow Papers*, *The Cathedral*, and *The Commemoration Ode;* yet the deeper nature of Lowell rebelled against his own prophetic vein. His whole later life was tragically disrupted by this earlier partisan attitude. He tried heroically to rid himself of his biassed consciousness, to see life in its entirety, to get back to the broadly human. This is painfully evident in his *Heartsease and Rue*. Side by side are poems that reflect what the author of *Above and Below* and *Ambrose* might have done for American literature, and prosaic, bigoted scolding that can not, by any courtesy of criticism, be called literature. He was indeed a man grown mad with too much prophecy. On account of too much prophecy Lowell finally suffered the fate of Wordsworth, and, in spite of himself, became "an old man faithless in humanity."

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The judicial temperament is as desirable in the poet as it is in the judge or scientist. It does not preclude intenseness of utterance nor virility of execution. It is indispensable to the highest living and is therefore reflected in the greatest literature.

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PACIFISM AS AN OFFSPRING OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Modern pacifism is a by-product of social democracy. It originated in the extreme left wing of the French Revolution. Its first representatives are found among those men of terror and blood who made themselves known and abhorred throughout the world as "Jacobins." The revolution was, at its inception, a revolt against the absolute monarchy in France only. It was not until this monarchy had been completely overthrown that it took the form of a declaration against practically all the other governments of Europe. The classic argument of kings, the bayonet, failed Louis XVI when the army stood aloof or made common cause with the revolution and then dissolved into an undisciplined rabble. On the other hand, as the national guards were being organized in large numbers, the better informed leaders began to feel secure against a return of despotism from within. As long as France did not quarrel with her neighbours her enthusiasts appeared justified in painting her future in the rosiest colours.

But just here was the difficulty. Was it possible for France to remain at peace with her unregenerate neighbours? If not, her disorganized condition exposed her to the peril of subjugation and the destruction of the liberty she had just gained with so much labour and misgiving. Men with some military knowledge understood well enough that the national guards could not, without further discipline and training, be relied on for defence against a foreign enemy. But they found it almost impossible to obtain a hearing. Fear of a military despotism had already established the cult of anti-militarism. The national guards themselves soon fell under suspicion. It was felt that they must not be made too efficient. No *esprit de corps* was to be tolerated among them; their uniform was not to be worn outside the hour of actual service. Lafayette, commandant of the guards of Paris, struggling to introduce some kind of discipline, was denounced as a traitor preparing for a military dictatorship, and everything was done to encourage insubordination. The guardsman was not to be a machine compelled to obey without question. He was to be

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free to decide for himself whether or not his orders were legal or "patriotic."

It was evident, then, that the revolution must make friends abroad in order to escape the necessity of maintaining a large and disciplined army at home. The matter became acute in the spring of 1790. England and Spain had become involved in a violent dispute over conflicting claims in the Nootka Sound region. War appeared imminent and Spain expected aid from France in virtue of a "Family Compact" entered into in 1762. When the subject was brought before the National Assembly on May 14th, a cry at once arose that the whole affair rested upon a ministerial intrigue directed from the Court of France through its ambassador at Madrid. The Jacobin Club held an extraordinary session in the evening and all its leaders attacked the ministry, which, they said, desired war with England in order to withdraw attention from the revolution at home. They opposed the government's request for the small credit needed to arm fourteen ships of the line, a precautionary measure deemed wise in view of the spectacular preparations England was making. Having lost this point, they next sought a decree which should lodge the power of declaring war and making peace in the national assembly. But they were out-manœuvred and forced to accept a compromise, leaving the initiative with the king and only the power of sanction or revision with the assembly. This decree was denounced by the whole Jacobin wing of the revolution as the work of a ministerial clique bent upon war. One concession, however, the defeated party had gained. It had induced the assembly to incorporate in the decree an article containing a solemn proclamation to the world renouncing all desire of conquest and pledging France never to engage in offensive wars.

This was on May 22d. Toward the close of June it became known that the government had received from Spain the anticipated request for aid. The Jacobins, the peace advocates of the day, were now confronted with the necessity either of discussing the merits of the case or of openly repudiating the obligations of France contracted under the old or absolute monarchy. Without hesitation they chose the latter alternative. The Marquis of Girardin laid before the society a general statement which may be accepted as fairly representative of the Jacobin view, since it was printed and distributed in the name of the society.

What should the national assembly say to Spain in reply to

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her request for aid? asked the Marquis. How was it possible to make any intelligent reply whatever without the exact knowledge the ministry alone possessed? Certainly the assembly could never hope to extract the truth from such a source. It would be folly to attempt to "penetrate the tortuous labyrinth of the politics of courts," for in this field of intrigue the ministers were past masters. The assembly would only besmirch itself by going into the question of fact at all. Aside from all this there could be no thought of war because of the exhausted condition of the country.

"In this day of our destinies," he continued, "it is not to Spain alone that France must reply, but to all peoples, and at this moment, above all, to the English people; they have given us a full assurance of peace, they are watching us, they await our reply. Let it be equivocal in ever so slight a degree and the whole ministerial league will immediately seize upon it to make war upon us. If on the contrary our reply bears the grand character of frankness and loyalty, every pretext will be wanting. The English people are convinced that they ought to esteem us, to regard us as compeers in liberty, and to sustain us even against their own ministers who are everywhere alike the enemies of all liberties."

There was, then, only one reply worthy of inspiring universal confidence and consistent with the principles of the revolution, namely, the decree of the national assembly not to wage offensive wars.

"It is this decree, so just, so wise, so magnanimous, which must at this moment be, in the name of the French people, solemnly proclaimed and authentically notified to all peoples. This striking act of the national word of honour will alone suffice as the tie of civil confraternity among all men, and at the same time become the sacred ægis of the constitution, of liberty, of peace, and of the glory of France."

The Marquis closed his speech with a piece of sheer bombast, which we quote because it truthfully reflects the Jacobin spirit of the time.

"What became," he said, "of the innumerable multitude of the slaves of Xerxes before a small number of free men? The whole of Europe is not in condition to attack a free France at her hearthstone, a people of brothers under a paternal royalty and holding out a pacific hand toward all men. If any despots, in defiance of the sacred laws of eternal justice, should dare, like brigands, to come and attack us at home, they will gain nothing, except to see their slaves free themselves and unite themselves to liberty."

The Jacobins were mistaken in regard to the temper of the English people as a whole. They were in possession of some

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evidence that a portion of the English, the opposition minority, were well disposed toward the French. They had been for some time in correspondence with a "Society of the Revolution" in London which held a position in England similar, in some respects, to that of the Jacobins in France. The London society contained a number of influential men, among them Lord Stanhope. It was anti-ministerial and stood at the head of a national propaganda whose ostensible object was to disseminate the ideas of the English revolution of 1688. Like the Jacobins it had branch or affiliated societies outside the capital. In November, 1789, it had sent a letter of felicitation to the national assembly at Paris which served as evidence of a desire for fraternization. The intercourse between these French and English societies was of a very cordial nature. When a Jacobin went to London he was received with open arms by the society and the same friendship was shown the Londoner when he visited any of the Jacobin societies whether in Paris or in the provinces. While the Spanish–English dispute was in progress, members of the London society crossed the channel into Brittany, called upon the local societies and were banqueted by them. At Nantes toasts were drunk to "Lord Stanhope," "The Honourable Members of the Society at London," and "The English People." The society at Cherbourg exchanged fraternal letters with their friends in England, in which the idea of war between the two countries was deprecated. The Jacobins at Nantes were not satisfied with having fêted their visitors. They commissioned their president to go to London to present the society there with the flag used at their banquet as "an emblem of fraternity." Later in the year commissioners were sent out from London to visit all the Jacobin societies of France, of which there were now several hundred, and affiliate them.

This friendly intercourse across the English Channel is now an obscure matter. Little or no trace of it is to be found in the histories of the period. But at the time it attracted considerable attention, for references to it are found not only in a number of prominent journals of Paris but also in those of the provinces.

England and Spain finally adjusted their differences and the war clouds in this quarter of the international horizon dissolved. Lord Acton says that thanks to the pacific attitude of France, Pitt, one of the "enemies of all liberties," scored a diplomatic victory against the ally of her traditional foe. But now the rulers

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of Europe were becoming uneasy at the news arriving from the great capital on the Seine. The absolute monarchy, overthrown in France, was about to throw down the gauntlet to the revolution which was becoming ever more aggressive. The answer of the revolution was the proclamation of the brotherhood of man and a declaration of war upon man's enemies, his rulers. But it was to be a war without bloodshed. The thesis of the Marquis of Girardin that not even the mercenaries of tyranny would, when enlightened, fight a free people who offered them liberty instead of bullets, was now taken up in earnest. France was deemed entirely safe if only she could make her neighbours understand her fraternal sentiments. As an open propaganda on foreign soil was out of the question, the printing press was naturally the first thing to be thought of. To escape the censor a resourceful person suggested in all seriousness that a corps of balloonists might cross the frontiers and drop the *Rights of Man*, pamphlets, and newspapers broadcast from the skies, a free gift directly to the people. A Prussian observer, Konrad Oelsner, who was then in Paris, thought this might be effective with any other nation, but that "German soldiers and Pandours can be taught sense and humanity only through whipping. They are machines without souls, designed solely for murder." Another thought that a troop of tyrannicides might lessen the danger of war by killing some of the tyrants. It was believed that after a few had been assassinated the rest would lose courage and keep the peace.

A more practical way was officially adopted by the Jacobins in June, 1791. The emigrants, gathered on the frontiers of France, now threatened to make trouble for the country they had abandoned. The Jacobins, therefore, drew up an address in the name of all the Jacobin societies of France, in which they made a direct appeal to the people of the neighbouring countries. The latter were asked to drive out the emigrants who were plotting against France. They were assured that the decree of the national assembly ordering the emigrants to return was not intended as a threat against the people who harboured them.

"Brothers and Friends," they said, "it is they alone [the emigrants] whom we menace with just punishments if they persevere in their hostile designs. To you we announce peace, confidence, union, fraternity. Englishmen, Belgians, Germans, Piedmontese, Spaniards, soldiers of every people, the French and you henceforth constitute but a single people, a single family whose disunion is no longer possible."

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This address was translated into the languages of the various peoples for whom it was designed and distributed to the affiliated societies near the frontiers to be smuggled across, it is to be presumed, as occasion offered.

While the Jacobins thus proclaimed their pacific attitude toward the people of foreign countries they did not aspire to the formal *rôle* of international peacemakers. As one of their journalists, Madame Robert of the *Mercure de France*, said: "They have rendered homage to humanity in preparing the national decree by which, renouncing all spirit of conquest, we swear peace and fraternity to all nations. They do not pretend to the chimerical glory of a pact of the human race; they seek the federative pact of the French." This statement was called forth by the proceedings of a new society which had just been organized, the "Social Circle" or "General Confederation of the Friends of Truth."

In this new organization we have at last a formal peace propaganda. It had chosen for its meeting place the Circus or Riding School of the Palais Royal in Paris, the very heart of the revolution. Its appearance was greeted with enormous enthusiasm. At its first session on October 13, 1790, four to five thousand people attended. At the third session the attendance rose to ten thousand. Its chief founder was the Abbé of Montfort, Claude Fauchet, a polished but shallow orator desperately bent upon attracting attention to himself. In this he succeeded; but no one seemed able to grasp the exact meaning of his numerous speeches, composed of a mixture of Christianity, Freemasonry, and eighteenth-century French philosophy. The practical, matter-of-fact Bailly, mayor of Paris, thought Fauchet would have been better off if he had learned to "go to bed early and to rise late." The general idea back of the society was, however, clear enough, and it is not difficult to discover the germ out of which it grew. Christianity was common to Europe and one of its fundamental conceptions is the brotherhood of man. The same, in a lesser degree, is true of Freemasonry. There is a suggestion in the evidence that the Social Circle contained as its core the débris of a Masonic lodge which had existed in the same locality, and among its founders, besides Fauchet, are mentioned Condorcet, Goupil de Préfeln, Bonneville, Mailly de Château-Regnaud, and several others, all of whom had been or still were Masons. This made it easier for the Social Circle to appeal to

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the Masons of other countries and ask them to come to the assistance of the propaganda by emphasizing the fraternal side of their code and by using their influence locally to cause the pacific advances of the revolution to be favourably received.

In its method of procedure the Social Circle followed closely the footsteps of the Jacobins. It adopted an official organ of publicity, which was at the same time to serve as a medium of correspondence. This paper, the *Bouche de Fer* (or *Iron Mouth*), was to receive letters and information from private persons and branch societies, whether in France or elsewhere, and from this material garner the truth for publication. In this way "every system," to use their own expression, was to be reduced to its true or relative value. It was assumed that in the mere knowledge of the truth the world would federate and remain at peace, there being no longer any misunderstandings. An appeal was sent out for all the societies, of whatever nature, to ally themselves with the Social Circle. They seemed on the point of making themselves the headquarters of a huge international propaganda including all the patriotic societies whether moderate or radical. This caused the Jacobins to take alarm for they were not prepared to surrender the leadership they had by this time gained, and they were, moreover, wounded by the arrogant manner in which the editor of the *Bouche de Fer* treated them in his editorials. A violent quarrel ensued and the Social Circle was thus deprived of the co-operation of nearly the whole of the great Jacobin fraternity and of that of the societies following their lead —an eloquent testimony to the futility of world federation. Here were two peace propagandas, next-door neighbours, who almost came to blows over a question of leadership. It was a severe check but it did not prevent the Social Circle from prosecuting its object. It secured some affiliations in France; and societies are mentioned also in England, Ireland, Scotland, Poland, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. Unfortunately the details of the working of this propaganda have not yet been recovered by historians. We get an idea how these foreign affiliations were obtained from the work of Claude Perroud on the correspondence of Madame Roland. Bancal des Issarts, a friend of the Rolands, had gone to London at the close of 1790. Here, in April, 1791, he received a letter from Fauchet asking him to interest the English societies in his undertaking, to establish communication

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between them and the Social Circle in order "to conspire for the unity of the human race."

But the Social Circle and the *Bouche de Fer* were already nearing the end of their career. Both went down in the catastrophe of the monarchy, following the flight of the king on June 20, 1791. There was, after all, no room in France for a disinterested internationalism, if such we may call this venture. The initial enthusiasm over, the lofty appeal of the Social Circle fell upon deaf ears or elicited only a derisive response. Few will dissent from the judgment which Prof. Zinkeisen in his picturesque language has laid upon the society.

"It wished to march about in the revolutionary swirl," he says, "mounted on stilts in order not to besmirch itself in the filth of every-day vulgarities, and sought for the solution of the great problems time had brought forth, in the air, whereas it was necessary to seek for it in the depths of human weaknesses."

Although written more than sixty years ago, have not these words still a message for the pacifists of to-day?

Such was, in outline, the attitude of probably the majority of the revolutionists during 1790 and the first half of 1791. That is, outwardly. It is, no doubt, upon such evidence as we have just given that Professor Aulard of the Sorbonne based his sweeping statement in 1904 that

"hardly founded, this new nation [that is, the nation of the revolution] conceived the idea of the federation of all the nations of the world in a single human family in which each national group should preserve its personality. It was then that it was beginning to be said, popularly, that all people are brothers, that they ought to love each other, to aid each other, and not hate and kill each other."

Professor Aulard, social democrat and perpetual advocate of the revolution *in toto*, is necessarily a pacifist who dreams of the "federative pact of the human race" as a guarantee of peace. Strange that so renowned a scholar should never have asked himself whether or not the federation of the world, if it should ever become a reality, would, *ipso facto*, bring about a universal and permanent peace. History, ancient, mediæval, and modern, refutes such an assumption on almost every page. The world as a whole has never been federated, it is true, but there have been many federated states—that is, groups of states bound together by ties such as we must suppose the pacifists to have in

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mind. In the Greece of classical times we find a perfect example of this artificial internationalism. In 370 B. C. a number of Arcadian cities established a federal league to take the place of an older system that had grown up naturally during their long wars with Sparta. To create a central point of union they built a new city and called it "Megalopolis," the "Great City." One whole tribe removed to this place and emigrants were introduced from all the cities in the league. A federal legislature was created, a federal revenue, and an army of five thousand hoplites provided for. But this did not bring a better understanding or a more effective resistance to the national enemy. On the contrary, the new city aroused the jealousy of the older ones and within twenty years the "Great City" fell into the hands of the Spartans and became a "Great Desert," as a sarcastic poet said.

Switzerland has always been a confederation of republics, which the pacifists tell us are not warlike, and yet at the time of the reformation and later the cantons fought among themselves. Mexico is a federal state also composed of republics, and is nearly always at war unless held in check by a military dictator. Our own country is a union of republics inhabited by an unmilitary and unarmed population. We do not believe in large armaments and will not submit to military training in time of peace. Can the pacifists hope ever to federate the world as closely as the American states were bound together in 1860? Nevertheless we fought a great war from 1861 to 1865. It was primarily the federated German states that were engaged in the Thirty Years' war which, for destructiveness, downright, wanton brutality, and disregard of every human consideration, has no parallel in modern history. Europe, then living under the shadow of Machiavellism, was admittedly not squeamish, but it rose in horror to protest against such a method of warfare. Even a portion of Ireland, member of the English system, was recently prepared for an appeal to arms.

But Professor Aulard need not have gone so far afield for his examples. He could have found them in his own beloved France even during the very revolution he has spent a busy life to defend. The provinces of France federated during the years 1788 to 1790, holding a great national federation on the *Champs de Mars* of Paris on July 14, 1790. On that day there were many embracings, many great oaths were sworn and many tears shed. It was the "federative pact of the French" of which Madame

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Robert spoke a few months later. A few weeks after this great national festival this same Champs de Mars was filled with lamentations over the bodies of the dead national guards fallen at Nancy in battle with Frenchmen and Swiss mercenaries "federated" with the French. In three years more the Red Terror was at death's grip with La Vendée, Brittany, Lyons, and other places; and blood, French blood, the blood of the federated, ran in torrents on the battle field and the guillotine.

The pacifists of the revolution came to grief the moment they obtained full possession of the government. For a time their theories, their beautiful professions, captivated the more impressionable minds of Europe. But the delusion soon vanished in the noise and smoke of battle. The Frenchmen brought peace to their neighbours at the point of the bayonet, and the bayonet was followed by a swarm of hungry politicians who soon cured the "slaves" of despots from any predilection they may have had for international federation. The war, begun in April, 1792, lasted, with only brief intervals of peace, until June, 1815, when the battle of Waterloo put an end to the cataclysmal strife.

The pacifists of to-day have gone a step beyond the revolutionists in their opposition to military establishments. Not only are armaments useless, they say, because the people of the different countries do not wish to fight each other, but also because they provoke war. When they are in the hands of monarchical governments they are the instruments of tyranny. What is needed to assure a permanent universal peace is, first, republican forms of government, and second, disarmament and the suppression of private arms and munition factories. If this argument is valid, how comes it that throughout history the republican states have been, if anything, more warlike than their monarchical contemporaries? The Athenian democracy, the Roman republic, the Italian city states of the Middle Ages, and the Swiss cantons all bear witness to this fact. And during the period of their independent existence have not the United States fought as many wars as, or even more wars than, any of the great military states of Europe? The last body of men the French revolutionists had to conquer before they could finally lay their hands upon Louis XVI was the mercenary guard from republican Switzerland stationed at the Tuileries on August 10, 1792. Great armaments and universal military service in time of peace

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are the invention of Prussia and were introduced during the middle of the last century. And were there no wars before that date? As good a social democrat and peace-lover as Charles Seignobos of the Sorbonne has stated in a sober historical work that the great armaments have enormously lessened the danger of war. The Orange Free State and the Boer Republic on the one hand and England on the other, did not have the universal military service or the large standing armies of volunteers. Neither did the United States in 1898. Said the late Professor J. A. Cramb of England: "In the nineteenth century there is a long series of wars—in the Crimea, in India, and Afghanistan, in China, in New Zealand, in Egypt, in Western and in Southern Africa; so that it might be said without exaggeration that through all these years scarcely a sun set which did not look upon some Englishman's face dead in battle." Can the most rabid pacifist bring an indictment like this against that blackest of all iniquities, "Prussian Militarism"?

The pacifists of America, having been convicted of false prophecy, now predict anew that the present war is the great, final catastrophe, the darkness before the millennial dawn. After it is over, they say, general disarmament is certain to take place. To those who feel somewhat uneasy over the comparative unpreparedness of the United States the pacifist replies with his usual facility and assurance:

> "Your fear arises from your colossal ignorance and incapacity for sound reasoning. Can you not see that all the great military and naval powers will exhaust themselves utterly in the conflict now going on? Bankrupt in men and money and held in the firm grip of their mutual hatreds, the European nations will not be, for a long time to come, in condition to attack America."

This argument is, no doubt, convincing to a large number of people who are either predisposed to this view or too indifferent to give it serious attention. As a matter of fact a moment's consideration shows the contention to be utterly absurd. For, despite the losses in men, wealth, and munitions of war, the conflict might continue for several years without seriously weakening any of the great powers involved in it. When peace is made all prisoners of war will be restored and there will then be an immensely greater number of trained fighters than at the beginning of the war. The proportion of those killed or badly

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maimed is very small and the present war seems to be less destructive of life than most wars have been, numbers considered. Prisoners aside, the great powers will find new men arriving at maturity almost as fast as others are killed or permanently disabled at the front. The margin of difference is so small as to make the reduction in the number of fighting men at the end of the war so inconsiderable as to merit little attention in gauging the fighting strength of the nation. Moreover, no great war of history has ever ended because the supply of able-bodied men had been exhausted. The final reserve strength of the nation, whether in men or munitions of war, is never called in. The contest is decided by the greater momentum or superior position gained by one of the parties to the war. Reserve strength is of no value if it cannot be employed, and it is only in the reserve strength that the belligerent nations are being weakened, strange as that may sound. All the powers involved, with the possible exception of Serbia, can strike a much harder blow to-day than they could when the war began, and any one of them would now be a more dangerous enemy to an unprepared neutral than before a shot was fired or a man killed.

With regard to national hatreds it is only those who are totally blind to the lessons of history who cannot see that wars do more toward allaying than toward creating them. The error is natural to the pacifists who look upon war as a disease, whereas it is at most a symptom, an evidence of disease—a violent proceeding on the part of the body politic to cast out a disturbing element of some kind. This war is not producing national hatreds, and none existed except between England and Germany. To-day, seven months after the war began, German and Englishman are fraternizing in the trenches between the intervals of fighting. The war is creating mutual understanding and respect as each discovers unsuspected virtues in his antagonist. So it has been in the past. Our war with Spain brought to end nearly a century of friction and ill feeling between the two countries. The Boers held a standing grudge against England before the South African war. They are for the most part loyal supporters of England to-day when a war for independence would almost certainly succeed. Thirty or more years of ill feeling preceded our civil war, growing more intense as the moment for the clash drew near. The war, in removing the cause of the strife, has brought, not only good will, but mutual admiration. Dr. Nicholas

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Murray Butler has recently declared that this war was a mistake; that the question at issue could have been solved without an appeal to arms, and that, therefore, this conflict between federated states does not militate against the assumption that the federation of the world would bring peace. Most assuredly! And by parity of reasoning we can prove with equal facility that not a single evil need necessarily exist to plague mankind. If man were different it is probable that his history would be different. But unfortunately for the pacifists history does not deal with a hypothetical race. We have to do with hard, positive facts. There is no warrant for reading a potential into the past. The potential in history is merged and lost in the actual—there is no room for a potential which is not realized in the actual. The course of history is the fulfilment of the imperative mandate of evolution; it is the curve traced by the final resultant of all the forces acting upon and through man. It is, therefore, absurd to speak of the civil war as a thing that might have been avoided. If history is to enlighten us we cannot quarrel with her verdict in such fashion. But the confusion of thought in the mind of Dr. Butler is common among pacifists and constitutes one of their fundamental errors. They attack a great historic institution before they have attained to a clear understanding of the only principle according to which historical facts can be assigned a scientific value.

To return to the point, namely, American immunity guaranteed by the war in Europe. Our modern pacifists are not the first to undergo this illusion, for here also the French revolution furnishes us with an exact parallel. On July 10, 1791, Brissot de Warville, the well-informed editor of the *Patriote Français*, delivered a long speech at the Jacobins on the inviolability of Louis XVI, who, some thought, had committed a crime in fleeing from Paris a few weeks before. Among the arguments advanced against punishing the king was the fear that such action would bring on war. Brissot, besides contemptuously rejecting the thought of fear on the part of a free people, held that there was no danger of war because no country was in condition to attack France. He went through the whole list of possible enemies and found none anywhere who was either capable or likely to undertake serious operations. Beginning with England he found her impotent because Ireland was in perpetual rebellion and was imitated by India. The Scotch were emigrating in large numbers,

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while an enormous and ever increasing debt left her hardly sufficient resources for holding together her shaking empire. Besides, the mass of Englishmen would hold a war with France in execration. This of the country that formed the backbone of the long struggle of Europe against revolutionary France and the empire of Napoleon which supplanted it!

Holland, he said, was ruled by a

"shameless and imperious woman, an imbecile and despised prince, a states-general of slaves, an odious magisterial aristocracy, two aristocratic factions ready to fly at each other's throats, a seditious *canaille* subject to the orders of the prince, no money, no credit, no ships, no troops, two bankrupt companies [the great chartered Indian companies, no doubt], and a shaken bank,—such is the government of Holland."

The dreaded Prussia was now ruled by a superstitious and voluptuous king, was exhausted in resources and divided in counsel. Prussia had, moreover, nothing to gain from an attack upon France. Her real enemy was Austria. So also he found reason to declare positively that none of the other countries, Austria, Sweden, the Germanic Confederation, Spain, Sardinia, would cause France any trouble. On the countrary, the despotic rulers feared the contagion of French liberty and would not risk contact with it through war. Their soldiers would certainly make comparisons and then, woe to tyranny!

The Jacobins were much impressed with this speech. They printed it and sent copies to their numerous affiliated societies, just as peace societies to-day print and circulate some of the speeches delivered at their sessions.

Nine months after the date of Brissot's speech France was at war with Austria. Four months after the declaration of war, that is, toward the close of August, 1791, Paris was in imminent danger of capture by the rapidly advancing Prussians and Austrians and was saved probably as much by the Duke of Brunswick's dislike of his task as by his inability to advance. It was the beginning of the great conflict extending over nearly a quarter of a century. And Brissot was arrogantly certain—spoke with the assurance and contempt of his opponents which characterize the pacifists of to-day—that Europe was not able to make war!

Even at the close of February, 1791, Pitt, the able English minister, declared officially that the prospect for continued peace in Europe was unusually good.

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I said at the beginning that modern pacifism is a by-product of social democracy. It is not an essential part of its dogma. The radical wing of the revolution adopted it, not from a sincere moral conviction, but from considerations of party advantage. So, also, the European socialists of to-day are anti-militarists, not because they are more squeamish about the use of force than are mankind generally, but because the army seems to stand in the way of their aspirations as a party. Their failure to live up to their avowed principles when the present war broke out was, therefore, not an accident. There was no real conviction to overbalance the motives which urged them into the war. Their international fraternalism was based on party interest not on a genuine brotherly feeling. The origin of the party, its history from the time of the revolution to the present, should have warned the pacifists of America who stand outside of the party that their hope of peace enforced by European socialism rested upon an extremely fragile base, or rather upon a false assumption.

The same spurious pacifism is noticeable among the socialists and labour parties in the United States. Men who will not gag at the work of the dynamiter and the midnight assassin take umbrage at the existence of the national guards because these guards stand as the only effective barrier against the lawlessness of striking workmen. And the doctrinaire pacifists, in need of support, place themselves behind these incendiaries in demanding the abolition of the guards. The whole is done in the name of "anti-militarism." What the movement really stands for, in a practical sense, is anarchy. This, too, is not strange, for the socialists and anarchists of Europe were at one time gathered in the same fold, so near were their principles alike. It was not until after a prolonged parliamentary struggle and a formal vote that the anarchists were excluded from the ranks of the socialists.

It is at this point that we discover the cardinal weakness of the pacifists' position. Their ground is tenable only under the assumption that mankind desire justice and will live up to its requirements without compulsion. International morality always has been and still is notoriously below that of the average individual. A crowd will commit acts its component members would be ashamed to commit as individuals. But even the best individuals are far from voluntary subjection to the principles of justice. Our courts are crowded with litigants and it is an accepted fact that the losers usually submit only because the

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force of society stands back of the court's decree. Evasion is practised wherever possible. Justice is not a thing which acts automatically. It must be enforced wherever interests clash. Municipal law is a law of force both in actual practice and in historical development, and the pacifist who seeks to extend its machinery and procedure to the domain of international relations simply ignores this fact. The Hague conferences have shown that it is an easy matter to establish an international court and to legislate upon international objects. But the war shows that such a court and such legislation are absolutely worthless. More, even. The advanced principles advocated at these conferences, having been disregarded by various belligerents, have themselves become the basis of violent recriminations which at this moment threaten to lead to deplorable reprisals. In trying to crowd our international legislation beyond the natural or moral standard we are suffering the same set-back experienced whenever the municipal legislator passes too far beyond the demands of his community. Such impatience does not make for peace and quiet progress. It leads to lawlessness, to contempt for law, back to anarchy, to violence. It is, therefore, possible that Mr. Roosevelt is right in thinking that the net result of the pacifist movement will be international friction rather than peace. The rules of international intercourse, imperfect as they are, are nevertheless precious. They did not spring, a completed code, from the brain of some doctrinarian, but were hammered out through ages of conflict. They do not embody the highest moral concepts the philosopher has reached in the seclusion of his study. On the contrary, they smell of the earth; they reek with the sweat and the blood of the multitudes who have contributed toward their establishment; they are human and therefore serviceable. Before, at the behest of pacifism, we cast them aside as worthless junk, it is worth while to ask pacifism itself for reasonable guarantees. For pacifism does not mean reform. It means revolution.

Pacifism is at present seeking to exchange its French dress for one of Anglo-Saxon cut. Instead of world federation through the emotions, through fraternal sentiments, more stress is now being laid upon what they are pleased to call "common interests." This phrase is impressive only so long as we are not disposed to become analytical. For what are "common interests"? Is not an interest, from its very nature a separatist, or exclusive, thing?

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Two or more parties may be interested in the same object, but in that case their interests will be parallel or rival rather than common, and more likely to furnish a basis for war than for peace. It is just such a situation which is at present at the bottom of the trouble between England and Germany. The common objects are world trade and colonial empire. As a matter of fact it is difficult to imagine why nations should fight each other except for these common interests, whether material or otherwise. We have been often assured that the intellectual and artistic interests would never again permit the people of Europe to engage in mutual slaughter. In this field, it was said, no national boundaries existed. We find instead that the European scholars are more bellicose, if anything, than the men in the trenches. Nor does either art or education receive much respect at the hands of the contending forces. The cathedral of Rheims, with its peculiar interest to artists and architects, receives rather more than its share of German shells, and the university of Louvain is said to be largely a heap of ashes. In both cases the destruction appears as unprovoked and deliberate, showing that Germany does not regard art in France or education in Belgium as of much interest to her.

On the whole, these "common interests," material, intellectual, and artistic, began their rapid growth with the Renaissance and the age of discovery. The same period saw the rise of the national state into full consciousness and was marked by a series of great wars and national rivalries.

The final goal of pacifism seems to be a federated and unarmed world kept in submission by a federal police force. Those who advocate this scheme thus voluntarily surrender their case on the question of force *versus* justice, since their ultimate appeal is to force. They have come to the sane conclusion that justice receives no consideration anywhere unless she comes with a policeman at her back. As to how this federation is to be effected we are not told, as far as I am aware, and I cannot here go into the endless difficulties such a scheme would seem destined to encounter. But supposing it to have been put into operation, are we certain that the gain would overbalance the loss? Would it not almost of necessity lead to the end of free institutions and local self-government? Would it not mark the complete surrender of the Anglo-Saxon idea to the Latin principle of centralization? For, be it observed, this international police force is

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designed for the express purpose of crushing nationalism. It would not stand in the same relation to the national states that our regular army stands toward the States of the Union. The founders of our government were careful to leave weapons in the hands of the people so that tyranny should never find them helpless. Our regular army is not designed as an instrument so obviously overwhelming as to make resistance hopeless even to men rendered desperate by oppression. The Anglo-Saxon people have always been leaders in freedom, the champions of free institutions. At the bottom of their creed lies the belief that oppression is sure to follow the opportunity for exercising it. That opportunity, we are now told, must be given to an international police force. For, unless this force is made so powerful as to inspire abject fear, it cannot, of course, fulfil its purpose of preventing war. Its commander will be master of the world and trample it under foot, if he so chooses. His army of millions of men must be composed of mercenaries who have emancipated themselves from the old-fashioned weakness of patriotism or they could not be depended on to serve where their sympathies should be involved. Imperial Rome at one time seemed to threaten the world with the stagnation which necessarily follows the suppression of healthy rivalry and the curbing of individualistic tendencies due to racial characteristics and local conditions. But the Rome of the Cæsars could not disarm the world; and Germany, whose ambitions we suspect to-day, is not likely to succeed where Rome failed under the more favourable conditions seventeen or eighteen hundred years ago. And if we dread the universal empire of Germany as long as we possess our weapons, what shall we not fear when we have given them into the hands of a colossal mercenary force which owes no allegiance except to the man who commands it? And we must make this step irrevocable, we are told. There must be no arms-factories except those in control of this army. After we take this plunge there is no returning. We shall no longer have the power to fight for our convictions, to refuse to do that against which our conscience rebels. For the sake of outward peace, for the sake of mere existence, we surrender all our higher moral and spiritual aspirations. If this is the price of peace, as it seems to me to be if we accept the pacifists' prescription, are we resigned to paying it?

CHARLES KUHLMAN

Billings, Montana.

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The Mid-West Quarterly

The Mid-West Quarterly has been established by the University of Nebraska in the belief that there exists in the country a quantity of excellent writing for which there is no adequate medium of publication. While exact scholarship, the discovery and verification of fact, has received any amount of encouragement and stimulation, the cultivation of general ideas, the free play of the intelligence, what Matthew Arnold would broadly call criticism, has met of late years with neglect if not with actual disfavor. The results of "scientific" investigation and research, if valuable at all, are pretty sure of being taken up by some of the journals devoted to the application of special methods to special subjects. For the intellectual essay of a critical character, however, there is small opening. The general public takes but little more interest in it than in exact scholarship. Indeed, it looks as though the former, like the latter, would finally become the exclusive charge of the university. Even now there are a few journals, maintained by such institutions or in connection with them, which undertake to care for matters of this kind, but the provision is still very limited; and it is the hope of enlarging the opportunities of those who are interested in this manifestation of mental activity, irrespective of territorial limitations, which has led to the establishment of *The Mid-West Quarterly*.

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